Post Tenebras Lux

by Cjblack

Summary

It had been five years since the light had fallen under the Dark Lord’s reign. The Wizarding World assumed Harry Potter had been murdered by Voldemort days after his capture; few knew the truth. And sometimes the truth can be much, much worse.

Notes

This is my first attempt at fanfiction in years, but I had a plot in my head that kept popping up. It’s a darker one, so don’t ignore the warnings. It’s also unbeta’d so any mistakes are my own.

See the end of the work for more notes.
**Atonement**

**June 30th, 2003 (present day)**

“Ron? Are you ready to go?” Ron looked up at his fiancée with an apprehensive expression on his freckled face. Hermione had donned her black robes already, her thick hair pulled tightly back in a neat bun on top of her head. Her cheeks were flushed in obvious discomfort, even though he could tell she was trying hard to remain poised. Ron could understand why; the summer was always the hardest for them all. Being a Muggleborn however, must’ve been even more so daunting. He adjusted his green robes, hating the way they clashed horribly with his red-orange hair and hating everything they stood for.

“Yeah, ‘Mione…are you okay?” She nodded once, jaw set, and took his larger hand in her own. Together they walked outside, luggage in their free hand. Hermione pulled out a large silver coin from her pocket and held it out to the red-head. Ron grimaced at the Dark Mark emblem that suddenly appeared as he took hold of one side.

“Portus.”

“We swear our allegiance to the Supreme Leader. May the Dark forever reign.”

Hermione grasped at Ron’s clammy hand as they got up from their kneeling position on the stone floor of the Great Hall. She stood amidst the Weasley Clan; she was a black speck in the swarm of green robes. The green figures, however, were a minority. Few purebloods were blood traitors, after all. No, there were many more of those in black robes, and even more dressed in silver—the half-bloods.

This was the forth—had it really been that long?—Summer of Atonement. The annual event that required every family that had once supported the Light Side to spend their summer months at Hogwarts in order to affirm their loyalty to Voldemort and study in depth, the dark arts.

*Convert to their twisted ideals, or be executed in front of our friends and family…* thought Hermione bitterly. So she did what she had to do to survive another day—they all did. So many of them remained hopeful that one day they’d be able to bring down that monster and his disgusting followers. Hermione felt a twinge of pain in her heart…they didn’t know that it was impossible. They didn’t know of the horcruxes that allowed Voldemort to sustain his immortality. Someday, when these people surrounding her faced their own mortality, that evil man would still be sitting on his throne in the Ministry, deciding who was allowed to live.

*If only Harry had been allowed to live.*
Flashback- March 25th, 1998 (3 days after capture)

“Potter, drink the water.”

“No.”

“You’re going to dehydrate if you keep being so unreasonably tenacious.”

“Your point?”

“Damn it, Scarhead!” Draco snapped, losing his cool as fear trickled through him. “He’ll punish you if you don’t do as he wishes. And then I’ll be punished, too. If you haven’t noticed, the cruciatus curse is terrible. Do you really want more of it?”

“I don’t care, Malfoy.” Harry rasped. He looked up from where he was chained against the cell wall to peer at the blond boy stubbornly. “The bastard will use it on me anyways. He just wants me standing so he can take pleasure in knocking me on my arse again.”

Draco shook his head slightly, glancing up the stairs to see if anyone had heard the Boy-Who-Lived’s asinine outburst. He whipped his head back at him, angrily. “Think of your bloody friends, Potter. If you die, HE wins, and they’re screwed. You really think HE will let them live? The Mudblood—”  Harry let out a growl ”--and the blood traitor…if not for yourself, do it for their sakes.”

Still furious at the Slytherin’s slur, Harry lowered his head to stare at the water goblet Malfoy had slipped through bars of the cell. As much as he hated to admit it, Malfoy had a point. He had to stay alive and healthy…healthy enough, so he could escape.

…Since when had Malfoy ever wanted Harry to stay alive? He scowled. Who was he kidding? The blond would say anything to save his own hide. He raised the goblet to his lips and took a sip, ignoring the other boy’s relieved expression and nod. The water felt heavenly against his tongue. It soothed his scratchy throat and eased the cracks in his dry lips. It hadn’t been long that he had been prisoner here, but it had been long enough.

_I hope they’re okay. Wherever they are, I hope they’re safe._

Harry set the now empty goblet down on cold ground. He didn’t acknowledge Malfoy's presence anymore. Instead, he brought his scraped knees to his chest and wrapped his thin arms around them with a new resolve. People were counting on him. He had to live.

It wasn’t until later that evening, when Harry lay before the Dark Lord, panting and groaning in pain from the aftershocks of another crucio sent his way, that he knew without a doubt, that he would live.

It was then, when Nagini slithered besides his sweaty body as it shuddered weakly on the ground, hissing at Voldemort one sentence that would, without a doubt, ensure his survival.

_“He smellssss like usss… He too, carriessss your sssoul within hisss body, my lord.”_
Chapter Summary

PRESENT DAY: The Summer of Atonement continues at Hogwarts. Snape pays a visit to a familiar face who has a dangerous request.
FLASHBACK Harry learns some of Voldemort's plans for him.

Chapter Notes

I'm back folks! I'm glad people are interested in this story so far. This chapter jumps around a lot with the flashbacks. Actually, the whole story does, for the most part. I hope it's not too crazy to follow though, as it's crucial for the plot development.
WARNING: This chapter contains non-consensual sex/rape. If it's too much for you, then turn back now or skip the last flash back at the end of the chapter (April 4th 1998). I personally didn't think it was too graphic (I've seen much worse), but it's still pretty upsetting.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

July 6th, 2003 (present day)

Minerva McGonagall watched with a furrowed brow as one of the Patil twins tried and failed at the severing curse she cast on the spider before her. Four years of this, and it never got any easier to watch her students, all of whom were once young and eager children with bright smiles and curious minds, perform dark magic. The most common victims were spiders and rats, tortured for the sake of acclimating them all to the Dark Arts.

Of course, throughout the school year, she was still the Transfiguration teacher; although, some of the new material was much crueler than she would have liked. However, every summer found her, along with her fellow teachers, encouraging witches and wizards of all ages to torture, to maim, to to kill.

This was not what she had signed up for all those years ago. Merlin, did she miss Albus Dumbledore...regardless of his faults and questionable decisions, he had been a good man, with good intentions. Voldemort would’ve never been able to seize the school had Albus lived.

Shaking her head slightly to rid her mind of treacherous thoughts, she clapped her hands twice and called for a ceasefire. “That is all for today! Tomorrow we will continue with the cutting curse and discuss the key points on the human body to aim at, for a quick death versus a slow death. Please dispose of your dead spiders on your way out.”

She watched as the mass of green, silver, and black robed figures rushed to comply, more than willing to call the lesson quits for the day. She suppressed a heavy sigh and opened her mouth to say aloud with the group, “We swear our allegiance to the Supreme Leader. May the Dark forever reign.”
Severus Snape was not a kind man. He was bitter and sour and he knew it. He didn’t care if much of the Wizarding World that had been a supporter of the “Light” still believed him to be nothing more than traitor and a monster. It didn’t matter if he killed Albus Dumbledore at his request. It didn’t matter that he risked his life by playing the double agent. Nothing remotely “good” he did mattered, because every time he was in this house that was hidden from society, he too, believed himself every bit a monster.

He strolled swiftly down the dim hallway on the third floor of said house and opened the heavy door that led into the medical room. He gazed briefly at the dark haired boy who sat wearing nothing but a hospital gown. His dark hair was long now, and pulled into a low ponytail down his back. His glasses were gone, no longer needing to rely on them to see, after taking correctional potions for the prescribed 18 months.

“How are you feeling today?” he pulled out his wand and pressed the tip to the boy’s chest, getting down to business. Harry shrugged his shoulders slightly. “Nothing unusual then? No wounds that require attention?” Harry shook his head.

“I’ve been good, sir,” he murmured.

Snape nodded. **Of course.**

“Lay down, Mr. Potter. Just a quick diagnostic scan now.” Harry complied and leaned back on the padded table. They were silent as Severus ran his wand over Harry’s body. He ignored the purple marks on the boy’s neck and the bruising on his hips. Those weren’t unusual.

He continued his exam in silence.

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**Flashback: April 2nd, 1998**

“Dumbledore trusted you, Snape!” Harry spat out at the black haired man before him.

“I know.” Was all the bastard said in reply. Harry held the tears that were threatening to come forward, at bay.

“Where am I? What is this place? Why is he keeping me with the Malfoys?” Harry rushed, desperate for the man to show some sort of remorse and give him some answers.

“I cannot tell you, Potter. Now do as I say and lay down. I have orders to perform this diagnostic scan, Potter and I will restrain you should it become necessary.” Harry glared at him furiously, and Snape had to force himself to hold the gaze. *Too much like Lily’s,* Snape thought. He pinched the bridge of his nose. “Do as I say. I will not ask again.”

“You and I both know HE won’t kill me. What can he do to me now, if I don’t obey? A couple
Snape whipped out his wand then, and cast a body bind on the headstrong boy. Harry’s body snapped backwards as he was forced to lay supine on the table. *If looks could kill.*

“Don’t be difficult, Potter. It will get you nowhere. No—don’t speak. Listen to me. The Dark Lord is not playing games with you. He’ll do everything in his power to keep you hidden and keep you healthy. That’s why I am here. To make sure of that.” *Well, partially.* “But don’t think for one minute,” the Headmaster continued lowly, “that he won’t find other ways to torment you. That he won’t cause you pain, physical or mental. Don’t be so ignorant to believe he will ever treat you with anything other than pure hatred—Horcrux or not. He will make you suffer in unimaginable ways. He will coerce your obedience, one way or another. You’ll be his and he will relish your misery. He is capable of nothing else but animosity and you’ll do well to remember that.”

Harry felt his throat constrict as Snape’s black eyes bore into his own. If the man was trying to instill fear into Harry, he had succeeded. As much as Harry abhorred to admit to even himself, he was afraid. He knew the evils Voldemort was capable of, he had heard of them, he had witnessed them in the dark recesses of his mind as he slept at night, and he had felt the cruelty first hand. Yes, Harry was scared. But he would never give the greasy old bat or the Dark Lord himself the pleasure of knowing.

Trying his best to continue his defiance, he snapped at Snape with his best brave face on. “Is that any way to speak about your master, Snape? Shouldn’t you be singing his praises and fantasize licking his boots?” Snape said nothing for a moment as he stared at the raven haired boy.

“You are naïve, Potter. You think you have this all figured out but I assure you, you know nothing.” With that, Snape opened a drawer and pulled out a syringe. From his pocket he withdrew a yellow-green looking potion. Harry could’ve sworn he saw the older man’s hands shake slightly as he filled the syringe with the liquid. Harry tried to shy away but the body bind rendered him helpless as the man lifted the gown to reveal his lower abdomen.

“What? Please don’t! What is that? Snape, please don’t! Please! What is that?” He could do nothing to keep the panic from creeping into his voice. Snape ignored him as he injected the potion into his stomach, the liquid burning slightly and making his insides cramp up. Harry blinked the tears away.

“What are you doing to me?” he whispered.

Snape discarded the needle into a locked box and with a swish of his wand he released the boy from the bind. “We are done here, Potter. You may get dressed and be on your way.” Harry stared at him in a shocked anguish.

“What in the hell was that? Snape, please, Sir, what did you do to me?” he begged, but Snape remained silent once more as he walked over to the door. He yanked it open a little too roughly before he paused, not looking back at Harry.

"For what it’s worth, Potter…I am truly sorry.” He left then, ignoring Harry’s continued pleads for answers as he strode back down the hall, down the stairs, and into the parlor. He ignored the Malfoy family whom were all sitting rigidly in high backed chairs as he knelt down before the throne-like one in the center with his head bowed in submission.

“You may speak of your findings, Severus.”
Severus raised his head slightly, but kept his eyes down onto the floor. “The boy is in decent health, My Lord. He is slightly malnourished, but he has always been a bit underweight. I will supply nourishment potions if you wish it, Master.”

“Yes, that would please me. Have you completed the rest of your task, Severus?”

“Yes, My Lord. It is done. He will be ready in forty-eight hours.”

A satisfied look appeared on the pale, harsh face. “You have served me well and faithfully, my friend. I imagine your presence is needed back at Hogwarts. You are dismissed until further notice.”

“Thank you, My merciful Lord.”

**July 6th, 2003 (present day)**

“Everything looks fine. You may sit back up.” He held out a hand to assist the boy into a sitting position. He sighed as their eyes met. “How is…he?”

Harry smiled softly at him. “Perfect.”

Severus slid out a small textbook on sleeping draughts out of his robes. “For him,” he murmured. Harry nodded appreciatively and set the book down beside him on the table, resting a palm protectively over it.

“He’ll love you for it, sir. Thank you.” Snape waved off the thanks as he pocketed his wand. He didn’t deserve that love. He didn’t deserve the gratitude. *He was still a monster, after all.*

“Err, Sir?” Snape looked at him with an eyebrow raised questioningly. Harry struggled to find his words for a moment. “I—umm—”

“Out with it, Mr. Potter.”

“Can you, could you perhaps, maybe…” Harry let out heavy sigh. “I need to get Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger a message from me, sir.” Snape glared at him.

“Potter, you know very well that I made an unbreakable vow. I cannot inform your friends that you are still alive…none of us can.” He added, referring to the Dark Lord’s followers. He turned to leave the room when his arm was grabbed by the desperate young man.

“I know that. *I know.* But…I thought maybe you could convince HIM to bring me along to the next Hogwarts visit?” he ignored Snape’s derisive snort. “I’ve been good, Snape. For almost three years I’ve done everything that was asked of me. He thinks he broke me…hell, in some ways I think he has. But I know that he’d take pleasure in breaking their spirits, seeing me as I am now; seeing me obey him…But sir, I *have* to let them see…I need Ron and Hermione to continue looking for the last of the Horcruxes. I need them to know that—that there is still hope.”

Snape surveyed him scornfully. “Let’s suppose we get you to Hogwarts. Let’s say he willingly brings you along to parade your submission to him before them all. What then? How will you pass a message to your friends without being seen or heard, Potter?” Harry bit his lip, gradually feeling more and more desperation coursing through him. He clenched his fists tightly at his sides, disregarding the pain of his nails digging into his palms.
“I—I have an idea. A plan.”

“Yes, because we all know how well your plans turn out, Mr. Potter.” At his biting remark, Harry reeled back as if slapped. Snape closed his eyes, suddenly ashamed of himself. “I—forgive me, Potter. That was insensitive of me and…you didn’t deserve it. I’ll see what I can do.”

With that he turned on heel once more and left the medical room. He didn’t want to see the tears he had likely caused to fall from the boy’s stunning green eyes.

Indeed…he was definitely a monster.

Flashback: April 4th, 1998

“Are you afraid, my little Horcrux?” the cold voice whispered to him and Harry felt his skin prickle into goosebumps. He surpressed a shudder and raised his chin in defiance, saying nothing. Voldemort looked at him coldly.

“It’s poor manners to ignore one’s master, Harry. Lord Voldemort doesn’t take kindly to insolence.”

“You are not my ‘master’!” Harry spat out at the pale figure that stood before the bed he lay on. His wrists were bound by a long chain attached to the headboard and he wore nothing but a thin robe. He figured the monster intended to humiliate him and torture him. Snape had said himself, that he might not be killed or maimed, but he would still suffer. He surpressed another shiver. He was afraid. Voldemort needn’t know that though. He wouldn’t give him the satisfaction of knowing his fear. Voldemort let out a high pitched laugh.

“Oh, Harry, Harry. I am your master now. You carry a piece of my soul in that scrawny little body of your's which makes you my property. I will not kill you now, Harry…but rest assured, Lord Voldemort has ways to make you submit.” His smile grew more vicious as Harry glowered at him.

“I will never submit to you, you ugly—” he was cut off by a harsh slap to his cheek. The man was much closer now, with his wand drawn and pointed at Harry. He braced himself for a punishing hex but never came. Instead he found his body bared before the man, the cool air tickling his naked limbs. “What the fuck are you—!” another slap, this time to his thigh and Harry let out a gasp as he was yanked around violently to lay prone on the bed. Maybe Voldemort planned to whip him into submission. He had done so on the second day he was captured. The psycho said he enjoyed watching him bleed…and if treated, it wouldn’t leave permanent damage. Harry braced himself for the lash of the whip but that too, never came.

Instead, he felt the bed dip as Voldemort’s lithe body crawled over his. Harry scrambled the best he could to get away from the snake-faced man but with his arms chained to the bed he had no success. Voldemort shifted behind him slightly and then Harry felt something wet prod his—oh fuck no—

“Please don’t, please!” Harry found himself begging as the pressure increased, pinching his hole. For once, he didn’t care if he sounded desperate or weak. This couldn’t be happening. This was some sick and twisted nightmare and soon he’d wake up! He felt himself split open as the head of the Dark Lord’s shaft slipped through the tight muscle of his body and Harry let out an undignified scream into the pillow below him.

Long fingers threaded tightly through his hair and yanked his head back. “No, Harry Potter. I want to hear you scream. It hurts doesn’t it? You are so tight, you’ve never been breached like this before,
Harry sobbed as the man slid further into him, his muscles quivering around the member, trying to resist the intrusion to no avail. This was awful. Why would people ever willingly do this? He felt the stinging at his entrance and knew he was bleeding. The Dark Lord pulled back—a moment of relief—and then slammed so hard into Harry causing him to let out another sob.

“Please don’t do this, please…” he groaned out. His dignity no longer was a priority in his panicking mind. All Harry could do was wish the pain would stop. All he could think of was this man, the man who killed his parents and so many others, was raping him…was stealing the last bit of innocence Harry had left. And it fucking hurt. "Stop…please stop…"

The thrusting sped up. “You beg so prettily, Harry,” Voldemort grounded out, his breathing more erratic now. “You cry and bleed so beautifully. This pleases your master—” With that, the man let out a low growl and snapped his hips deeply into Harry’s body as he released. Harry clenched his teeth as a few more tears slipped down his face. He felt Voldemort withdraw from his body and slip off the bed. Harry found himself unable to look back at the man that did this to him.

“Lost that Gryffindor bravery, Harry?” came the raspy voice behind him. “It’s only a matter of time before you find it again. Maybe when your little arse stops bleeding?” Harry’s fists clenched tightly in their shackles. Voldemort chuckled softly. “Ahh, there it is. The defiance of a lion even after he’s been bit by a snake. No matter for me Harry, I’ve found another way to make you obey.”

Harry still couldn’t look at him but he willed himself to speak. “You think doing…doing this to me will make me obey you? I despise you, Voldemort. That will never change.” The slap on his backside made Harry jump and he winced as an arsecheek was grabbed roughly, nails digging in to the soft flesh. “You will submit to me, Harry. You will obey me without question…After all, I’m the father of the child that’s now forming inside your belly.”

Harry shook his head out of disbelief. This man was absolutely insane!

“Magic can perform wonders, my naïve little Horcrux…I am assuming you didn’t know there were conception potions for men? A little stick of a needle and forty-eight hours later, a male’s body is ready to conceive.”

Harry’s blood ran cold.

Snape.

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Voldemort walked out of the room after one last look at the stunned boy laying naked on the bed. The way his body shivered; the sight of his seed mixed with blood oozing from the boy’s abused body. Delicious.

The Dark Lord proceeded to make his way to the parlor, the pale faces of the Malfoys lowering as he entered the room.

“I want him fed and groomed properly. You shall report any…wrongdoings of his to me, immediately.” After a collective murmer of “Yes, my lord” from the blond aristocrats, Voldemort made his leave from the heavily warded manor.

Yes, Potter would learn to submit and obey. Now he had incentive. Love and family, after all, was the brat’s greatest weakness.
A few moments had passed in silence amongst the Malfoys. Lucius shared a long look with his wife before he looked over to his son, the teenager’s face was ghostly white. Draco had heard Potter’s sobs, his broken cries as he pleaded with the Dark Lord. He had heard the muffled begging because the Dark Lord wanted them all to hear it.

In the years he had served as a Death Eater, rape was not uncommon during raids and captures. Although, Lucius never participated out of his own familial values and love for his wife. He wasn’t a good man, this he knew. He had failed on more than one occasion to protect the only thing that mattered to him: his wife and son. They had suffered because of his actions, and Draco was given an impossible task in order to punish him…he pushed the dangerous thoughts from his head.

However, he never heard of the Dark Lord raping anyone. If Lucius were to be honest, he had thought the man impotent. Clearly not. Tried as he might, nothing would get the muffled cries and begging from Potter out of his head.

“Lucius,” Narcissa murmured as she gently touched his arm. He looked at her silently, wishing more than anything, for her and Draco to be safe at home or their villa in Paris—anywhere but here. “Severus said ‘forty-eight hours’ after he examined the boy.”

She then guided their son out of the room, saying nothing more. She didn’t need to.

Lucius understood.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Harry...unfortunately it'll only get worse for him.
**This chapter had to be edited on my phone because my laptop died and I forgot my charger. Sorry if there are mistakes. Editing on a phone sucks.
Until next time!
xx
--CJ
Slaying Dragons

Chapter Summary

Present day: Snape keeps his word to Harry. Draco tells a story.
Flashback: Lucius tends to Harry after his rape.

Chapter Notes

I'm back!! This chapter didn't want to be written as easily and I'm still not sure I'm 100% satisfied with it. However, the positive feedback made me want to deliver. xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes

July 8\textsuperscript{th}, 2003 (present day)

“I think it may be time to…reveal you to the public, my little Horcrux.” Harry’s head shot up in surprise. \textit{Good job, Snape}. His heart began beating a tattoo in his chest, and he willed it to calm.

“May—may I ask why, my Lord?” Harry whispered. Voldemort lazily tapped his fingers on the armrest of his large chair.

“Severus seems to think some of the mudbloods and blood traitors remain…hopeful that you’re out there somewhere, waiting to save the day \textit{once again}. I want to squash that hope…I want them to see you as you are now, so submissive, so compliant, to \textit{me}. My perfect little whore; you won’t be saving anybody.”

Harry had to swallow the bile that rose in his throat inconspicuously. “If—if that would please you, my Lord.”

“Look at me, Harry.” Harry met his eyes briefly before lowering them once more. Voldemort let out a smug laugh. “See? \textit{So submissive}. Yes, I think it is time.” He then opened his robes and unzipped his trousers. “Crawl over here and please your master,” he demanded lowly. Harry moved from his spot on the floor, shifting onto his hands and knees as he crawled obediently to the Dark Lord.

Harry spit the minty toothpaste into the sink. It was the fourth time he had brushed his teeth in the past twenty minutes but he didn’t think it’d ever be enough to feel clean. He knew very well by now that nothing about him would ever again be \textit{clean}. There was a knock at the door as he dried his mouth on a hand towel.

“Come in,” Harry called out, knowing that if someone was showing this type of courtesy to him, then they were safe to act more…freely. Voldemort was gone.

“Harry?” he smiled at the platinum blonde head that appeared behind him in the mirror as the door opened. The boy came into the room and shut the door. The bathroom was still humid from the

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scalding shower he took and his long hair was dripping all over his place.

Draco rolled his eyes in mild exasperation. “Good lord, Potter. Look at your hair.”

Harry grinned sheepishly and shrugged his shoulders. “I brushed it! You know I’m lousy at doing well, anything with my hair. I was waiting for you.” Draco huffed and grabbed a comb off the vanity.

“For the hundredth bloody time, Potty, you do not brush wet hair; you comb it. Hair is weaker when it’s wet. It causes breakage when you rake a brush through it like a Neanderthal,” the youngest Malfoy grumbled scornfully.

“Combing takes too long.” Harry sighed, wishing he could just cut it. Draco rapped the comb on top of his head in admonition before working it through his hair gently. Harry would take it to his grave, but he didn’t mind so much anymore when the other boy’s skilled hands worked to tame his stubborn hair.

There was a time when Harry hated the idea of the Malfoy heir simply breathing in the same room as him. They had been forced together; Draco given orders to ensure he ate and drank and stayed safe, and groomed in the ways the Dark Lord preferred: his hair long, his body smooth, his eye sight corrected…like he was supposed to be some bloody doll for Voldemort to play with, instead of just Harry. He had put up a fight at first, unable to see past their schoolboy rivalry and allow the equally reluctant Draco Malfoy to assist him with those things.

In the beginning they had called each other foul names; they exchanged glares and jibes and—strangely enough, it started to make Harry feel alive again. Long after the insults had lost much of their bite, Draco still made him feel alive. Whether it was a fleeting glance, a linger of a hand, or his constant sarcastic teasing, Harry found it was the blonde’s company that helped him keep his sanity this whole time.

He smiled wistfully.

Draco finished pulling his damp hair into a simple braid down his back. “Are you okay? The Dark Lord never…visits…you twice in a week.”

Harry turned around abruptly to face him. Draco arched an eyebrow at the raven haired boy, schooling his sharp features in apparent aloofness, but Harry could see concern in the grey eyes. “Yeah, I’m fine.” The eyes narrowed slightly. “He’s going to take me to Hogwarts, Draco.”

Draco furrowed his brow. “Why, in Merlin’s name, would he do that? I thought the point of all of this was to convince the world you were dead?”

Harry shrugged, feeling guilty for not alerting the other boy of his plan. He knew though, that Draco would definitely not support him in this. “…He wants to break their spirits and what better way to do so than have me submit to him in front of them all?”

Draco let out a long breath. “I’m…shit, Harry, I’m sorry.”

Harry leant up into him then, and let his lips brush against Draco’s jaw softly. “Don’t worry…It’ll be okay.” Draco made a strangled noise in his throat and wrapped an arm tightly around Harry’s waist, pulling the slightly shorter boy to his chest. He buried his nose in Harry’s neck and breathed in deeply.

“I want…”
“Me too.”

Another sigh and Draco pulled back, his long perfected mask of indifference in place once more.

“He’s waiting for you to tell him a story about the boy who fought a Dragon, you know.”

Harry laughed, “I didn’t fight it, really. I flew around trying not to get bloody fried! Actually the dragon was more the victim, as I stole one of her eggs. Fake or not, she thought it was her baby.”

Draco nudged him out of the bathroom. “Yes, but in my version the dragon broke out of its’ chains and chased the boy around, smashing through buildings and wreaking havoc on civilians.”

“Sounds dangerous. And did the boy slay the dragon?”

“I haven’t decided yet. I do like dragons.”

“I thought you liked the boy, too.”

“Hmm…Perhaps I’ll add a third character to the tale…A gallant knight rushes in, saves the boy and tames the wayward dragon. They’ll fly away on the dragon’s back, into the sunset and live happily ever after.” It was meant to be sardonic, but Harry could sense the traces of longing in Draco’s words.

Harry smiled brilliantly at him, “I like that version…you should tell him the story instead.”

“. . .and then,” Draco continued slyly, “The boy rewards his knight in shining armor with hot, passionate—” He was cut off with a half-hearted shove to the chest.

“Save that version for my ears only, would you?” Harry said, chuckling. His face felt heated but his heart felt lighter than it had all day.

It had taken a long time for him to allow himself to feel, well, whatever this was for Draco. Draco made him feel free, even in this prison.

Draco, who could infuriate him one minute and make him laugh the next. The prat could insult Harry and charm him in the same breath.

Draco, who wanted Harry, even as fucked up as he was.

And Harry desperately wanted him back.

April 4th, 1998

Potter was laying on his stomach and chained to the bed by his thin wrists when Lucius slipped into the dimly lit room. He made a point to ignore his nudity and the condition the Dark Lord left the boy’s body in. Potter’s shoulders that had been previously shaking from quiet sobs, tensed up as he heard the door open once more.

Sliding his wand from his cane, Lucius waved it once to break the boy free from his shackles.
Hesitantly Potter’s messy black head of hair rose up to look at him. Upon seeing Lucius, the Boy-Who-Lived flushed and lowered his red-rimmed eyes in mortification.

“Can you stand, Potter?” Lucius ask him stoically. Slowly, the young man rose to his knees, hands fluttering to cover himself in a desperate attempt to preserve his last bit of modesty. The boy winced and inched his way towards the edge of the bed.

Without waiting for Potter to stand, Lucius strode into the adjoining bathroom and turned on the tap with another quick flourish of his wand. The water started pouring from the faucet and steam accumulated in the room. Potter, whose hands were still held in front of himself, peered through the doorway looking uncertain. His eyes and lips were swollen from crying and Lucius jerked his head in the direction of the porcelain tub.

“Get in, Potter.” Potter shuffled into the lavatory sideways, in way that suggested he was trying to keep his backside shielded from Lucius, as well as his genitals.

“For the love of Merlin, Potter, you haven’t got anything I’ve never seen before.” The boy glared through his glassy eyes at him, the pinkness in his cheeks rising. Sighing, Lucius wheeled around to face the wall. “Hurry up, then.”

Bare feets padded across the room swiftly and then Lucius heard the splash of water as the boy stepped into the tub, hissing in pain as he was lowering himself down into the warm water. Lucius grimaced slightly before the mask slipped into place once more and he turned back around. There was a silver vanity to the right of the tub and Lucius sank himself gracefully into the padded chair.

“Wash yourself quickly, Potter,” Lucius said in a reserved drawl. Potter looked at him in a look that was a blend of reproach and discomfort.

“You’re staying?” he bit out uneasily.

“I have orders,” Lucius replied plainly.

Potter said nothing as he lathered his hair with shampoo and rinsed the suds out. Afterwards, the boy sat there in the tub, stiff and unsure.

Lucius suppressed a sigh. “Your body too, Potter.”

Nodding once, the boy’s shaking hands worked a sponge along his body, desperate to rid himself of the blood and semen that dried on his thighs, looking ashamed and humiliated. The sponge then lingered on his abdomen, and Potter suddenly looked like he was about to cry again. He clenched his teeth and threw the sponge furiously into the water, watching with a wretched look as it sank down slightly from the force before bobbing back afloat.

Lucius stood and handed Potter a towel that he used hurriedly to cover his body. Lucius turned on heel and walked back into the bedroom. From the dresser that sat against one wall, Lucius pulled out undergarments and pajamas. Potter, who had followed him dutifully, clutched his towel to his waist with his other hand reached out for the clothing.

Lucius withheld them from the boy and gestured to the bed. “Sit.” Potter’s brow furrowed momentarily as he walked to the edge of the bed, his gait slightly affected from the Dark Lord’s… treatment. Lucius wanted nothing more than to leave as the boy winced and sat down on the bed.

Lucius set the clothes down on the dresser and pulled out his wand once more. Potter eyed him nervously.
“Remove the towel.”

Potter let out a strangled noise and shook his head wildly. Lucius pinched the bridge of his nose in irritation…He understood. He wasn’t completely heartless. The boy was terrified and had every right to be. He should be. But while he was many things, Lucius Malfoy wasn’t a rapist of teenaged boys.

“I am not going to hurt you, Potter. Just do as I say.”

A bold gleam appeared back into Potter’s eyes. “Or you’ll restrain me?” he spat out. Lucius glared back at him.

“Oh I will restrain you.”

The surly Gryffindor surprised him then, as he yanked the towel from his body. He flushed again in embarrassment, but his demeanor didn’t deflate.

“Aufero capillus.”

The boy jumped and scrambled for his towel once more in mortification. “What the fuck—”

Lucius raised an eyebrow in disdain for the young man’s language.

“I have orders, Potter.” Potter glowered at him. He handed the boy the clean clothing from the dresser whom in turn snatched it rudely from his hands. Abysmal upbringing, clearly.

Once the boy was dressed, Lucius stared down at the young man with a frosty glint in his grey eyes. “The Dark Lord,” he began, “wishes for my son to make sure you are properly groomed every day, to his—ah—liking. You will allow Draco to complete this task without issue, Potter, or you will answer to the Dark Lord, himself.” He wheeled around to leave then, more than eager to remove himself from this situation. He waved his wand at the bathroom door, locking it silently on his way out.

“Why isn’t he here then?”

Lucius looked at him exasperatedly. “Pardon?”

“Why are you here then, instead of your son?” The boy grounded out. Lucius surveyed the green eyes stonily before turning back to the door, not intending to answer the question.

Realization dawned on the brunette. “You didn’t want him to see.” Potter stated simply.

Lucius grasped the door knob tightly. “I didn’t want him to see,” he confirmed.

He left, shutting the door tightly behind him.

“Colloportus.”

Chapter End Notes

Aufero capillus- literally--remove hair
Colloportus- locking spell
I hope Lucius wasn't too crazy OOC. I am a Lucius Malfoy lover so you're not going to get a demonized version of him. He's made a ton of mistakes and he's plagued by old prejudices, yes. Nevertheless, he loves his wife and son, and desperately wants to protect them. Plus, seeing a boy your son's age raped and impregnated by the man keeping your family essentially imprisoned will screw with any parent's head.

Also, I'm aware that the Drarry moment seems random but it'll make sense eventually. Do keep in mind that this relationship they have now has developed over the course of 4 years. It's also a very secret relationship, because well, Voldemort is a psychopath. However, they do have feelings for each other and you'll see more of the nature and depth of their relationship in future chapters.

Reviews are welcomed!
-CJ
**Valiant**

Chapter Summary

Present day: Draco tells a story and helps Harry through a moment of weakness. He also gives a gift.
Flashback: Harry struggles with his condition and Draco struggles with his "babysitting" duties.

Chapter Notes

It's been a couple weeks, but I'm back!
This chapter is kind of...fluffy. Even though the situation is sad. I cannot do full-blown angst. There has to be some light in the darkness.

*****this chapter isn't proofread. I'm determined to post tonight but I'm running out of time. SO, I present the un-edited version until I have time to fix any mistakes.*****

July 8th, 2003

“So the valiant knight—”

“What’s ‘va-valant’ mean, Draco?” the little boy asked curiously; he sat up straighter as he cocked his head to the side and his brown hair cascaded in a curtain just above his shoulders. Draco sent him a reproachful look and the little boy lowered his head apologetically.

“My apol-gies, sir. I meant to say *excuse me,*”

“Much better,” Draco murmured. *Valiant* means brave. Say it, Hyperion, *valiant.*”

“Valiant!” Hyperion said proudly. Draco smiled softly.

“Good boy.” Behind the young child, Harry rolled his eyes at the exchange. He shifted the kid slightly on his lap and kissed the top of his head.

“He’s three,” Harry defended. Draco sent him a scathing look.

“One is never too young to mind one’s manners, Daddy.” Hyperion parroted. Harry rolled his eyes again but hugged his son tightly.

“Yes, that’s true my little love,” was all Harry said, pointedly ignoring Draco’s smug smirk.

“So, the valiant knight took his damsel in his arms—”

*NOT* a damsel—!”
“Say ‘excuse me’ Daddy!” Hyperion interjected.

“Oh for the love of—!”

“Would you let me finish my story, you ill-mannered plebian?”

“Excuse me, what is a ‘plebian,’ Draco?”

Harry groaned.

...  

“I hate you, you know.” Harry grumbled at the blonde boy as they shut Hyperion’s bedroom door with a quiet _click_. They turned on heel together and walked down the hallway side by side. Draco smirked his trademark smirk.

“No you don’t.” Harry scowled but conceded begrudgingly.

“No, I don’t. But _I do_ think you’re an arrogant ponce that’s pushing your pureblooded mannerisms onto my son. For heaven’s sake, Draco, he doesn’t act like a normal three-year-old boy!” Draco whipped around and pinned Harry with a furious glare.

“Do _not_ forget who his other father is, Potter,” Draco hissed at him and Harry bit his own lip. “and look around you. _None of this_ isn’t normal for a three-year-old boy because he’s _NOT_ a normal three-year-old boy! He’s growing up in exile and _fear_. He doesn’t have toys or socialization besides us, my parents, and _occasionally_ Severus. It’s a shame. I wish to the fucking _gods_ that things were different for him…What’s the problem here, Harry? The fact that Hyperion behaves like a pureblood instead of an abrasive, foolhardy _Gryffindor_, like yourself? Is that really such a bad thing? Is my influence on him really that _terrible_ to you?” Harry sighed and put his hands up in what he hoped was a placating manner.

“No. No, Draco. I’m sorry. I think it’s remarkable how _articulate_ he is, how refined he is at his age…it’s not a bad thing at all. I think it’s great, really.” He sighed.

“You’re projecting then.” Draco said, more gentle this time. Well, gentle for Draco.

Harry felt like something inside his chest was trying to break out. “I just… _fuck_. I just wish he could have a _normal_ childhood. As miserable as my own childhood was, I don’t want this for him. I hate this, I hate it all. I just want to take him and _you_ and your parents, and _run_. But that’s _not_ possible. It might never be possible…” Harry’s shoulders slumped and he ripped open his own bedroom door, desperate to hide the tears that traitorously threatened to fall from the Slytherin. He wasn’t so lucky though, as Draco was on his heels in an instant, refusing to let Harry shut him out. He grabbed the boy by his upper arm and wheeled him around, shoving him unceremoniously against the wall of the bedroom.

“Don’t you fucking _dare_ do this to yourself, Harry,” Draco said, his face too close, his eyes too stern, as he looked at the other boy. “This is out of our control. We do the best we can with the situation we were put in. Besides, _you_ grew up in a cupboard with muggles that despised you. Hyperion might live in hapless circumstances but he has _us_. He has people who care about him, that teach him, that stimulate his mind. Perhaps it’s _not_ as much as we’d want for him, but it’s _something_. Don’t you _dare_ let it get to you. For Hyperion’s sake. Don’t let the Dark Lord break you. Not now. Not ever.”

Harry swallowed the lump in his throat and nodded at Draco who let him off the wall and pulled him to him, the long fingers digging slightly in Harry’s narrow hips. He let his lips graze Draco’s collar
bone in a gentle kiss; a silent thanks. “I just want him to have a damn toy. Even I had a couple of Dudley’s rejects. I want him to be a child. It’s not too much to wish, is it?” Harry mumbled into his shoulder. Draco sighed.

“No, it’s not.” He brought a hand up and brushed a strand of hair out of Harry’s face. The braid was starting to unravel. Harry’s hair would never stay tame for long. It could be subdued at times, but remained stubborn through and through. Like Harry, himself—it was stronger than any suppressor. “If you want a toy for him, Harry,” Draco whispered, “we’ll get him a toy.”

Harry’s green eyes looked up at him, the intensity mesmerizing. “How?”

“I’ll find a way.” Harry smiled half-heartedly.

“Oh, great Slytherin prince, I forgot how omnipotent you are.”

“…don’t you forget it.”

Harry snorted and hooked his fingers through Draco’s trousers. Smug prat. “I have to get ready for bed. Which means at some point in the next five minutes I’ll be very, very naked. You’re welcome to look as you please. Besides, I never got you a birthday present last month.”

Draco’s smirked, a devilish glint in his grey eyes. “My parents are still awake.”

“Then we’ll have to be quiet, won’t we?”

“Tch, I’ll have to cast a silencing charm on you, then.”

“Most probably.”

April 5th, 1998

“Would you kindly eat, already?” Draco snapped, getting fed up with Potter’s stubbornness. His rival had fought him tooth and nail from the time he woke up. They had argued over the clothing Draco pulled out for him that morning; he didn’t even want to comb his messy mop of hair, the slob. Draco ended up using a sticking charm to hold Potter hostage long enough to yank a hairbrush through it. That head been futile. Potter’s hair was fucking hopeless. Draco should’ve been in school studying for his NEWTS, not sitting in this lousy manor, in isolation, to be Harry-bloody-Potter’s babysitter.

“Would you kindly fuck off, already?” Harry hissed back, looking up from the still-full plate he had been staring at tiredly to glare spitefully at the youngest Malfoy. Draco’s eyes flashed and he made to stand up angrily but was stilled by a stern hand on his arm. His father shot him a warning look and he was subdued enough to remain where he was. Across from him, his mother spoke in her usual graceful tone.

“I hardly think such banter is necessary at the dining table,” she murmured. Potter’s eyes flickered to her, angry, but less hatefully. She gazed back at him unwaveringly, every bit of the strong pureblooded woman she was, despite their situation. “Mr. Potter, would I be correct in my assumption that you find your eggs unappealing at this time?” Harry’s eyes lowered and he nodded, the knot that had been in his stomach clenching in an attempt to calm his nausea. Narcissa nodded at his confirmation. “Tilly!”
A soft pop later, and a house elf appeared in the room in a bow so deep, it’s nose almost touched the floor. “What can Tilly do for Mistress Malfoy?” Narcissa kept her eyes on the brunette, not even sparing a glance at the elf.

“Tilly, bring Mister Potter some toast and ginger tea. Decaffeinated. He will not be having eggs until further notice,” she told the elf.

“Of course, Mistress, Tilly will bring it in immediately!” Tilly nodded, ears flapping as she bowed once more and disappeared from the room.

“Ginger tea will help to settle any nausea you may be experiencing. It is…unlikely we would be permitted to provide you any potions to assist.” Harry nodded again, his cheeks flushing in embarrassment, loathing the attention that was being drawn to his...condition. “Furthermore,” Narcissa continued firmly, “you will make it a priority to eat each meal, every day. If something doesn’t sit well with you, alert us and we will find alternatives, but you will eat, Mister Potter.” She left no room for argument, her manner was absolute. At the teen’s acknowledging nod, she returned to her breakfast in silence.

...  

“He’s going to get us all punished…or killed!” Draco said angrily, flinging himself into the chair in front of his father’s desk. The office was smaller and less ornate than the one at Malfoy Manor. Draco desperately missed their magnificent home in Wiltshire. It might’ve felt lonely at times, but it was home. Lucius bit back a groan and looked up at his petulant son.

“Draco, cease. I am not in the mood to listen to you gripe about the Potter boy today.” Draco scowled to himself and folded his arms over his chest moodily. Lucius glared at him. “You will wipe that look off your face, uncross your arms, and sit up straight. You were raised better than that.”

Draco did as he was told, not wanting to get on his father’s bad side. “Father,” he said quietly, “Mother said that Potter was…impregnated by the Dark Lord. That’s why he refused to eat breakfast.” Lucius slowly put his quill in the holder on the desk.

“He was.” Lucius said, looking at his heir steadily.

“Why?” Draco whispered.

“It is not up to us to question the Dark Lord, Draco. So cease,” Lucius said sternly. He ignored the weight in his chest that had been growing heavier all night and morning long.

“It’s disgraceful.” Lucius stood abruptly and rounded the desk towards his teenager who flinched slightly at the brisk action. He grabbed the boy by his shoulders and shook him firmly.

“Draco Lucius Malfoy, you will obey me or face consequences, do you understand me?” Lucius grounded out. At Draco’s fervent nod, Lucius eased his hold on him. “Listen to me son, I will do whatever is in my power to protect this family. Potter, regardless of how…unpleasant his situation may be, is not my primary concern. You and your mother are. I—we—must follow the orders given to us without question. Keep your opinions to yourself. Nous sommes tous en danger. Je ne supporte pas de te perdre, mon fils.” (1)

Draco swallowed at his words. So his father was every bit as concerned as he was. Draco knew Lucius blamed himself for his failures at the end of his fifth year and during his imprisonment he didn’t take the news of Draco’s task to kill Albus Dumbledore well at all; his mother admitted to him that much. Draco had had a difficult time conceiving the notion of his proud, pureblooded father
regretting anything. His entire life his parents had both behaved with such grace and finesse. They never showed ambiguity, let alone fear. His father, who was the epitome of an aristocrat, was afraid.

“Oui, père. Je comprends.” (2)

April 12th, 1998

“Good lord, Potter. On the floor? You couldn’t wait for me to unlock the bathroom first?” Draco grumbled with a disgusted sneer.

Harry raised his glazed eyes at the blonde, a shaky hand wiping his sweaty fringe away from his forehead. “I can’t fucking control it, Malfoy. My stomach won’t settle and the ginger tea isn’t working!” Harry griped bitterly. With a wave of his wand, Draco cleaned the mess on the floor and unlocked the bathroom door. He watched as Potter jumped to his feet and launched himself into the bathroom and onto the floor before the toilet and heaved. Draco sighed and tried dreadfully to ignore the sound of the Boy-Who-Lived retching as he turned on the shower.

Harry willed his stomach to stop lurching, to stop forcing him to throw up nothing by now, but the bile in his stomach. His throat was burning by the time it stopped and he stood up weakly by the sink to brush his teeth, feeling humiliated that Draco Malfoy was carefully watching him.

“Mother says it’s normal.”

Harry had to do a double take at Malfoy. Was Malfoy really trying to be helpful right now? “Excuse me?”


“Don’t call me that, Malfoy! And don’t call it—‘morning sickness’!”

“That’s what it is, isn’t it?” Before now, Malfoy had made it a point to avoid mentioning Harry’s condition. The only thing that Malfoy ever did, that Harry appreciated. Aside from getting himself turned into a ferret, of course. That had been brilliant.

Harry mirrored Draco’s stance, arms crossed guardedly over his torso. “Will you turn around so I can shower, now, or are you planning on staring at me like a creep?” Harry retorted, ignoring the question. Draco snorted and rolled his eyes, wheeling around to stare precariously at the wall. He heard Potter shuffle around to undress and climb into the shower stall.

“Like I haven’t seen it already, Potter. You forget who has to ‘groom’ you. I wish you could have a wand for the sole purpose of spelling your own hair off your scrawny—”

“Shut up, you bloody git!” Harry growled, his neck and face erupting into a flush. He wish he had a wand, just so he could hex Malfoy into oblivion. His life was in shambles, he was in Hell, and now he had Malfoy, of all people, seeing him naked and vulnerable. He wished Malfoy would leave so he could drown himself in the tub. But of course, he assumed that was why he wasn’t allowed into the bathroom without supervision to begin with.

Suicide. He felt like a coward at even thinking the word. As many times as Harry prayed for death in the past two weeks, he knew he never could end his own life. He had to be the one to ‘vanquish the Dark Lord’…but how? Dumbledore was dead, Hogwarts and the Ministry had fallen under the
Dark’s control, Ron and Hermione were *God knows where*…and now, now he was *pregnant* with Voldemort’s *child*. He felt like he was going to vomit again. Never in his life, had Harry felt so utterly lost.

He finished his shower and wrapped a towel around his body, concealing his stomach from view. It looked no different than before, albeit slightly bloated. He couldn’t bring himself to stare for long. It was all too real. The tears prickled his eyes and he deduced that was the reason for Malfoy avoiding his gaze.

“You’re a prick, Malfoy.” He muttered.

“Prat,” Draco retorted.

“Ponce!”

“Plebian.”

“Poofter.” Draco glowered.

“Pillow-biter.” That one hit way too close to home and a lump formed in Harry’s throat but he refused to let Malfoy best him at his own game.

“P-Pygmy Puff!” Okay, he was reaching.

Malfoy cocked an eyebrow condescendingly. “Pussy.”

“Ugh-fuck! Penis-puffer!” Harry blurted out. Malfoy snorted and shook his head.

Harry’s heart was beating hard in his chest. Fuck, was he having fun? Of course he, was. He was insulting Malfoy. That was always fun. At least Malfoy was good for something.

“That was *Pathetic, Potty.*”

Damn it.

“Err...”

“All out?”

Harry frowned, feeling disappointed at his defeat.

“You can’t out-do a Slytherin in *insults*, Potter. We excel at those. And well, everything else of course.” Arrogant twit.

“That’s bullshit. Other houses excel at a lot too, and you know it,” Harry argued.

“Hmm, perhaps,” Malfoy said. Harry’s eyebrows rose to his hairline. “Ravenclaws excel at being insufferable know-at-alls, Gryffindors excel at being foolhardy airheads, and Hufflepuffs excel at being *utterly incompetent* dunderheads—”

“Well, Slytherins excel at being arrogant, conniving, snobby, *slimy*—” he was cut off when Malfoy yanked his towel off, leaving him bare naked and cold.

“*Aufero capillus.*”

“Fuck you, Malfoy.”
“Not interested.”

**July 9th, 2003**

“How’d you get this?” Harry whispered longingly.

“It was..er…it may have been in my trunk.”

Harry gaped, astounded. “It’s yours? Oh my God, that’s adorable…are you blushing?”

“Shut it, Potter. Do you want it or not?”

“What’s her name?”

“It’s a boy.”

“Yep, adorable.”

“I swear Potty, if you don’t shut it, I will put it away forever and *obliviate* you.”

“Sorry! Sorry…” Harry soothed. “Does he have a name?”

“…I’m leaving. Give him back.”

Harry clutched it to his chest tightly. “No! Please. Hyperion with love it!”

Draco looked incredibly embarrassed and Harry was basking in the fact that for once, he wasn’t the butt of the joke. He was also very…touched by the blonde’s gesture.

“…Fine. His name is Draco.”

Harry couldn’t help his snicker. “Of course it is!”

“I was a toddler! I didn’t have a huge vocabulary. I knew the meaning of my name, however. So, I called him Draco.”

“…”

“Suck it, Potter.”

“…”

“I abhor you, Potty.”

“Draco?”

“What!”

“Thank you so much. Really. It means a lot to me.”

“…You’re welcome, then. Tell me how he likes it.” Harry grabbed Draco’s arm and thrust the stuffed Dragon at his chest.

“No—you give it to him. It should come from you.” Draco regarded him silently, glancing down at
his childhood toy. It had been his favorite when he was two, and he kept it with him even after twenty years, hidden in a secret compartment at the bottom of his trunk.

“No, you give it to him. You should give it to him. It’s the first and only toy he’ll likely ever get, Harry. Give it to him.”

Harry shook his head again. “He knows I love him, Draco. I tell him every morning and every night. I don’t need a toy to express it. I—I know you love him too. No, wait!” He added hastily as Draco opened his mouth to interrupt. “I know you Slytherins like to quell your damn emotions like they’re a taboo. You don’t have to defend yourself to me. You don’t have to say it. Just give it to him. Show him what you can’t bring into words.”

“I—I’ll give it him…if it’ll bloody shut you up.” Harry smiled.

“It probably won’t.”

A groan, “I know.”

“Hyperion?” Draco steeled himself as he knelt down to be closer to eye-level with the young boy. He pulled out the stuffed dragon from his pocket and presented it to him. He watched as the green eyes grew wide as saucers.

“The dragon from your story!” he gasped, amazed.

“This was mine as a child, I thought maybe you’d like to keep him safe for me.”

“I-I can keep him here? With me?”

“As…as long as you take good care of him and your father allows it, you may keep him.” The little boy peered up hurriedly at his daddy, who was leaning against the doorway with sparkling eyes.

“Daddy? May I keep the dragon? Please?”

“Of course, sweetheart. What do you say to Draco? It’s very nice of him to give you a present.”

“Oh, thank you, Draco, thank you! I’ll be really good and keep him safe and keep him from the bad man, too.” He launched himself at the blonde-haired man, his little arms wrapped around his neck. Draco patted his back gently.

Harry came into the room and knelt beside Draco. “Baby, you must not call him that. He’s—he’s your father. He expects you to call him ‘my Lord’ and you will continue to do so when he is present.” Hyperion pulled back from Draco, peering at his daddy with a solemn expression on his little face.

“I know daddy, I will. But he’s not here right now. And he is a BAD man…he’s not my father.”

Harry sighed tiredly and shared a look with Draco.

*From the mouth of babes.*
(1) We are all at risk/in danger. I cannot stand losing you, my son.
(2) Yes, father. I understand.

I don't speak a lick of French so I apologies if the translations are wrong.
I also understand Hyperion is kind of eloquent for three. (Trust me, I know. I have a
three-year-old.) But the kid has been read textbooks and told stories his entire life, so I
imagine he'd have a larger vocabulary.

Also, Hyperion is Scorpius Malfoy's middle name in canon. It means "High One",
which makes sense because he's pretty much Harry's everything. I imagine Draco
influenced the name, since it's more a pureblood-sounding name. I doubted Voldemort
would like his son (no matter his lack of care or even tolerance for the child) to be
named "James Sirius" or "Albus"

Until next time!
xx
Cjblack
Heartbeats and Little Flutters

Chapter Summary

Past: Snape performs a check up on Harry. Four months later, Draco and Harry share a couple firsts.
Present day: Ginny reflects, Lucius makes a discovery.

Chapter Notes

Any mistakes are my own! I'll edit more thoroughly later on. ;P
Also, mentions of corporal punishment a few times in this chapter. I don't condone any of it, so no hate. Plus, in some ways, the wizarding world is very old fashioned.
Enjoy!!

June 5th, 1998

“I don’t want to see him,” Harry muttered stubbornly as he pulled on the robe Draco handed him. The blonde sighed irritably and crossed his arms over his chest.

“You don’t have a choice, Potter,” he drawled. Harry huffed out a low breath.

“I never do.”

Draco sighed. “None of us have a choice, Potter,” he stated briskly. “Now try not to pick a fight with him. It’s just a check-up. Snape reports back to the Dark Lord…don’t give HIM a reason to come and punish you for disobeying. Especially in your current state.”

Harry glared angrily at the floor as he slipped on his black shoes. “He doesn’t give a damn about this —this child, does he?” Harry snarled bitterly.

Draco grimaced. “No, I don’t think so—”

“He doesn’t give a damn about anyone, Malfoy. No one but himself. He’ll let the world burn and not blink twice. And he certainly doesn’t need an heir, because he’s hell-bent on living forever. So why did he do this to me? I don’t fucking understand this. To torture me? To make me live with the fact that his spawn is growing inside me?”

“Stop it.” Draco said, giving him a harsh shove into the dresser. Harry caught himself before he fell, and growled at the Slytherin. Before he could lunge at him though, Malfoy had his upper arms in a death grip. “Don’t fucking say that, Potter. It’s a baby. Bloody hell, this isn’t you! I get that you’re a moody, brooding bitch right now, but don’t hate a helpless baby for simply existing. That isn’t you.”

Harry’s heart panged with guilt at the brutal words. “You don’t know a thing about me, Malfoy,” Harry said sadly. Stormy grey eyes stared at him, surveying him like they could see into Harry’s
very soul. It was unnerving. Draco released his arms, his gaze unwavering.

“I know that you are an insufferable, hard-headed, fool of a Gryffindor,” he murmured. “I know that your mouth spits out words before your brain has the opportunity to filter them. I know that you hate the color red even though you wear it proudly for your house. I know that you have an unhealthy obsession with treacle tart. I know that you throw yourself into jeopardy to save everyone else without an ounce of self-preservation. And I know that regardless of your many, many fucking faults, you’re good, Potter. Too good, to hate an innocent child simply for who it’s other parent is. That isn’t you.” Harry swallowed with some difficulty and said nothing in response.

What could he say to that? Malfoy almost sounded like he was concerned about Harry. Talk about unsettling. The blonde had a pink tinge of embarrassment on his pale face, indistinct, but there nonetheless.

“Severus will be here in ten minutes. He will give you your check up without any problems from you, and I’ll come to collect you for breakfast.” Draco said lowly as he and Harry went upstairs to the examining room. He strode gracefully with his usual mask of indifference, as if he didn’t have a moment of painful honesty with his school rival moments before. How could he just completely turn his emotions off like that? He left Harry standing in the medical room without another word or acknowledgement.

“Hey—Malfoy!” Harry called before the blonde shut the door. A hand shot out to prevent the door for closing on him. He glanced back at Harry, an elegant eyebrow raised in a silent question.

“I know it’s, um…well, Happy Birthday.”

Draco stared back at him with a brief look of incredulity before he schooled his features again. “…Thanks, Potty.” He left quickly, the door closing swiftly behind him.

Harry rolled his eyes. “Prat.” Malfoy hadn’t heard the insult, but it made Harry feel better all the same.

…

When Snape showed up ten minutes later, Harry couldn’t help the anger that flooded his body like lava threatening to burst from a volcano. Voldemort might’ve been the one to rape him, but Snape provided the potion that got him knocked up. Snape, who had made his time at Hogwarts even more difficult. Snape, who killed Albus Dumbledore in front of Harry. He clenched his fists tightly at his sides.

Snape regarded him cooly. “Lay back, Potter.”

Harry scoffed and did as he told, laying back on the padded table. Snape waved his wand and Harry’s robe opened to reveal his black shirt and pants. He tried to suppress the shudder that flowed through him as Snapes cool hands lifted his shirt and tugged the bottoms down to Harrys hips. The hands pressed on his stomach then, feeling the area just above his groin, up past his belly button. The bump wasn’t large yet, but becoming slightly more prominent than it had been previously.

Snape looked at him briefly, black eyes with a strange emotion Harry couldn’t quite place. “You’re coming into the second trimester in a couple weeks. The morning sickness will hopefully dissipate around that time, although some people experience it throughout the entirety.” Harry said nothing. He didn’t even look at the man, finding it easier to keep his fury at bay by ignoring him completely.
He didn’t need to give Voldemort a reason to pay him a ‘visit’.

A low sound emitted from Snape’s wand as the tip dragged lightly across his abdomen. Harry jumped at the unexpected noise. It was a rapid drumming, almost like a heartbeat—

Oh.

“Is that…?” Harry whispered finally, his own heart felt like it was in his throat.

“The fetal heartbeat.” Snape murmured, withdrawing his wand from Harry’s stomach and pointed it to the short piece of parchment next to Harry on the table. “158 beats per minute…perfectly normal, Potter,” he added as Harry’s brow furrowed. The boy nodded and opened his mouth hesitating for a second.

“Can—can I hear it again?” Snape stared at him momentarily, almost surprised at Harry’s request but obliged him anyways.

He pointed his wand again and traced the bump, searching once more for the tiny heart before the spell picked up the beating. Harry closed his eyes and listened to the rhythmic sound. A heartbeat. A tiny little heartbeat…

Voldemort was a heartless bastard, but Harry wouldn’t be. Draco Malfoy of all people, told Harry he was good. Surely this baby could be too, if Harry dared to show it love. And in that very moment on a cold padded table in the medical examination room,Harry made the resolution to love this—his—child, despite of who the other father was. Voldemort, the Dursley’s, Snape, all hated Harry for his very existence. Harry wouldn’t be the same as them.

Eventually Snape withdrew his wand, ending the thumping sound and effectively drawing Harry out of his thoughts. When he opened his eyes, he wiped the single tear that had slipped out of his green eye hastily. Snape pocketed his wand, eyes never leaving Harry’s face.

“Potter, you understand that the Dark Lord wants you to care about this child. He’s banking on the notion that you’ll love it, and that love will allow him to control you.”

Harry sat up slowly, finally understanding. “He’s going to use the baby as live bait, to keep me under his thumb,” Harry mumbled, his voice breaking slightly.

Snape nodded shortly. “You know better than anyone that the Dark Lord has no qualms with hurting a child,” he stated, black eyes glancing at Harry’s scar. Harry felt like he was going to vomit up his supper from the previous night. “Do not give him reason to.”

Harry snorted bitterly. “Why do you care what happens to me or this child? Why the fuck are you telling me all this? This is all your fault!” he bit out, anger resurfacing. Snape glared at him severely.

“It is my fault. It’s my fault for keeping the knowledge you were a Horcrux from you.”

Harry leaped off the table at an almost inhuman speed. “You—you knew?”

The professor sneered. “Of course I knew. Dumbledore informed me months before he died.”

Harry shook violently, his mind reeling. “Dumbledore knew? He knew and he didn’t tell me?!” Harry felt like crying, the feeling of betrayal overwhelming all his senses.

“Of course he knew. He informed me because he also knew he wouldn’t be able to himself, with his imminent death.” Snape stated lowly.
“He knew he was doing to die?” Harry asked, voice cracking again. He leaned against the table, knees feeling weak.

Snape sighed irritably and nodded.

“How could he know you’d betray him? He trusted you!”

“He did. So much so, that he knew I’d follow his orders and kill him myself.”

Harry blinked, mentally trying to process the information. “His orders…” Snape heaved another sigh.

“Yes, Potter. His orders.”

“You’re on Dumbledore’s side.” It wasn’t a question.

“No, Potter. Albus Dumbledore is dead. He was a manipulative old coot, always consumed with ‘the greater good’ regardless of the effect it had on people’s lives.”

“Albus Dumbledore was a good man!” Harry defended his old Headmaster. How dare his murderer come and insult the man’s memory!

“A good man indeed, but not without his faults Potter.”

“So…who’s fucking side are you on?” Harry hissed out.

“Yours.”

Harry stared blankly. Snape pinched the bridge of his nose, looking exasperated.

“Mine?”

“Yes, you dunderheaded ingrate! Yours! You think I’ve spent the last seven years trying to keep your sorry hide alive to keep Albus Dumbledore happy? The prophecy said nothing about Dumbledore. It was always about you.”

Harry’s shoulders slumped forward slightly, as if Snape had just kicked him in the gut with his revelation.

“Potter, look at me.” Harry raised his eyes slowly to meet Snape’s. The black eyes bored into his, and Harry felt a familiar pressure in his mind as the man forced himself into Harry’s mind. Memories flashed in his mind and he was helpless to stop them; He was seven and playing with a headless army man in the cupboard under the stairs, he was thirteen and was watching horrified as Remus Lupin’s body shuddered into the form of a werewolf, he was seventeen and chained helplessly to the bed as Voldemort held him by the hair and thrusted into his body—”

“No!” Harry screamed, forcing with all his might to push the man out of his mind. The flashes stopped abruptly, and when Harry came to he was on his knees and his face was wet. Snape had taken a step back as if he was shoved and looked slightly ill. “How dare you! How fucking dare you, you bastard,” Harry sobbed, his whirlwind of emotions pouring out with his treacherous tears. A hand laid firmly but gently on his back and Harry flinched away, landing on his arse and glared at the man who retreated as quickly as he came.

“Potter, you let me in too easily. You must occlude your mind or so many will die. You cannot let the Dark Lord in!” Snape said severely. Harry wiped his face furiously.
“I can’t! I don’t know how!” he snapped.

“I will teach you... Before bed tonight, I want you to picture a lamp.”


“A muggle lamp, Potter. I’m sure you are familiar. I want you to think of only a lamp. The color, the shape, does it have a shade? If so, the shape and color of that as well. Is it bright or dim? Think of nothing else.”

“Why a lamp?”

“It’ll clear your mind, Potter. You fall asleep every night thinking of your day, your life, your situation. The stress of it all leaves you pliant and vulnerable to the Dark Lord. The lamp provides a simple object to focus on as an alternative to those thoughts.”

Harry nodded slowly.

“I cannot stress the importance of this, Potter,” Snape continued as he made to leave. Harry remained on the floor, feeling too weighed down to stand.

“Snape?” Harry whispered “Do you still think it’s possible to beat the ‘Dark’?” Snape faced him slowly.

“Post Tenebras Lux.” Snape murmured, before leaving Harry alone with a million thoughts and questions whirling through his head.

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**July 10th, 2003**

Ginny stretched her legs out before her on the lounge in the Gryffindor common room. She watched as George fussed around his wife, Angelina, who was currently pregnant with their first child. He was fluffing the pillows on the sofa she sat on and propping her feet onto a stool. *It must be nice,* Ginny thought feeling somewhat guilty, *to have someone care about you so much.* Years ago she wouldn’t have imagined her life to be like this.

As a younger girl, she imagined that in her twenties she’d married with a kid on the way. Sure, being permitted to fly for the Harpies was great—her dream job, really. But that was only temporary. And while she was still only twenty, she didn’t have any idea what the future held for her. Everything had changed when Harry was captured and killed. They had broken up at the end of her fifth year, but Ginny had truly believed that Harry would win the war and they’d finally be able to be together freely.

A schoolgirl fairytale, really. She snorted derisively at her own thoughts.

George was sitting on the stool now, rubbing Angelina’s feet. They were speaking to each other in hushed tones, perhaps discussing baby names again. Fred kept butting in that “Fred Weasley the second” would be perfect, causing his girlfriend Alicia, and Angelina to roll their eyes and George to give him a playful shove.

Trust the twins to maintain their playful spirit through it all.

*Life went on, with or without Harry Potter,* Ginny supposed,
“No, doggy-man, don’t be so silly!”

Lucius paused his stride down the hall as he passed Hyperion’s bedroom door. The young child always had a vivid imagination. He kept himself entertained when he was alone; a necessary ability for a boy in his situation. The boy let out a giggle, “No, Dragon can’t really fly, Doggy!” Okay, ‘Dragon’ was new.

Lucius took a step back and opened the bedroom door. He stopped dead in the doorway when he saw Hyperion. The little boy jumped and his eyes grew wide as he shoved ‘Dragon’ behind his back, lips trembling.

“Hyperion,” Lucius said sharply, walking over to the boy and kneeling down to stare at him in the eyes. “Where did you get that?” Hyperion’s bright green eyes filled with tears as he clutched the toy behind his little body. When the child said nothing, Lucius grew sterner. “Young man, I expect an answer.”

“I—found it?” the brunette mumbled. Lucius suppressed a sigh and got to his feet. He reached down and lifted the three-year-old into his arms, grasping the small chin firmly. His hand grew wet as the big tears rolled down Hyperion’s face. “You know I do not like lying, Hyperion. That stuffed dragon belongs to Draco, doesn’t it?” Slowly the boy nodded, looking heartbreakingly desperate. Lucius felt his chest clench when the child buried his face into the juncture between his neck and shoulder.

“Please don’t take Dragon away, Mr. Malfoy. I love him.”

Oh, he was going to kill his son.

Lucius stormed down the halls of the manor, deciding how to punish his Dragon, the disobedient little brat! He threw open his son’s bedroom door without giving a courteous knock. Draco and Harry jumped, and looked up wide-eyed. Draco had been laying lazily on his bed and Harry sat straddling the desk chair.

“You—out!” He ground out, pointing a finger at the dark haired boy. Harry leapt up and darted out of the room obediently, sending the youngest Malfoy a worried glance on his way out. Draco sat up precariously, cool mask slipping as his father slammed the door and rounded on him.

“I should take my cane to you.” Lucius hissed at him. Draco winced and shifted backwards onto the bed slightly. His father gave him no chance to speak. “You gave the child a toy you insolent boy! Are you trying to get us all killed, Draco?”

Draco swallowed hard. “No father…we thought that if—if Hyperion kept it hidden from the Dark Lord, there’d really be no harm done.”

Lucius glowered at him. “Hiding things from the Dark Lord can be suicide if you’re caught, son,” Lucius whispered. Draco avoided his gaze, hugged his arms over his front defensively.

“We won’t be caught. The Dark Lord never stops by unannounced, Father. And—and Hyperion should be able to have one toy…” he finished lamely. Lucius rubbed a hand tiredly over his face. “Are—you going to…” the young man continued, eyeing the cane in his father’s hand nervously.

“I should.”
“I’m twenty-two, Father.”

“Your point?”

Draco’s face flushed in embarrassment. He coughed slightly to clear his throat.

“Are you going to take away the toy from the child?”

“I should do that too.”

“Well…what will you do?” Draco mumbled.

“This.” Lucius whacked his son upside his head.

“Ow!” Draco barely winced, though; his father had held back. He rubbed the back of his smarting head.

“Well, I feel better,” Malfoy senior drawled.

“He can keep it, then?” Draco asked.

“What do you take me for?”

“…You’re getting soft in your old age Father,” Draco braved.

“Do you want me to thrash you?”

“No! My apologies, sir.”

…

“Your son will be the death of me,” Lucius told his wife as he slid into their bed later that night.

Narcissa smiled gently, not even looking up from her book. “You’ve said that every year since Draco was born, my love. Yet, you are still here with me every night.”

“It’s only a matter of time,” he murmured, pressing a kiss to her shoulder.

Narcissa chuckled and shook her head as she turned the page of her book. “What did our son, do this time, Lucius?” She asked nonchalantly.

“Remember that little stuffed dragon Draco was obsessed with as a child?” Narcissa raised an eyebrow, finally looking at her husband.

“Of course.”

“He gave it to Hyperion.” Narcissa stiffened beside him.

“Draco is going to get himself killed,” she breathed, snapping the book closed. Lucius stared at her grimly. “Did you take the toy away, Lucius?”

“…I couldn’t.” Lucius said reluctantly.

“You couldn’t,” Narcissa repeated, gazing at her husband.

Lucius said nothing as he sank deeper onto his pillows. “The child begged me not to. He cried and hugged me and pleaded me not to.” He grumbled.
Narcissa looked at the man she loved since she was sixteen. Lucius had his faults, sure. He made mistakes, some mistakes so awful that they put their son in jeopardy, forcing Narcissa to plead with Severus to make an unbreakable vow to her. Mistakes that led them to being confined to this manor against their will. And while she had her family with her, together, and at the moment safe, she would never get the pleading cries of a young man being brutalized in the upstairs bedroom, nor his broken sobs on Christmas Day four years ago—

Hyperion deserved a toy, Narcissa decided silently, as she laid down next to Lucius. Shaking her head slightly, Narcissa forced the thoughts from her head. She stared into her husband’s grey eyes and offered a small smirk as she caressed his chest thoughtfully.

“You’re getting softer with age, love.”

Lucius looked affronted at her declaration. Narcissa and Draco both, really? He rolled towards her, pressing his body up against hers. “There is absolutely nothing soft about me, my beautiful wife.”

Narcissa let out a breathless laugh as Lucius’s lips descended onto hers.

August 14thth, 1998

“You’re a bloody idiot, Potter.” Draco snapped at him as he wiped the blood off of Harry’s back. The lashes from the whip deep and angry looking. He dipped his fingers into Snape’s healing balm and rubbed it on liberally. Almost immediately the marks stopped bleeding; the welts would take some time to disappear but would leave no permanent scarring.

Harry hissed as the cool salve stung his back. “I couldn’t help it,” he said with contrition.

Draco’s eyes glowered at Harry’s naked back. “You couldn’t help spitting at the Dark Lord?” He asked incredulously. Harry shook his head. “You couldn’t help calling him a ‘snake-faced bastard’?”

“A ‘pathetic snake-faced bastard’, actually.”

“Bloody fucking dumbarse.” Draco finished and whipped his hands on a fresh towel.

“Thanks, you dolt,” Harry said smiling wistfully.

“Dunderhead,” Draco said, stepping closer to Harry as the brunette stood up. He sneered at him contemptuously.

“Dickhead,” Harry countered.

“Dipshit.”

“Douche.”

“What the hell is ‘douche’?” Harry grinned. “Something muggle women use to clean their—um, vaginas.” Draco shuddered.


“Dicktickler.”

“Dickmonger.” They were standing nose to nose, challengingly.
“Dickwad.”

Fuck, Draco couldn’t think of anymore. He stared at Harry, his heart racing. He could feel his breath puffing, he was standing so close, waiting for Draco to reiterate. Draco couldn’t lose to Potter. Without a second thought, he slammed his lips onto Harry’s.

Harry froze and Draco’s heart beat frantically in his chest. Abort, abort. Bad idea, bad idea! Draco made to pull back, preparing to obliviate Potter if necessary…and then, miraculously, the raven haired boy started kissing him back.

Draco could’ve died from astonishment as Harry reached tentatively around to the back of his neck to deepen the kiss. Immediately, Draco’s hands snapped to slender hips to hold them tightly, his tongue cautiously flicking out to gently lick the seam of Harry’s lips. The slightly younger boy responded by opening his mouth and then there was heat and tongue and roaming hands—Draco’s shoulders, Harry’s hair, down his sides to rest at his waist—and then they both jerked back from each other. Harry’s wide green eyes lowered quickly to the small bump which he covered with shaking hands.

“Was that…?” Draco managed to croak out.

Harry nodded fervently, his lips bruised from their snog. “I’ve never felt it kick. Only—only little flutters before now…that was so weird.” He whispered, his eyes trained on his stomach.

“Did it hurt?” Draco asked, his head tilted curiously.

“No…just a bit strange. And surprising.”

Draco scoffed. “I don’t think your kid likes me much, Potty.”

“No one likes you much, Malfoy,” Harry countered.

“Dickface,” Draco drawled smugly.

“Shit!”

Draco: 7

Harry: 0

Chapter End Notes

Whew! This chapter took up 9 pages! That’s a lot for me. But hey, it was so much fun to write. :) A big hug to those who are enjoying this story thus far!! The kudos, comments, and bookmarks are what keep me motivated to keep pouring out chapters! So thank you all!!!
August 14th, 1998

Draco Malfoy had kissed him.

Harry laid on his side in bed, the lashes from the whip not fully healed and the baby bump not permitting him to lay on his front. The pain would be there for a couple days but thanks to Snape’s trusty healing salve, there’d be no permanent scarring as long as it was applied promptly enough. His brain felt fuzzy and he didn’t know what to make of his situation. Draco Bloody Malfoy, the bane of his existence, the great bouncing ferret, his schoolboy rival—kissed him…and Harry kissed him back.

Not like the simple, closed mouth (and incredibly awkward) kiss he had with Cho Chang in fifth year, and it was nothing like his few, innocent and gentle kisses shared with Ginny last year.

No, this kiss was like lava on Harry’s tongue. Hot and intense. His mouth wasn’t only involved, but Harry’s whole body. Malfoy’s hands on his back, his hands clasped around the boy’s neck, holding each other with desire. It was arousing in a way he had never felt with anyone else.

Holy Hell.

How could a person feel so much with just one kiss? How could one kiss make his body tingle with pleasure, desire, utter fucking confusion?

This couldn’t be happening. He wasn’t gay. He had never felt attracted to men. Sure Charlie Weasley was a fit bloke but Harry didn’t want to jump his bones. What was it about Draco Malfoy that made Harry allow that kiss…to want that kiss? What was it about that git that made Harry want to grab him and snog him again…?

Merlin help him!
Purple lamp. Purple lamp with a white shade...

If there was ever a time to clear his mind, it was now.

...

“We need to talk.”

“I’d rather rip off my own arm and beat you with it.”

Well this was off to a great start. Harry winced as Malfoy worked a comb through his tangled mess of hair. “Can you try not be a bloody jerk for five minutes?” Harry glared at the blonde in the mirror as he scoffed and rolled his eyes.

“There is nothing to talk about.”

“Malfoy—”

“Seriously, Potter. Drop it.” Draco snapped, slamming the comb down on the table out of frustration. He stalked out of the bathroom with his hands clenched tightly into fists without another word to Harry. Harry sat dumbfounded in the vanity chair momentarily until his mind eventually told his legs to follow the Malfoy Heir into the bedroom. He watched as Draco snatched clothes out of the dresser, the back of his neck flushed slightly.

“Draco, it’s okay—” The blonde spun around and stared at Harry like he had never seen him before in his life. The brunette bit his lip hesistantly, “what?”

Draco’s grey eyes surveyed Harry quizzically. “I don’t think you’ve ever called me by my actual name before…Don’t do it again. We’re not friends, Potter. We’re not even acquaintances. You’re the Dark Lord’s captive and I’ve got to be your bloody keeper. Don’t fucking think we’re anything more.” Draco threw the clothes onto the bed and nearly stomped over to the bathroom, slamming it shut and locking it closed. He turned back, purposefully not looking at Harry. “Get dressed, I’ll be outside.”

Harry watched him step out and shut the door behind him. He donned his pants and trousers, trying to ignore the sinking feeling in his chest. What was he disappointed in? Malfoy was an ignorant prat, and Harry didn’t want him. He didn’t want him one little bit. Plus, he wasn’t even gay.

He wished he could stop lying to himself.

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July 11th, 2003

“Daddy, Mr. Malfoy letted me keep Dragon!” Hyperion stated as he sat with his feet swinging happily in his chair. He took a bite of his eggs with a wide grin on his face. Harry glanced at the exasperated Malfoy patriarch who was carefully avoiding eye contact with anyone as he took a sip of his water. Harry grinned slightly as his eyes swiveled back to his son.

“That’s very nice of Mr. Malfoy. Did you thank him for being so nice?” He didn’t have to look at Lucius to know the man was scowling at him. At Hyperion’s nod he added, “good boy. Did you have fun with it, Hyperion?”
The three-year-old boy nodded again enthusiastically, “Yes, Daddy! The Doggy-man told me to
make him fly but I told him he wasn’t a real Dragon so I couldn’t. He’s always saying stuff like that.
So silly!” He cackled gleefully. Harry smiled softly at the boy and pushed the small glass of orange
juice towards him gently.

“I’m happy that you’re happy, love. Don’t forget to drink your juice.” He shared a brief look with
Draco, who’s pale eyes had a satisfied look in them.

Harry turned back to his own breakfast, taking a bite of his toast contently.

July 12th, 2003

“I have to say, Harry, that I am looking forward to our little excursion to Hogwarts next week,”
Voldemort ground out, thrusting savagely into Harry. Harry let out a muffled groan at a particularly
hard jab. All this time and there was still blood, Harry thought. But it was what Voldemort wanted.
He wanted Harry to bleed and groan in pain and still submit to him completely. So Harry obliged.
He had stopped fighting the man three years ago. He had made a promise he would submit, after
Hyperion was born…he’d do everything he could to protect his little boy.

Hogwarts.

He had to get to Ron and Hermione. Harry was prepared for the humiliation of being revealed as
Voldemort’s whore. He was anxious of course; the very idea filled Harry with dread. Would they
hate him when the saw what he’d become? Would they lose all faith in his character? It had been
over four years since they’d seen him last. They assumed him dead...Hermione and Ron wouldn’t
know the terms of his imprisonment. They wouldn’t understand that Voldemort held Hyperion over
his head as a constant looming threat of what he’d lose if he stepped too far over the line. The idea of
Harry having a son would never so much as cross their minds. His friends, classmates, the
dismantled Order of the Phoenix would only see him submissive to Voldemort, never fathoming it to
be an act.

Trying to get a message to them could end disastrously…so Harry could not fail. They could hate
him all they wanted, as long as they helped him too.

Voldemort had had control for far too long. He had killed and tortured and maimed in the name of
his ‘Dark Reign’.

Harry couldn’t let people suffer at his hands any longer. His plan had to work. Failure was not an
option.

Voldemort grunted, his hips moving unevenly as he neared completion. Please hurry up. Harry
should’ve been used to it, and in some ways he was…but after all this time, the pain of being raped
was still there. A physical and mental agony.

“I look forward to all of your once-supporters witnessing your submission to me. What will they
think, when they realize you’ve been presenting this arse to me all these years...Crying out and
whimpering like a wanton slut as I claim you?” Voldemort whispered wetly into his ear. Harry had
to suppress the shudder of revulsion as it threatened to roll though him. A pained groan spilt from his
lips instead. He couldn’t see the monster behind him, but could only imagine his lipless face curled in
malicious satisfaction. A couple more aggressive thrusts and the Dark Lord’s body tensed up as he
found release. He slipped out of Harry’s abused body and shifted his clothing back in place without
hesitation. Even after orgasm, the man acted like a robot, cold and unfeeling. Harry didn’t care though; the quicker the man left him, the better.

“See you next week, my little Horcrux.” He murmured in a taunting voice before gliding out of the room. Harry laid tied up on the bed, waiting tiredly for some assistance. After ten minutes the door opened again and Lucius strode into the room, shutting the door crisply behind him. Harry glanced at him and slammed his head back into the pillow, embarrassed. It was rare that Lucius came to free him; typically, it was Draco who came to him.

“Where’s Draco?” Harry’s voice was muffled by the pillow. Lucius yanked his chains free from the post and cast a quick unlocking charm on the manacles around his wrists.

“Held up with Hyperion.”

Harry’s head shot back up and he sat up gingerly, accepting a robe from the elder man with gratitude. “Is Hyperion okay?” he pressed worriedly. Voldemort had never made a point to see the three-year-old often, and the thought of the man visiting him without Harry present was horrifying. Lucius gestured for Harry to follow him into the bathroom before answering.

“Hyperion is fine, just a little afraid. The Dark Lord brought Bellatrix with him today.” He turned on the shower with a wave of his wand. Harry froze where he stood.

“That BITCH was near my son?” Harry snarled out furiously. Lucius glared at him warningly.

“Language. Don’t be so uncouth…and get in.” he jabbed a finger at the shower.

Harry scowled and shrugged of his robe, “You’re not my father,” he mumbled angrily.

Lucius sniffed haughtily, “Thank Merlin for that. You’re a nuisance.” Harry ignored the slight ache in his chest at the jibe as he climbed into the shower and yanked the curtain shut to conceal his nudity. “Hyperion is fine. My wife was able to keep her distracted for much of the time.”

“And the rest of the time?”

“She sulked like a reprimanded school girl.”

Harry’s brow furrowed as he lathered soap onto his body in a furious attempt to rid himself of the lingering feel of Voldemort. “Is Bellatrix in trouble?”

Lucius sat in the vanity chair looking regal as usual. “She’s jealous, Potter,” he said, sounding bored.

Harry popped his head out of the shower curtain to peer at Lucius unbelievingly. “If she wants to take my place, she’s more than bloody welcome!” Lucius cocked an eyebrow at him, withholding a reprimand this time.

“I’m sure she’d be more than willing. However, the Dark Lord shows no interest in her offer.” Harry sighed.

“He’s twisted. That’s why,” Harry muttered bitterly. Lucius offered no reply to that. The older Malfoy would never outwardly admit any disdain for the Dark Lord. For a while, Harry harbored nothing but distrust and dislike for the man, believing wholeheartedly that Lucius was a loyal-to-the-core Death Eater. About nine months into Harry’s confinement with the Malfoys, Harry saw a shift happening within the Malfoy family.

He remembered the haunted look in the man’s eyes that the Malfoy Mask couldn’t seem to hide. He
remembered the feeling of Lucius’s hand on shoulder a whispered apology so soft, Harry still wasn’t sure he had actually heard it. Harry didn’t think Christmas would ever be the same for any of them. Over time, Lucius Malfoy appeared less to be a Death Eater in Harry’s eyes, and more of a husband and father desperate to protect his family.

*Of course he was still an arrogant pureblooded git, Harry supposed, but, there were definitely worse things a person could be.*

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**August 24th, 1998**

“You’re terrible at chess, Potter,” Draco muttered in a fed up voice as they sat on opposite sides if the table in the modest library. The chessboard belonged to Draco, who had it in his trunk from their school days. He had never brought it out before today; Harry assumed boredom got the better of him.

Harry shrugged sheepishly.

“Ron was always the better chess player…I never beat him at a game once,” he replied pensively. He missed Ron terribly. Hermione too. He had learned from Snape that they were still alive. The Ministry and Hogwarts had both fallen to Voldemort and his followers. They were in the process of passing laws that would punish those who supported the Light Side, without resorting to execution. From what Snape said, there was enough bloodshed at the ministry. If Voldemort continued killing everyone, there’d be no one left to control. Hence, the laws reforms. Harry could be relieved by that bit of news at least. When Harry finally managed to escape this place, he’d still have people to turn to.

Draco sneered at him, “Hard to believe the Weasel is good at anything.”

Harry bristled at the jibe, “*Ron* is good at plenty! He could beat you at chess easily, I imagine.” The sneer deepened, and Malfoy’s grey eyes glinted dangerously.

“Guess we’ll never know now, will we, Potty? Not like we’ll ever see him again.”

Harry stood up angrily, sending some chess pieces tumbling to the floor at the forcefulness. “Why the fuck do you have to ruin *everything*, Malfoy?!” He swept his arm down and cleared the small table of the chessboard completely. The blonde shot up from his seat and growled at Harry.

“Real fucking mature, Potter, that chessboard is worth more than what the Weasley's make in a year!” He spat. Harry gave him a hard shove and Malfoy stumbled back slightly before swiping a hand out and knocking Harry upside his head, hard enough to hurt but not hard enough to do any real damage. What a pansy. Harry snarled and leapt and Malfoy, preparing to pound the git into the ground. The force of Harry’s body knocked them both down to the floor and Harry swung at him like a man in the wild. But Malfoy didn’t hit back. Instead he was grabbing at Harry’s arms and trying to push the boy off of him.

“Stop, Potter!” He yelled at Harry, managing to get a good grip on his left arm. “Stop!”

Harry grunted from exertion and tried to yank his arm back to no avail. He slapped Draco with his right hand angrily, “Fight me back, you coward!” He yelled at him. His voice cracked.

Oh. When had he started to cry?
“Harry!” Draco snapped at him. With his free hand he pressed down gently, but firmly onto Harry’s stomach. Harry jerked slightly at the touch and looked down at the hand. Slowly, the boy’s thumb stroked in a tantalizingly indulgent motion, quietly reminding Harry why he wouldn’t fight back. Harry blinked owlishly at the soft touch. Since when had Draco Malfoy been this...understanding?

“Do you mind?” He said quietly. Harry nodded, his face red, and quickly climbed off of the Slytherin. He was embarrassed how badly he didn’t want to break away from Malfroy’s touch. The other boy stood up and hesitantly offered a hand to him. Harry didn’t take it right away as he looked at Malfroy’s now disheveled appearance. The blonde’s lip was bleeding and his right eye was slightly red, a hint of a bruise starting to form. Harry grasped the hand, amazed how warm it felt to touch, and allowed himself to be pulled to his feet. They didn’t let go.

“I’m sorry,” Harry whispered. Malfoy smirked again but this time his face held no malice.

“You should be. You have a nasty right hook. How bad is my face right now? I’m almost afraid to look.”

Harry gave him a wry grin. “Er...handsome as ever?” He tried, jokingly. When had Draco gotten so close? He looked at their clasped hands and then back at the pale face now only a foot away from his.

Bugger it all.

Harry wasn’t sure who initiated the kiss this time. Perhaps they had met in the middle, in mutual desire. All he knew was that he was in the best snog of his life, longer and even more intense than before. The heat of Draco’s mouth on his own igniting his body once more into flames and—when had he ended up on the sofa? They were pressed against each other, hands roaming modestly, and Merlin, did Draco know how to kiss.

... They had pulled away from each other, eventually coming up from air. Draco rested his forehead against Harry’s scarred one, and panted slightly. He looked at Harry, whose eyes were closed, and took in the bitten lips (Draco felt pleased with himself at the sight) and his long eyelashes that usually framed his green eyes. He shook his head against Harry’s and the boy pulled away to look at him.

“You’re going to get me killed, Potter,” Draco murmured breathlessly. Harry’s heart leapt into his throat. Draco was right. This couldn’t happen. How could they have let this happen? Harry had wanted to bash his face in not even fifteen minutes ago. Like that made any sense at all.

“We can’t do this,” Harry admitted.

“No...” Draco agreed. “I hate you, Potty.”

“I hate you too, Malfoy.”

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**September 6th, 1998**

Harry gasped as Draco lifted him slightly to sit on the edge of his bathroom sink. The blonde had always been taller than him by a few inches but he was lithely built like Harry was. And like Harry, he was stronger than he looked.
Harry's knees clamped down on Draco's hips to hold him in place as the boy kissed him, a pale hand clapping the back of Harry's head possessively. Harry's arms wrapped around the boy's shoulders and he carded his fingers through his hair, surprised at how soft the lightly-colored strands were to touch.

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**October 28th, 1998**

"You're getting fatter."

Harry scowled and looked down at his growing belly. "I'm pregnant, you twit!" He snapped.

Draco smirked, "Don't be such a twat, Potter. I just meant the baby bump is growing. The rest of you is as scrawny as ever."

"Tosspot," Harry shot at him.

"Tosser."

"Twerp."

"Tight-arse."

"Tool."

"Thundercunt."

"..."

"Thought so."

Harry kissed him fiercely...just to shut him up, of course.

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**November 20th, 1998**

"I can't believe I am doing this."

"I wish I had a camera right now—ouch!"

"Do you want me to do this or not, you fuckwit?"

"Yes! I'm sorry. Gods don't stop...feels so good..." Harry moaned.

"You sound like you're getting laid...stop moaning like that." Draco muttered, shifting uncomfortably. Harry grinned widely and leaned back against Draco's headboard.

"Are you turned on by that?" Harry teased. Like _that_ was going to happen, though. Harry was feeling as big as a blimp, these days.

Draco shoved his legs, looking flustered and irate. "I'm done."
“No, no, please, Draco. I won’t say anything more. Please? My feet hurt so badly. Look how swollen they’re getting.” He gave his best puppy-dog eyes and Draco rolled his eyes and lifted Harry’s feet back into his lap. He reapplied his thumb to the underside of the brunette’s foot. Merlin, when did he become so fucking whipped? And all for Harry Bloody Potter. He’d have to obliviate the Chosen One later on, so this would never again be brought up.

“Have you thought of any names?” Draco questioned.

“No yet…assuming that He lets me name the baby…I think I’ll wait until we meet face-to-face.”


“How have you ever given any thought to what you’d name your kids, Draco?” Draco snorted at the question. How was he going to marry and produce even one child if he was stuck here? It was a notion he had allowed himself to worry about a couple times. He knew his parents fretted about it too. It troubled him to think the Malfoy line could die with him and his parents, but…perhaps that was the Dark Lord’s ultimate punishment for them all; to die heirless.

Draco indulged him. “It is a tradition amongst the Black family to name their children after a star or constellation (although it’s a practice found in many other pureblooded families, as well),” He started and Harry tried not to think of Sirius. “I always intended to continue with that tradition. I also liked Hyperion.”

Harry cocked his head to the side. “Hyperion is nice. Different.”

“It’s a name found in Greek mythology…It means ‘High-One’.”

“Of course it does,” Harry grinned at him widely, “I’d expect nothing less from you, Malfoy.”

“It’s a good name,” Draco said defensively. Harry moved his feet off of his lap and leaned in, pressing an innocent kiss to Draco’s jaw.

“Yes, it is.”

Chapter End Notes

Whew, here we go! The foundation for the next leg of the story is now set. Next chapter is going to be hard to write, so I am not sure if it'll be out next Wednesday (the day I usually try to update). Bear with me. Also, thank you so much to those who have gave a kudos, comment, or bookmarked this story. All of the positive feedback is what keeps me coming back for an update. It makes my day.

xx
Cjblack
Consequences

Chapter Summary

Harry makes terrible decisions in both the past and present, with dire consequences.

Chapter Notes

This chapter was hard to write. There's a lot going on that I wanted to tell in one chapter. And it was kind of depressing to write. There's a death in this chapter, so if that's too much, you may want to run. No gore, though.

Harry is an idiot in this chapter. He jumps into things without thinking clearly and he gets tortured in many, many ways for his actions. But canonically, Harry was always a bit irrational, so while I was mentally screaming at Harry for being so stupid, it wasn't that far of a stretch. It's clear to see the torment Harry's been through now, that has changed him from the Harry his friends once knew.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

July 21st, 2003

Harry stared at the writing on the torn parchment before him...Hermione would understand. She had always been brilliant; surely she'd understand his message. He took the paper and flipped it over. The page had come from one of Hyperion’s potions book. His son wouldn't be happy when he realized he was missing a chunk of the information about conception potions, but to be honest, the boy was far too young to know about those sort of things anyways. And Hermione might catch the subtle hint there, too, if he was lucky.

He folded it into the size of a knut—easier to pass it discreetly. The knot in his stomach clenched tighter. This was going to be an awful day, even if everything went smoothly. He buried the paper deep into his trouser pocket and grimaced as he surveyed himself in the mirror. The trousers he wore were meant to be form fitting but Harry felt too exposed and self-conscious in them. His black button down was tucked into the trousers and was buttoned just to his chest in order to reveal a few bite marks on his throat left behind from the Dark Lord’s last visit.

At least he was wearing clothes. Voldemort could’ve brought him about in his shorts to display the bruises on his thighs, as well...or worse, he could be stark-naked.

He was donning the thin hooded cloak Draco had laid on the bed for him when the blonde came back into the room.

“The Dark Lord will be here in twenty minutes. Are you ready for this?” Draco asked, looking at Harry apprehensively. He reached over to fix Harry’s braid. Harry smiled at him uneasily.

“I don’t think there’s any way to be ready for this. But I’m dressed, at least. Let’s go; I want to say goodbye to Hyperion before HE gets here...”
“How’s your wittle ickle baby, Potter? He wasn’t much fun last week. Didn’t want to pway with me.” Harry’s fist clenched tightly at his side, determined to not retaliate against Bellatrix’s taunting.

“Play nice, Bella,” the Dark Lord whispered, his voice darkly amused. They entered through the wards of Hogwarts: Voldemort in front with Rudolphus and Bellatrix Lestrange on his flanks, Lucius and Draco behind them on either side of Harry.

Two figures met them as they passed through the gates. Harry understood them to be the Carrow’s, Amucus and Alecto.

Harry’s heart was in his throat as they were led into Hogwarts; the place that he had once called his home. Not much had changed since he’d left school five years ago, but Harry could literally feel the coldness, the desolation of a previously peaceful place. Hogwarts no longer held sanctuary for him.

Nevertheless, it was the first time he had been out of the manor in years, and the slightest taste of freedom was potent. He couldn’t falter now, though; he had a mission to complete. The doors to the Great Hall sprung open and Harry kept his hood up and head bowed as they walked in. His hands shook and he clasped them tightly behind himself as they strode up towards the head table. His peripheral vision allowed him to see swarms of knelt figures clad in Slytherin-themed robes: some in black, others in silver, and the rest in green. He lowered his face more so they couldn’t see him.

The anxiety was growing alarmingly within his body. He should’ve never asked Snape to suggest this. This was too much—he wasn’t ready!

Voldemort reached the pulpit where Dumbledore had stood all those years ago when he would make his start-of-term and end-of-term speeches. Harry knelt with the rest of their company.

“How good it is, to see all of these familiar faces for another Summer,” Voldemort said in a cold voice that was laced with airs of superiority. He was loving this. “It pleases me to hear from our valued staff and esteemed Headmaster Snape, that the acclimatizing here at Hogwarts has been effective thus far…so pleased, in fact, that I have a surprise for you all; a little treat if you will, and a stunning testament to my rule.”

Harry’s heart was plummeting and he could almost taste the restlessness and confusion that was wafting through the Hall on his tongue. He wasn’t ready.

Focus, Harry, focus. Do it for Hyperion.

“You may all rise.” Harry rose to his feet unsteadily and he felt Draco reach out briefly to place a stabilizing hand on his elbow. “Come forward…”

Harry hadn’t registered that the command had been directed towards him immediately. It wasn’t until Lucius pressed him forward firmly that he made his way to the two steps of the dais, where the head table sat and stepped up obediently. He kept his head lowered submissively. His palms were sweating where they were clutched behind his back. Gracefully, Voldemort slid over to him and pressed a frigid hand under Harry’s chin, lifting it slightly to look at him.

Then, he was turned violently towards the head table, to face the Hogwarts staff. The rest of the crowd was behind him, silent and confused over the proceedings, his back unrecognizable to them. He saw Snape first, who sat in the largest chair, then his eyes made their way down the table miserably, begging them silently not to hate him. McGonagall’s eyes widened and her hand rose to her mouth looking like she had seen a ghost as she gasped. She probably thought she had… Flitwick
jumped in his seat and let out a squeak—Sprout had a similar reaction to McGonagall’s. Slughorn let out an appalled “Oh!” and on it went, Harry’s old teachers and the few Death Eater’s that held positions on the staff meeting his eyes, the former with shock, the latter with looks of cruel glee.

It lasted maybe a minute before the Dark Lord yanked his hood down. His overheated body made the air feel freezing on his face and he was again yanked around to face the majority, now. The reactions were louder—cries of astonishment, some screams of his name—sobs of disbelief—

Voldemort had him by his plaited hair and was forcing him onto his knees once more. Harry couldn’t meet their eyes, his face warm with shame and tears threatening to break free as he willingly submitted to the Dark Lord.

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**December 24th, 1998**

“Are you all right, Mr. Potter?” Narcissa asked the boy as he doubled over in his seat and let out a pained groan. The black head of hair shook wildly in negation, unable to speak momentarily.

“He’s been complaining that his stomach hurt all day,” Draco added, setting down his fork and knife with a furrowed brow. “He hasn’t been like this though.”

Harry rocked back and forth trying to relieve the shooting pain in his body, his arms wrapped tightly around his rounded belly. “It keeps getting worse and worse, I think I need Snape—something’s got to be wrong!” Harry gasped out. Narcissa stood up quickly at his words and Lucius followed her actions.

“Lucius, would you floo Severus, please? Inform him that Mr. Potter is in labor.” Lucius did a double take before striding out of the room without further prodding.

“Labor?” Draco repeated, kneeling down by Harry’s chair to keep him upright. Narcissa came over to them and pressed a gentle hand to the brunette’s back, rubbing it firmly.

“Harry, you need to take deep breaths. Draco, when your father comes back, help get him upstairs. I’m going to go get the medical room ready.” With that, the Malfoy matriarch glided out of the room with a calm determination.

“Breathe? How…the fuck can I breathe through this?” Harry moaned out, “it’s literally taking my breath away.” Draco rubbed his back comfortingly.

“If you can open your gab to complain, you can certainly use it to breathe,” Draco snorted unhelpfully; “You can do this, Harry,” he added more kindly.

Lucius came back in the dining room, then, looking apprehensive. “Severus will be here shortly. Where’s your mother?” he asked Draco then eyed Harry cautiously as he let out another groan.

Draco stood up and grasped Harry’s arm tightly. “She’s getting the room ready; can you help me get him upstairs, Father?”

Together the two blonde men guided a panting Harry up the stairs. “Who the fuck puts the medical room on the second floor. Stupid arses, stupid bloody fucking—”

“Is the vulgarity really necessary, Potter?” Lucius snapped, growing annoyed. Seriously, was the boy raised by animals? He was aware the Slytherins were known for hurling obscenities. They use to
make games of it in his day. But in the presence of adults they knew to show more respect than this. Even if Draco sometimes needed a gentle reminder.

“Are you really… going to start on me about my swearing because…this isn’t the time. Fuck!” Harry panted. Lucius glowered.

Draco tried not to smirk.

…

“I don’t want you cutting me open!” Harry told Snape, holding himself protectively. Snape heaved a sigh and put his hands on his hips exasperatedly.

“If I don’t perform a cesarean, you’ll both die, Potter. The infant has nowhere to come out, in case you’ve forgotten your personal anatomy,” Snape griped. “With a female, this is easier. A female can deliver vaginally or a cesarean can be performed. Some cases are scheduled and the baby can be removed even before labor begins. With a male it’s a bit trickier. Because the womb is only temporary, the fetus is more vulnerable inside it. We cannot remove the infant until labor begins—a sure sign that it is ready to be born. It’s not relevant to your situation, Potter, but if this was a premature labor, then survival rate is much lower. Much can go wrong in male pregnancy, perhaps because it goes against the laws of nature; nevertheless, we must proceed with great care.”

He forced Harry by the shoulders to lay back and he pushed the partition curtain over his chest. When the boy started tearing up, Snape sighed again. “Potter, it’ll be quick, easy, and for the most part, painless. Just a lot of pressure. Trust me.” Harry shuddered out a long breath and nodded weakly. Snape had proven to himself to Harry. He now understood why Dumbledore had put his faith into him. Severus Snape was a snarky bastard, biased and unpleasant at times—much of the time, but he could be trusted. Especially with his baby.

Snape was right: there was a lot of pressure, and although not much time had passed, it felt like an eternity of uncertainty to Harry.

…And then Snape was untying the knot in Harry’s gown with one hand and lowering it just enough to place this wrinkled mass of reddened flesh and dark hair onto his chest.

Harry clutched the little body with shaking hands, unbelieving, and Snape was standing by him with a hand supporting the baby.

“Congratulations, Mr. Potter, it appears that you have a son. I need to heal you; do you have a good hold on him?” Harry nodded, holding the baby tighter to his bared chest.

“It’s a boy, he’s a boy,” Harry murmured looking at his son—his son. “Don’t cry, I’ve got you…” Harry whispered, a thumb stroking a little cheek as the baby wailed in a dry cry. “I’ve got you.” He repeated gently, determined.

His son.

…

It was three in the morning and as tired as Harry was, he couldn’t sleep. So he sat perched vigilantly, looking at the little baby swaddled snuggly in the basinet by his bed as he slept.

It was three in the morning when Harry made his choice. He grabbed the needle he had swiped from the medical room when Snape wasn’t looking. Dropping to his knees in front of the bedroom door and began to pick at the lock. It was a skill he had learn from years spent in his cupboard, when
he’d use a pin stolen from Aunt Petunia’s sewing kit to escape his confinement quietly in order to sneak a slice of cheese or bread, or a sip of milk from the kitchen in the dead of night. He had never been caught before.

He felt the lock give way eventually and his heart leapt. He stuck the needle into the lapel of his robe for safe keeping. He lifted his son up and cradled him in his arms securely as he slipped silently out of the room and tip-toed down the stairs.

*The Malfoys were all asleep in their beds,* Harry noted, feeling relieved. The manor was quiet in the dead of the night—or morning? He reached the ground floor and paused, heart rapidly beating a tattoo in his chest. There was the floo—it would be quicker and easier through it, but the connected networks were limited to only a couple places—the only one he was aware of was the Headmaster’s office at Hogwarts. He didn’t think Snape would be very welcoming to harboring a fugitive.

So the only way was through the front door and out into the night. He tugged the blankets tighter around the sleeping baby and then draped his robes over the both of them to protect from the winter cold. He knew it had yet to start snowing much, but the air was nippy and his son was too small to be unprotected from the cold. He was thankful for the warming charms on the receiving blanket Snape casted earlier.

He pulled out the needle from where it was pinned and began working on the second lock. *It was a strange thing, being locked inside a house,* Harry decided as he picked, *usually it was the other way around.* But this wasn’t a home. It was a cage really, a prison. This lock was a little bit more time consuming but eventually it too, gave way. Harry let out the breath he didn’t know he was holding. If it had always been this easy, he should’ve done this months ago! He grasped the door handle in his sweaty had and slowly eased the door open to face the outside world.

The alarm that sounded was deafening and Harry stumbled from the door frantically. He should’ve known there were warded alarms—this was all going too easily. Nothing was every this easy for him! The baby let out startled shrieks as Harry took off down the steps instinctually. He had to run and hide. He could hide!

He couldn’t hide. He was wandless and helpless and his cesarean scar was aching and it was cold outside. Too cold to be without shelter for hours…or days. This was all going very, very wrong.

“Potter! Stop!” Arms wrapped around his shoulders and held him back into the foyer furiously. Harry clutched the screaming infant to his body defensively. “What in the name of Hades do you think you’re doing, you idiot boy!” Lucius hissed in his ear. Harry barely heard him with the alarm sounding out so loudly. “Do you have a death wish?!”

The alarm stopped.

“Well, well, well…what is this?” Came a cold, high voice.

“Quiet the child, let me do the talking,” Lucius hissed in his ear before turning to the Dark Lord. “My Lord—”

“It looks, Lucius, as if the boy was trying to escape his nice home here…” Voldemort stated ominously, cutting over the blonde. “Is that right, Harry?” Harry clenched his eyes tightly to keep his tears from falling. He clutched the warm bundle, only little whimpers coming from the infant now.

“Let him go, Lucius…” The Dark Lord approached them closer now, stopping just in front of Harry. “I was informed the child was born. Show me my son, Harry…” he whispered softly. He didn’t wait for Harry to move his cloak away. He reached a pale hand up and pushed it aside to reveal the infant
in Harry’s trembling arms. “Hmm, have you decided on a name for him?”

Harry blinked in confusion and shook his head slightly. Voldemort’s red eyes gazed at him with a mysterious gleam to them. Then the mouth quirked slightly into a peculiar smile.

“Name him, Harry.”

Harry swallowed hard, and his mouth open and closed like he didn’t know quite how to form words. He felt winded.

“Name him!” the weird smile was gone and Voldemort glared at him impatiently. Harry shook.

“I—I don’t know—” Voldemort drew his wand and aimed it at the baby’s tiny forehead threateningly. Harry let out a sob and took a small step back.

“Now!” Voldemort barked at him.

“I—James, then, James!” Harry cried out.

“After his Grandfather? How nice.” Harry’s shoulders were tense. “It’s late, Harry, you should be getting some sleep.” That was it? “But before I go…” of course not. Voldemort smiled at him cruelly then and raised his wand.

“Avada Kedavra.”

“NO!”

Harry dropped to the ground like someone cut the invisible strings holding him.

“Happy Christmas, Harry.”

... 

“Potter, you have to let go.”

“...”

“Potter, listen to me: there is nothing you can do for him, you have to let go.”

“...”

Snape looked at Lucius, Narcissa, and Draco’s stricken faces, searching for anyone to step forward and assist him.

“He’s gone into shock. Draco? Perhaps you can get through to him.”

Draco stepped forward with shaking legs and inched his way cautiously to where Harry collapsed onto the floor.

“Potter—Harry?” Draco whispered, bending on one knee to get more on Harry’s level. He didn’t know how to get through to Harry. What the hell could Draco say to make him feel better? The Dark Lord just killed his baby. Draco wanted to throw up. “It’s—it’s Draco…Harry, can you let go of the baby for me?” Harry’s eyes rose quickly to Draco’s face. He looked wild.

“He’s mine!” Harry croaked out.
Draco nodded soothingly, “Yes, he is yours Harry…but he’s—gone Harry. Can you let go of him for a minute so Severus can take a look at you? Your incision reopened and it’s bleeding everywhere.”

Harry nodded shortly and slowly eased his grip on the unmoving bundle in his arms. Draco gently took it from the brunette and stood back up.

The action drew him out of his stupor and all at once a damn broke in Harry. He let out a loud sob and scrambled to his feet reaching for the still infant. “No, no! Give him back, he isn’t gone!” He screamed. Severus and Lucius swept in to hold him back as he went to tackle Draco to the ground. The youngest blonde scrambled towards his mother and shoved the baby into her arms. He watched as his father and Severus pulled him out of the room, Harry screaming hysterically the whole while. Draco ran into the down stairs powder room and promptly threw up.

“You’re going to do that now?” Lucius questioned, looking grim. He looked somberly at the boy passed out on the examine table and then at the needle in Severus’s hand.

The man nodded, his dark hair hung limp around his pale face. “The Dark Lord’s orders. He’ll be back on New Year’s day to impregnate the boy. Stupid, stupid, boy…” He injected the potion into Potter’s abdomen, his face grave as said boy let out a small whimper in his sleep.

“I can’t believe he tried to escape.” Lucius stated.

“I can,” Severus muttered. “Potter has always acted irrational and has a hero complex on top of that. The Dark Lord knows this. That is why he came tumbling into the Department of Ministries two years ago. That is why he tried to escape tonight. He wanted to save his child.”

“Any parent would.”

Severus raised an eyebrow at the older man. “Feeling compassion for your young charge, Lucius?”

“Considering what has transpired tonight, can you blame me, old friend?”

“The Dark Lord tried to kill Potter as an infant. Did that not matter, then?”

“Of course it mattered. I don’t condone children being murdered…but I was young. And impressionable.”

“We’re we all…” Severus acknowledged. “It seems you sympathize with him, Lucius.”

Lucius paused momentarily, absorbing the Potion Master’s words. “It would seem that you sympathize with the boy, too, Severus,” he answered unwaveringly.

July 21st, 2003 (continued)

“Harry! Oh, Merlin, he’s alive!”

“Harry Potter!”
“He’s been alive this whole time?”

“Harry!”

“Yes…Harry Potter lives…” The Dark Lord spoke softly but it was enough to silence the room completely. “Serving me for the past four years, submitting to my command entirely—isn’t that right, Harry?” Harry stared at the floor and forced a quick nod as Voldemort’s hands tightened in his hair warningly. At the gesture, he continued, “Let it NEVER be said that the Dark Lord is not merciful…and let it never be uttered that the Dark Lord can be defeated by a filthy half-blooded whore.” He propelled Harry forward then, so he had to catch himself onto his hands, the grip on his hair relinquished as he did.

“Our Staff Meeting will now commence in the staff room. Bellatrix, Rudolphus: stay and babysit the whore.” Harry’s eyes clenched tightly—he hadn’t anticipated that bitch being in the room. He should’ve known the two Malfoy men weren’t held in high enough esteem in Voldemort’s eyes to look after him alone.

There was a scraping of chairs as the teachers stood warily, following the Dark Lord and Snape into the room in the back of the Hall. The door closed and Harry was left to face the crowd. The silence was deafening until Bellatrix started cackling shrilly. She practically skipped over to Harry and yanked him up by his arm savagely. “Ickle baby, Potter, don’t you want to say ‘hi’?” Harry refused to take the bait and then, an insane idea struck him. Had he not been so consumed with passing on his note, had he been thinking logically, he would’ve never done it—

He ripped his arm from her grasp, causing her crazy eyes to narrow dangerously. “Now don’t be so naughty, little Potter, you don’t want the Master to punish you, do you? …Or maybe you like it, slag?” She hissed cruelly.

She was making this too easy, though. He had spent too long having to ignore Bellatrix’s snide comments for the sake of not angering Voldemort. He had spent too long playing the obedient slave, the butt of the joke. Harry saw red. His eyes rose to meet hers challengingly and her sneer turned slightly into an expression of puzzlement.

He spat in her face.

The moments following happened in the blink of an eye.

Bellatrix screamed and him slapped once, so hard his body twisted and fell to the ground; his hand slipped into his pocket unnoticeably as he scrambled to his feet once more. Bellatrix had her wand in her hand this time, shooting a hex his way before Lucius wrenched her arm down yelling, “You are not to harm him, he is the Dark Lord’s to deal with, Bella!” The hex had done its job and sent Harry flying into the mass of green, black, and silver robes. Hands grabbed him to steady him and he looked into the stricken face of Neville Longbottom. He wasn’t Hermione or Ron but he could be trusted, Harry knew it.

“Harry, what’s going—” Neville’s gasping inquiry was cut off as the staff room doors swung open in a loud bang and Harry shoved the note into the taller boy’s robes, his eyes in a silent, meaningful plead, before he slumped back to kneel on the floor, his head pointed down to the stone.

“What…is the meaning of all this…commotion?” came the harsh, icy whisper that silenced the room instantly.

“My Lord,” Bellatrix gasped out, her chest heaving madly. She pointed an accusing finger Harry’s direction, “that filthy half-blood disobeys you! Please Master, let me show him what happens when
“Silence, Bella…” she lowered her head quickly as he walked by her; her body was radiating fury, the desire to curse Harry tangible in the Hall.

Harry’s heart hammered painfully as Voldemort glided towards him, each step emitting a daunting click in the otherwise noiseless room.

“Is this true, Harry?” he questioned softly. He stroked Harry’s head gently, mockingly. “Answer me.”

Harry kept his eyes lowered. He didn’t dare refute Bellatrix’s words. “Forgive me, Master.” Harry’s murmur caught in his throat slightly. This was all a mistake. Voldemort seized his hair, his long nails biting into his scalp, and Harry was yanked upwards. Harry’s hand shot up automatically to the Dark Lord’s wrist, clutching it in order to relieve some of the pressure caused.

“I thought I broke that little obedient streak three years ago, Harry,” his red eyes gleamed malevolently as he shook him punishingly by the hair. Harry repressed a pained whimper. “Pity. Severus…looks like I’ll be needing another potion from you.” Harry’s blood ran cold and he let out a sob, grasping Voldemort’s arm holding him tighter.

“No, please! Please! I’ll do anything, please no, no…” he was begging, crying miserably and he no longer cared of the audience. He didn’t need his pride or his dignity, not when his son’s life was on the line! The tears poured down his face in rivulets like someone dumped a bucket of water over his head. “I’ll do whatever you assks of me, punisssh me, make me bleed, pleasssse don’t hurt him, pleassssse, I’m begging you, My Lord, punisssh me, instead!” He added desperately in Parseltongue.

His heart was breaking in a way all too familiar; his anguish unbearable. He couldn’t do it. He couldn’t lose his little boy. He’d sooner die before he let it happen.

Voldemort’s cruel eyes surveyed him, relishing in his tears and begging. The grip eased slightly after a moment, finally coming to a decision. “BELLATRIX, COME.” The witch all but ran over, bowing in deeply. “You may have your retribution. I suppose twenty lashes will suffice.” Bellatrix’s eyes widened like a kid on Christmas, and she nodded fervently, thanking her beloved Master with a kiss to the hem of his robe.

Harry was knelt before the Dark Lord, who now sat in an ornate throne in front of the room. His shirt and cloak were removed and his bare skin felt cool in the air as Bellatrix moved slowly behind him, brandishing the whip menacingly. Voldemort reached down to stroke his hair as another lash cut into Harry’s back, this time he couldn’t help the cry he let out, muffled only slightly by the man’s white robes. His back was bleeding heavily by the time she finished, and Voldemort gestured for Draco to collect him from the floor.

“I want him cleaned up and treated immediately… I’ll be back tonight to continue your punishment, Harry. Be gracious I’m allowing the boy to live another day,” he added to Harry complacently “…the Dark Lord will never be so merciful again.”

Harry nodded tiredly, feeling drained from his crying. The pain in his back was searing but Harry’s relief was stronger. He pressed a kiss to the robes, and murmured a low “Thank you, for your mercy, my Lord.” He was heaved up roughly to his feet after a moment and dragged out of the Hall by a furious Draco and Lucius. As he was escorted out his eyes met Neville’s hazel ones fleetingly. Harry swallowed hard; it had all backfired on him but he got his message through. The Quaffle was on their side of the field, now.
“Draco…Draco, please.” The blonde brushed him off once more, as he chained Harry to the bed in nothing but the usual thin robe. The sky was dark now—Voldemort was due to arrive soon. He hadn’t been allowed to see Hyperion upon his arrival back to their hidden manor, and Harry didn’t think he could face his son’s perfect little cherub face anyways. Not after Harry had so fucking foolishly put him at risk. Some father he was.

“Draco, please, you have to understand,” Harry muttered, his voice weak and scratchy in his throat. Draco wheeled around at him, and for the first time in years, his eyes held nothing but loathing for Harry. It was like they were in school all over again. There was no look of reluctant fondness that he usually received in private…there wasn’t even a sneer…just, just hatred. Merlin, it hurt. He deserved it, he knew. But it hurt all the same.

“You broke your promise, Potter.” The lump in Harry’s throat was as big as a snitch. He watched as Draco walked to the door to leave, unable to run after him and plead for him to understand he was trying to save them all.

When Draco turned back to him face him again, his grey eyes had turned glassy. “Who the fuck do you think you are? How could you put Hyperion at risk? Doesn’t he mean anything?!”

“Of course he does!” Harry cried, tears breaking free for what felt like the hundredth time that evening. God, how many tears could a body produce? “He means everything to me! I love him, he’s everything…he’s my son, I love him so much…” He wept, brokenly. His nose was running down with his tears and wiped his face on the pillow below him dolefully.

“He means everything to me too, Harry!” Draco snapped and his hands shook so badly that he had to clench them at his sides to ground himself. “You promised me you’d never do anything to put him at risk, Harry—you gave me your word. And apparently that means nothing to you, but it does to me. How could you willingly put our son at risk?”

Draco didn’t wait for an answer before he stormed out, slamming the door shut behind him.

December 29th, 1998

His son’s eyes had been dark. Harry had thought most babies were born with blue eyes. Not his son, though. They were a dark brow with flecks of red, when Harry had got to see them briefly. They didn’t scare him. The baby didn’t look menacing…the baby looked like, well, a baby. An innocent baby. And if Harry had had the chance to love him, maybe he could’ve been…good. Regardless of his parentage.

Harry swallowed thickly, as he read the potions book. He had spent the past four days mostly in seclusion. Aside from grooming and meal times he sought no one else’s company. Not even Draco’s.

He stared blankly at the Transfiguration book in his lap, reading words but not really taking any of it in. Draco’s kisses seemed like ages ago. When his son was still safe inside his belly and not dead and buried God-knows-where. He brushed a stray tear away and turned the page bitterly. He paused as he stared at the next page.
‘Ritualistic Spells to Alter Appearances’

Interesting.

“Hey.” Draco’s eyebrows shot up. He’d been having to prod Harry into speaking since Christmas Day. The brunette still looked dreadful; his eyes were red-rimmed and puffy, his nose and cheeks blotchy. Draco felt his heart clench sadly for the other boy. Harry acknowledging someone was a good sign, though.

“‘Hey’ yourself,” Draco said, a slight teasing smile on his handsome face. Harry gazed at him with a strange look in his eyes. He looked nervous and awkward. Draco unlocked the bathroom door and gestured Harry to follow.

Draco could feel green eyes staring at him intently from where Harry sat in the tub. The scar from his cesarean nearly fully healed, leaving behind a clean line: the only evidence Harry had had a child.

“Why are you staring at me like that, Potty?” He quipped.

Harry smiled a smile that looked more like a wince. “I wanted to ask you something. A favor. I really huge favor.” Draco rose an eyebrow.

“If you’re asking for a blow job—” Draco started with a slight chuckle. Harry was communicating. He had to fuel it. He had to see his brilliant smile. When had he become so smitten? He balked at his own thoughts—he wasn’t smitten. It was lust. Boredom. Not ‘smitten’!

Damn it.

“Kind of.”

What? “Wait—what?”

“Not really.” Harry squirmed uneasily in the tub, the water sloshed around him noisily. “But kind of along those lines…”

Draco leaned forward slowly, resting his elbows on his knees as he stared at Harry. “Harry, what the hell are you talking about?” Draco pressed. The dark haired boy sighed and pointed at his discarded trousers.

“Look in the pocket.”

Draco frowned and retrieved the pants. He slid his hand into them and withdrew a folded page of a book that had been carefully ripped out.

“‘Ritualistic Spells to Alter Appearances’,” Draco read aloud. He frowned. “You want to change what you look like?”

“No.”

Draco heaved an exasperated sigh. “Help me out here, Harry.”

“Voldemort will be here in three days…Snape gave me that fucking potion again, he’s going to make me have his baby again.” Harry said thickly. He hugged his arms around his knees tightly. Draco looked at him sadly.
“Unless…” Harry trailed off hesitantly.

“Unless…” Draco echoed confusedly.

“Unless you want to. You know. With me.”

Draco jumped up as he stared at Harry. “Are you bloody crazy?” he yelped. Harry put a hand up like he was trying to calm a wild animal.

“Draco, hear me out; I’m asking for a favor—”

“You’re asking me to get you pregnant, Harry!” he hissed at him. “That’s fucking suicide! You’ve fucking lost your mind…”

“You want an heir, don’t you?” Harry snapped at him. He knew his idea was bloody bonkers but he didn’t appreciate the blonde Malfoy Heir having a conniption over it.

“Yes, of course I do,” Draco began, “But Harry, this is insanity. If we were found out—”

“We wouldn’t be! We have three days before HE gets here, we could—you know—and then he will, too. And he’ll think it is his, and then when it’s born we can have Snape perform the spell and change his appearance to look more like HIM and not like you at all. But biologically, it’d be your kid, your heir. The Malfoy line could continue…” Harry tried, hands gripping the edge of the tub tightly.

Draco stared at him flabbergasted. “You’ve definitely lost it…” he breathed.

“I can’t do it again, Draco. I can’t have another baby that looks like HIM, that looks like the one I’ve,” his voice broke slightly, “like the one I’ve lost.”

Draco dropped back into his chair and hid his face in his hands.

_Merlin help him._

**December 30th, 1998**

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“I’ll do it. I’ll…get you pregnant.” Draco never thought make such a strange declaration out loud. Harry’s emerald eyes widened as he looked at the boy who came to wake him that morning.

“I…Draco, thank you.”

“On one condition,” Draco continued, ignoring Harry’s thanks. His back was stiff and he looked like he hadn’t gotten much sleep that night.

“Anything.” Harry said simply.

“You have to promise me you’ll never put our kid at risk, Harry.” Harry flinched like he had been slapped. Draco pressed on firmly, “Obey the Dark Lord, Harry, I mean it. If he wants you to call him ‘Master’ or eat off the bloody floor, or suck his fucking cock, you must do it. Submit to him. No one will think less of you for doing what it takes to keep the child safe.”

Harry’s eyes fluttered closed and he inhaled deeply, trying to quell the pain in his heart. “I promise.
I’ll do whatever it takes to protect our child.”

_Our child._

“Then I’ll do it.” Draco stared at him with intense grey eyes. Harry’s face flushed at his scrutiny, suddenly very aware he was disheveled and probably was sporting some morning breath.

“Er—when?” Draco snorted.

“Well certainly not this instant,” the blonde remarked with a smirk. “I’ll come in tonight, after my parents are asleep,” he continued in a lower voice. “Maybe closer to two or three, just to be safe.”

Harry climbed out of bed to follow him into the bathroom. “I suppose you better make me pretty for you then, Malfoy.” Harry jested. He felt a little brighter. Just a little.

_I like you just the way you are._

“We’ll be here all day, then,” he jabbed back at Harry.

_July 22nd, 2003_

“Can I speak with you guys for a moment?” Neville whispered to the duo. Hermione and Ron looked terrible. Most of the people in Hogwarts looked terrible, to be honest. No one looked like they slept well at all. Hermione looked like she cried much of her night away. She nodded, smiling weakly at Neville. He pressed a folded piece of parchment into her hand.

“What’s that?” Ron questioned, leaning in to get a closer look. Hermione frowned and opened the paper. “A piece of our sixth year potions textbook? On fertility and pregnancy potions. You trying to tell us something, mate?”

“Turn it over,” Neville said, and Hermione complied, brown eyes reading hungrily.

She inhaled excitedly, “Ron, look at the writing! Where’d you get this, Neville?”

Neville shoved his hands into his robe pockets, glancing over his shoulder quickly, then back to the couple. “Last night, when Bellatrix Lestrange hexed Harry and he fell into me; he slipped it to me. Does it make sense to either of you?”

Hermione read the message again. “I—I don’t know. I’m not quite sure. I need to sit. I need to think.”

_A crown sits upon her head,_

_As she lifts her cup to take a sip._

_In a moment I'll be dead,_

_And she must fall, or fail to RIP._

--Post Tenebras Lux

Chapter End Notes
Still with me?
Thanks for reading, reviewing, bookmarking, etc. etc. I live for all of that!!
xx
CJBlack
Harry laid in bed, staring nervously at the shadows on the ceiling. It was quarter past two in the morning. Draco would be there soon—if he still intended to show up. He knew the older boy was reluctant and he understood the hell that would break loose if they were caught…but the idea of having another child by the Dark Lord was a fate worse than Harry could bear.

How ironic, he thought, that he would name the child James only for his son to meet the same fate as Harry’s father. He played it in his head a thousand times—could he have evaded the curse in time? Could he have taken the curse for him, as Lily had once for Harry?

But he had never seen it coming; the spell had hit its target before Harry could even comprehend what was happening. Now his son was dead, and Harry would never get a chance to hold him in his arms again. He didn’t even know what Severus did with the tiny body. The tiny, frail looking baby that would never have an opportunity to become anyone at all.

Damn it, now was not the time to focus on this. He was literally waiting to have sex with his former rival-turned baby sitter-turned kind of sort of maybe a boyfriend. Lover? (Horny) fellow prisoner?

He couldn’t deny his attraction to the blonde. Even in school he was drawn to the Malfoy heir, his emotions always had been heightened when they were near each other. Draco always filled him with intensity, though the once anger had been replaced with a crazy passion. It was a bizarre situation. Harry didn’t know how to convey these emotions. Draco was even more closed off than Harry was.

Then time had slowly ticked away and he heard his bedroom door opening nearly inaudibly and the boy that consumed his thoughts was standing next to his bed.

“I started to think you changed your mind,” Harry murmured as he slowly sat up and rested his arms onto his bent knees. Draco smiled wryly at him and leaned against the post of his bed too casually for someone about to get someone else pregnant.

“I almost didn’t, to be honest.”
“What made you come then?” Harry whispered, eyes raising. Draco slowly crossed his arms over his chest and cocked his head to the side, his medium-length hair cascading over with the tilt of his head. Merlin, Harry loved it when Draco didn’t slick his hair back. His locks were so lush, so soft under Harry’s fingertips.

“Well...I may never have another chance to have an heir with anyone else. I know someday we will cease to be of use to the Dark Lord. Some day he will tire of us and I’ll be either killed or demoted even more to the point no witch or wizard would want to give me a child,” Draco stated plainly. “I don’t want my familial line to end with me.”

Harry nodded wistfully. That was it? “I understand…it doesn’t bother you that this child won’t ever be considered a pureblood in our world?” Draco eased himself onto the bed with a strained expression on his face.

“It did, for a while. Maybe it still does a little. You have to understand, Harry,” Draco added as he took in Harry’s disappointment, “I was raised with the concept of blood purity ingrained into me. I was taught the importance of continuing the Malfoy line and preserving our place amongst the Sacred Twenty-Eight. It’s just the way things are for Purebloods. Our bloodlines are priority.”

“Then maybe you shouldn’t muddle your perfect lineage with my dirty blood!” Harry snapped, shifting on the bed angrily, creating more distance between him and Draco.

Draco huffed in annoyance.

“That’s the thing, Harry! The more and more I weighed the pros and cons of all of this, one thing kept popping into my bloody head! Trust me when I say there were a hundred more cons on the list, like being murdered, and yet, every time I’d close my eyes I’d see your face. Your stupid, pretty face and your annoying smile and awkward-as-hell mannerisms, and them damn green eyes staring at me—and for fuck’s sake I want you. I want every part of you for myself, and I want the Malfoy heir to be our heir, and it is fucking suicide! But here I am, because in all this solitude, I must’ve lost my fucki—oomph!” Draco nearly fell off his place perched on the side of the bed as Harry tackled him for a heated, wet kiss. It was a little sloppy, and their noses bumped at the force of it, but to Draco it was perfect. Because it was dangerous and spontaneous and wild...just like Harry.

Draco broke the kiss with a slight groan and he could feel Harry’s hot breath puffing on his mouth, just inches away. “Are we going to do this or not?” Harry breathed out.

Draco stood up and grabbed Harry’s hips, causing him to topple onto his back and he dragged the brunette to the edge of the bed, marveling in the way Harry looked splayed out before him. He pressed his hands on either side of Harry’s head and leaned down to kiss him more gently this time.

“I don’t know what I’m doing,” Harry whispered when they parted with his face flushed from a mixture of arousal and embarrassment. Draco frowned and Harry hurried to clarify. “I mean...I was—there was no one else before HE got me pregnant.”

Draco searched Harry’s green eyes dejectedly. “You were a virgin when he...?” Harry bit his lip and nodded, looking ashamed.

“I was kind of swept into a war, I didn’t exactly have time to do the deed,” Harry defended.

Draco smiled and shook his head, “Sex, Harry, it’s called ‘sex’ and if we are going to have it, then you best be able to use the big boy words.”

He chuckled at Harry’s glare and shifted his weight slightly where he was propped up over the other
“Don’t be an arse…plus, it’s hard to talk about.” His eyes shifted to the side to avoid contact with Draco before he continued. “It was awful last time; I couldn’t understand how people could even enjoy having…sex like that.”

Just like that, it was no longer a humorous situation to either of them. Draco sighed and then leaned in once more to press a closed mouth kiss to Harry’s reddened lips. “Well then, I better show you how to enjoy it.” Draco stood up, and Harry found himself missing the weight of the other on top of him. He propped himself up onto his arms and watched as Draco shot his wand out lazily to the door to cast a silencing charm on it. He placed his wand on top of the nightstand and then withdrew a glass vial from his pocket, and set it beside it.

“Aren’t there spells that can…produce that stuff?”

“Lubricant? Yes…but it’s not the same. Nor is it as fun.”

“You’ve done this before.” It wasn’t a question. Draco nodded fleetingly as he began unbuttoning his soft pajama shirt. “With who?”

“You really want to discuss this now? Merlin—okay, fine. The first was Pansy, which was awkward because she is really like the sister I never had, nor wanted. That was after the yule ball in our fourth year.” He ignored Harry’s surprised look and continued as he popped out each button, “Then there was Daphne Greengrass in fifth year—she’s kind of easy but she wasn’t opposed to anal, so that was fun. Then Tobin Sanders (he’s a year below us) in our sixth year.”

Harry suddenly looked uncomfortable and Draco stopped short of pulling his shirt off. “What, Harry? You asked,” he said shortly.

“Sorry—you just don’t seem to care much about any of them,” Harry mumbled.

“Not true. Pansy is one of my best friends, and Daphne and I get along just fine. Tobin was nice too, but we didn’t want to be exclusive. We had sex, we enjoyed ourselves…with you though…this is different. The feelings are…different.” Draco said, looking uncomfortable.

Harry’s eyes brightened considerably. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to pry. But, I’m…really glad I’m…‘different’, ” he said, grinning.

The blonde rolled his eyes and shirked off his top revealing a pale, firm chest. Harry ogled at it for a minute. He had never seen Draco shirtless before. It was always him that was bared. His heart skipped a beat as he noticed a few long scars marring the skin, mostly faded, but still there. He raised a shaking had and touched the tips of his fingers to it, sadly. Draco caught his wrist as he was tracing a mark, and lifted his hand up to press a chaste kiss to the back of it—on Harry’s own marked hand.

“No worries. We all have our scars, Harry.” He said softly. Harry stood finally, and put both hands gently on the strong chest presented to him, littering it with feather-light kisses to each and every scar that had been his doing. That day in their sixth year seemed like another lifetime ago.

Draco let out a strangled moan when Harry sunk to his knees to place a kiss on a particular scar—one that was very much near the trail of light hair that disappeared into dark pajama bottoms. In a moment of boldness, Harry inched downwards to press his lips along the straining erection. It felt hot and thick and so hard in the fabric beneath his mouth and Draco’s breath hitched.

“G-get on the bed, Harry, please,” Draco whispered huskily. Harry slowly rose back to his feet, his own prick hardening in anticipation. Maybe this wouldn’t be like before. Maybe Draco could make
his body feel as good as he made Harry’s heart feel. He laid back onto the bed and then Draco was
untying his thin robe and yanking his underwear down, dropping kisses onto his bare thighs as he
slid the boxer briefs down his legs. His erection jutted from his body and he silently begged for
Draco to put his mouth on him.

He didn’t right away. Instead, he reached up to kiss Harry’s lips while simultaneously grabbing a
nearby pillow by Harry’s head. He broke away to urge Harry’s hips up and he shimmied the pillow
underneath them. Harry didn’t question Draco’s actions and his prick twitched attentively as he
watched him kiss and lick his way down his belly and finally to his—oh fuck! Harry snapped his
head back and his hips shot forward of their own accord as Draco’s hot mouth descended smoothly
onto his erection, laving it from the crown to the base.

“Fuck.” Draco let out a little chuckle that was muffled by the cock in his mouth and Harry shuddered
blissfully at the vibration. Draco’s mouth worshipped his shaft, sliding up and down expertly. After a
few moments though, the warmth left him with a little pop and Harry whined grumpily at the lost
sensation. He didn’t have time to complain though, because that wicked tongue found its way south
to his balls, sucking each one into his mouth greedily, then lowering and lowering until—

“Oh fuck, fuck! What are you doing!” Harry nearly squealed as the wet muscle inched down the
smooth valley between his arsecheeks and began circling the tight ring of muscle. Part if him was
mortified because there was no way that could be sanitary or remotely pleasing to Draco. Regardless
of his mind’s embarrassed protesting, he could feel his entrance twitch approvingly and he would’ve
came right then and there if Draco’s right hand hadn’t shot out to squeeze the base of his member
tightly to stave off any orgasm.

“Mmm, hush Harry,” was all Draco said before he put his tongue back to work. The tip was poking
into him now, incessantly, the wet noises were so wrong, yet so fucking good, and Harry couldn’t
hold back his moaning, not caring how depraved everything was sounding. He surrendered
completely to the sensations, his nerves tingling through his body, heart racing, blood pooling to his
groin like he was going to burst…it was wonderfully overwhelming. He felt his body relax as Draco
fucked him with his tongue, the usually aristocratic face looking utterly debauched between the
cheeks of Harry’s arse. Draco’s hands gripped firmly into globes of flesh, squeezing encouragingly
as Harry’s body quaked from pleasure.

Then Draco came up for air and lightly slapped his arse, sending another curious jolt of desire
through Harry. He wiped his glistening mouth on the back of his hand and held Harry’s lust-filled
gaze with his own as he reached over to the vial on the table. Harry’s thighs trembled slightly as he
watched the blonde pour some of the lube down Harry’s crevice and used his fingers to work it over
his hole.

“You look so fucking hot like this, Harry,” Draco murmured, his eyes grazing Harry’s flushed face,
his body, and then settling appreciatively onto his quivering pucker. His prick was
leaking clear fluid, and Draco grasped it, giving it a few smooth tugs as one finger rubbed at the
furrowed entrance, before it slipped inside him. He felt Harry tense up from discomfort, the walls of
his arse resisting the intrusion and Draco groaned at the feel. His left hand abandoned the warm cock
in favor of rubbing soothing circles on Harry’s hip. “You’re literally sucking me in…so greedily,”
Draco added huskily, voice thick with desire. His own cock twitched enthusiastically in his pants.

Harry groaned, turning his face to the side slightly and his arm came up to cover his eyes and red
face in the crook of his elbow. He found that he liked Draco talking to him like this. And he
shouldn’t, because it was Draco Malfoy and Harry wasn’t supposed to want him this much.

Slowly he began to move his finger in and out, letting Harry get used to the sensation. When the
tension seemed to ebb enough, Draco worked a second digit in next to the first and pressed in, Harry grimaced but didn't protest so he set out in search for that little magical spot.

“Oh God, what was that?! Do that again!” Harry gasped out and Draco grinned, flicking his fingers again to massage Harry’s prostate. Harry let out a throaty moan that went straight to his cock and Draco moved his fingers back and forth in earnest, gently scissoring them to open Harry up more, studying Harry closely as he became undone before him on the bed. After a few minutes of torturing the brunette’s prostate, he slowly withdrew his fingers and watched in fascination as the blush-pink hole winked at him. Merlin he was going to come in his pants if he wasn’t careful. And he prided himself in being an attentive lover—not a one-pump-chump.

Harry whined at the loss but he observed breathlessly as Draco’s skilled fingers hooked into his pajama bottoms and briefs and yanked them down in one graceful motion. Draco’s prick was long and thick and glorious and Harry’s wild hormones were captivated by it. Worse, he longed for it, to touch it, to lick it the way Draco had done to him; but then Draco was oiling himself up and tugging Harry’s arse towards his lap and Harry’s heart threatened to beat out of his chest because Draco was actually going to fuck him.

The lighter-haired boy scooted until they fit like a jigsaw puzzle and he oiled himself up with one hand. Harry held his breath as he felt the blunt head of Draco’s prick pressed against his arsehole and Draco leaned down to kiss his cheek. Harry was positive his brain was going to short-circuit any second.

“Harry I need you to breathe, okay?” he whispered hoarsely in his ear. Harry felt himself nodding a bit nervously and then the head of that cock surged forward a mere centimeter to two inside him anext Harry couldn’t help the cry that escaped his lips. Draco squeezed his hips reassuringly. “Breathe, Harry, fuck! Breathe and push out against me, okay?”

Harry swallowed hard and pushed like Draco advised; the act allowing the overwrought channel to accept him more easily, little-by-little, fully to the hilt. Harry threw his head back on the pillow with a deep groan, face pinched in obvious discomfort, and Draco still to give him a moment to adjust.

Draco’s eyes fluttered closed at the tightness, the sheer perfection from the sensation of being inside Harry. He carefully folded forward to plank over the younger male, his groin flush against the other’s backside, Harry’s legs slack on either side of his waist. He opened his eyes once more to witness Harry’s intense green ones fixed on him. Harry made a tiny whimper in his throat before craning his head up to kiss the Slytherin fiercely.

"Are you okay?" Draco asked him lowly, his chest heaving against his in clear restraint.

"Mm, it feels kind of weird," Harry whispered honestly, "Like it's almost too much, too full. But not necessarily in a bad way."

Draco nodded his head, his forehead resting on Harry's shoulder as he exhaled. "Do you want me to stop, Harry?" he questioned but Harry shook his head side-to-side.

“No, no, I'm ready. Y-you can move now, Draco,” Harry panted in his mouth. Draco reached down and grasped the flagging erection in his hand, rubbing his thumb over the tip tantalizingly and giving it several firm tugs. When he felt Harry growing harder in his hand, he eased out just a couple inches and thrust in small, shallow thrusts at first, then smoother longer ones. Harry emitted a small keening noise that spurred Draco on.

“M-more, you can do more, I can take it,” Harry gasped out.
Draco straightened up a bit to hook the brunette’s smooth legs over his shoulders and snapped his hips into him, he sunk in deeper with every thrust, until he was grinding his pelvis against the perky arse every time he bottomed-out, determined to stimulate them both.

“Ah—yes! Right there!” Harry cried out when Draco managed to hit his prostrate. His back arched off the bed causing his backside to undulate down onto the cock until Draco was balls deep. “There—there—GOD, please don’t stop...”

Smirking, Draco let those toned legs slide back down from his shoulders and scooped Harry off the mattress and into his arms, down into his lap. He sat back onto his hunches and held Harry tightly by his waist. He searched Harry’s face for signs of discomfort at the deeper penetration and when he saw none he thrust upwards and guided Harry down on to him.

"This okay?" He mumbled into Harry's mouth.

Harry let out a keening noise and buried his face into Draco’s sweaty shoulder, holding tightly to him around his neck. He shifted just so, so his legs could wrap around the taller boy’s waist and they sat, connected, hips swiveling and grinding, teasingly erotic little jabs to his prostate causing Harry to moan out wantonly, Draco to growl in fierce pleasure and then Harry couldn’t take anymore and his back bowed and his thighs trembled as he came, shaking and swearing from the intensity. Draco did not miss a beat as he proceeded to pound him through it ruthlessly, a hand milking his cock all the while.

Harry shuddered one last time, slumping against Draco bonelessly and his toes slowly uncurled as he came down from his high just in time to feel Draco slam up into his body a handful of times and then stiffen and let out a groan as he was filled with his hot release. Harry gripped him reassuringly.

It didn’t feel shameful or disgusting; no, it felt passionate, as if Draco saw Harry as someone desirable and not just a plaything to use and torment. It felt bloody fantastic. He smiled in satisfaction when soft lips planted a firm kiss to his throat, a long-fingered hand stroking his dampened back without a care.

“Not so bad, then?” Draco asked quietly, still seated snugly inside the slightly shorter boy. Harry grinned at him and cupped his hand on the back of Draco’s neck to draw him in for another thorough snog, nipping playfully at his bottom lip when they separated.

“Not so bad at all,” Harry whispered back.

Chapter End Notes

Heh, sooo...did that help make up for the much darker chapter seven? Things will pick back up in nine, though!! Present-day Draco is still pissed off.

xx

-CJ
Drunken Honesty

Chapter Summary

Present day: Harry deals with the consequences of his disobedience and Draco admits his feelings to an unsuspecting party.
Past: Snape is furious and Harry and Draco’s relationship becomes more and more intense.

Chapter Notes

Hey folks!
This chapter isn't as complete as it could've been but I haven't had much time to write this week and wanted to give y'all something. I also didn't anticipate the smut at the end of the chapter but...it happened anyways.
Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

July 22nd, 2003 (1:00 am)

“Where’s Draco?” Harry groaned, his body shuddering from pain. Lucius grimaced at the bloody mess that was the Boy-Who-Lived. The Dark Lord had been ferocious in his punishing of Potter; the deep gashes from another round with the whip, claw marks and bruises and furious bite marks littered the boy’s body from his neck down to his buttocks and thighs.

“He asked me to come in his place.” Lucius stepped closer to see what he was dealing with and his heart nearly stopped in his chest when his eyes landed on the small of Potter’s back. “Mon Dieu…”

Harry looked up with red-rimmed eyes. “It’s bad, isn’t it?” He winced as he slowly eased himself up when his bonds were released. “It burned so badly when he did it, I kept blacking out. He gets off on the most twisted shit,” he let out a short laugh that sounded more like a sob.

Lucius had to shake his head to bring himself back to reality, “Lay back down; I need to clean it.” Harry nodded and flopped back down onto his pillow.

“Might want to scourify the bedding before you sit down,” Harry mumbled and the older Malfoy’s mouth twisted at the unpleasant thought of exactly what was on the bed. He did just that and then eased himself onto the edge, next to the prone form.

He cleaned the wounds with his wand, tracing each wound to close it until the bleeding stopped.

“When does the burning stop?” Harry whispered.

Lucius sighed, fingers working the ointment to the blackened brand scored into Harry’s lower back. “It doesn’t.”
“Ever?”

“The pain becomes less intense as the mark heals, but it will burn during a summoning or when the Dark Lord is particularly…irate.”

“So all the time,” Harry confirmed. The blonde man said nothing and Harry breathed out an unsteady sigh.

“Draco hates me,” he added softly as an afterthought a few minutes later.

“My son is upset with you for endangering young Hyperion’s life.”

“You all must hate me…it was stupid to act out. I know. I didn’t mean for it to happen. I love my son, I couldn’t…god I couldn’t take it if I lost him! I’d die. I’d want to die.” Harry’s voice cracked and his shoulders shook as he buried his face into the pillow.

“I cannot imagine how painful it must’ve been to lose your child, Potter. It is any parent’s worst nightmare.”

“What would you do, Mr. Malfoy? If you were in my position, what would you do?”

Lucius gazed down at the boy on the bed with a strained expression on his face. He wiped his hands onto a towel to remove the remnants of the salve.

“I would do whatever it took to keep my child safe.”

Harry exhaled through his nose. Whatever it took.

“Did you at least succeed?” Harry’s head rose up off the pillow in surprise. What did Malfoy know?

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Don’t lie to me; I saw you attempting to hand something to that Longbottom boy.”

“Are you going to tell him? He’ll kill Neville,” Harry said as he pulled on the offered briefs. “Please Mr. Malfoy…it was just a note to tell—to tell Ron and Hermione I loved them. I swear, it was just a note.”

Lucius raised his hand to silence the brunette. “Potter! Did. You. Succeed?” Harry swallowed hard and nodded his head once.

“Good. At least it wasn’t all for nothing, then. Draco will forgive you in time. He cares for you. I can’t pretend to know how that happened, truthfully, because I spent six years listening to him prattle on and on about how inadequate you were. Yet, he does. Furthermore, he cares about Hyperion…I dare say we all do.”

His face looked grave as Harry surveyed the man silently. He was still in trousers and a pristine button-down shirt even though it had to be past midnight by now. Although the patriarch no longer had the same haunted look from his brief stint in Azkaban, Lucius still seemed like a man trapped. He hid it well, but Harry could sense his weariness growing.

Harry shook his head as he was offered his pajama top, “If you don’t mind, I’d rather not. I think the material will be too scratchy.”

...
“What do you think you are doing?”

Draco looked up quickly as Lucius walked into the study.

Lucius eyed the glass of scotch in Draco’s hand with a stern frown. His son was sitting haphazardly in the armchair in front of his desk, his face looking slightly flushed from the alcohol. Lucius walked by the chair and snatched the glass from his hand.

“Hey, that’s mine…!” Draco mumbled lazily.

“Are you smashed? Sit up,” he rapped Draco on the leg, knocking it down from where it was hooked over the arm of the lounger. Draco sat up, blinking wearily.

“That was the plan, Father…before you interrupted me,” he drawled and Lucius sent him a severe look before downing the half-drunken scotch. He welcomed the burn.

“You are lucky I advised your mother to get some rest; you know how she feels about you drinking.”

Draco sighed, “I know, I know, I’m such a disappointment.” His eyes fluttered closed and Lucius’s brow creased slightly with puzzled frown.

“What do you mean by that, Draco?”

Draco shrugged. “Forget it.”

“Son, have your mother and I ever given you the impression you were a disappointment to us?” Lucius said softly.

Draco snorted and leaned his head to rest on the palm of his propped up arm. “I couldn’t kill Dumble-Dumbledore like I was assigned to when I was sixteen. I couldn’t even land a cruciatus curse properly when told to. I’m a failure, and a bloody-hic-lousy excuse for a pureblood and heir.”

Lucius slowly leaned onto the edge of his desk before his son. He noted Draco’s glazed eyes and let out a low sigh.

“Son…I am actually relieved you can’t cast a proper cruciatus curse.” Draco’s head snapped up at his confession. “I am relieved you couldn’t kill Albus Dumbledore, as well. Draco, do you have any idea what killing and torturing does to a person? To the human psyche? To the very soul? I’ve…I wanted better for you. Better than this.

“…Did you know when you were just a couple weeks old you urinated on me while I was changing your nappy? Ruined some very expensive robes, I might add. And when you were three you turned my prized albino peacock magenta. You threw a tantrum when I turned it back, too. I was wholly convinced you were part banshee. And then you went to Hogwarts and I heard from Severus all of the mischief you caused—terrorizing a hippogriff, dressing up like Dementors—”

“Where are you going with this, Father?” Lucius glowered at him.

“Don’t interrupt me, Draco,” he snapped and poured himself another generous glass of scotch. “My point is, son, you are a lot of things to me, including a downright pain-in-the-neck at times… but a disappointment has never been one of them. And you are certainly not a ‘bloody lousy excuse for a pureblood and heir’, as you so eloquently put it,” Lucius finished. Draco seemed to deflate a little in relief, suddenly looking much younger than his twenty-two years.
“I…I like Harry, Father.”

Lucius looked at him strangely.

“I am aware, Draco. You’ve been living with the boy for several years. It was bound to happen.” He quirked an eyebrow when Draco shook his head sloppily.

“No…no, Dad. I mean I like him, a lot. More than I should,” Draco groaned out and then stilled when he realized what he admitted. He tensed up and looked at his father with wild eyes.

Lucius froze as he witnessed Draco’s confession. He closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose tightly. All of a sudden he was feeling very ill.

Draco and Potter? He knew they had developed some sort of friendship by now, it truly was bound to happen after all these years. But Draco harboring a crush for the Boy-Who-Lived was beyond perilous.

“See? A bitter disappointment…” Draco slurred quietly. He leaned forward to bury his face in his hands, wishing the floor would open him up to swallow him whole. He waited for a furious lecture or even a wallop with the cane, but it never came. Instead, Lucius’s hand clasped him on the back of his neck and squeezed gently but firmly.

“I think, my son, it’s time for you to get some sleep. Come; it’s late.”

The pair walked in silence up a flight of stairs in a tentative silence, Draco feeling uneasy for the entirety of the trip.

Usually he had a high tolerance for his alcohol. Slytherins were renowned for throwing parties in the common room. How could he let himself get to the point he’d let his feelings for Harry slip? He didn’t mention Hyperion did he? No, he didn’t say anything about Hyperion. He just said he liked Harry. That was it…right? Merlin, his head felt foggy.

“Draco. You’re passing up your room.” His feet rooted into the floor and he turned to look back where his father stood next to his bedroom door. Lucius rolled his eyes and pushed the door open.

“Go to sleep, son…and don’t seek me out for a hangover potion in the morning; you absolutely will not get any sympathy from me.” Lucius muttered. “Stay out of my liquor cabinet, young man,” he added as an afterthought before shutting the door. Draco withheld a groan and stumbled into the room; he didn’t care he hadn’t changed his clothes as he dropped onto his bed. He was asleep before he hit the pillow.

…”

“…Er, hey?”

“Hi,” Draco said tersely. Harry sat at the kitchen table holding a sniffling Hyperion in his lap. He rubbed the little back before sliding into his seat beside his mother. He watched as Harry’s tired face lowered to whisper words into the little boy’s ear. Hyperion nodded, and eased into the seat next to his father, his little face streaked with crocodile-sized tears. Draco was grateful his father had taken over his duties last night and then again this morning when he woke up hungover and miserable.

Draco felt the anger rise into his chest as he recalled the child’s sobs from the night before as he heard his daddy screams and cries from the bedroom. He recalled the pleas of “Please make him
“stop hurting my Daddy!” and clenched his hands into fists, determined to not make eye contact with anyone at the table. Between Hyperion and Harry’s sobs he couldn’t take it; it had driven him into his father’s liquor cabinet. It drove him to drink to the point he let slip precarious feelings.

Because as angry as Draco was, as fucking livid as he was, those feelings were still there. He hated having feelings, sometimes.

He dug into his eggs quietly, until Hyperion’s soft voice piped up from across the table.

“Everything will be okay,” he said solemnly, patting Harry’s hand tenderly. “They always tell me that.”

Harry slowly lowered his fork and looked over at his son with a staggered look on his face. “Who, love? Who tells you that?”

Hyperion smiled pleasantly at all the bewildered faces around the dining table.

“Um, Padfoot and Prongs and the pretty lady.”

Harry looked at Hyperion like he’d never seen him before. He sat back in his seat feeling mystified, wincing as his not-quite-healed back met the wood.

“Where—where did you hear those names, Hyperion?” Harry croaked out.

“They told me, Daddy,” Hyperion said exasperatedly. Harry cleared his throat slightly, opening and closing his mouth like a fish, not quite knowing what to say.

“How—what…?”

“They’re always around, Daddy. They play with me sometimes. They say we should have ‘faith’.”

Harry swallowed down the lump in his throat.

…

“Draco—”


“I’m sorry…” Harry whispered out. Draco watched out of the corner of his eye as Harry visibly deflated and made to leave the library. Don’t do it, don’t do it!

He snapped the book shut.

“Wait.”

Why’d you do it?

Harry wheeled back around and gazed at him. Draco set his book aside and rose from the lounge. He walked slowly, deliberately to stop a few feet in front of the brunette who had his arms wrapped around himself protectively.

Draco shoved his hands into his trouser pockets and looked at Harry shrewdly. “I’m furious with you.” He stated shortly, gazing Harry’s reaction.

The boy nodded, “You have every right to hate me.”
“I never said I hated you.”

Harry shook his head, “You should. I hate myself. I was fucking stupid and gambling and it was horrible of me.”

Draco conceded with a nod of his own, “It was stupid and horrible. You broke your promise to me. You very nearly got our son killed. I would’ve never forgiven you if you had.”

Harry’s eyes fluttered up to meet Draco’s gaze. The cool eyes bored into him.

“…was it as awful as it sounded?”

Harry bit his lip, not wanting to relive his torture. “Yes...every time I blacked out he’d revive me. He loved it.”

Draco frowned deeply.

“I—” Harry cut off and turned around, lifting his top up to reveal his marred back. Draco inhaled sharply.

“He marked you? Is that a real Dark Mark?”

Harry nodded bitterly. “Yes. He did it while he raped me. He literally did it while he came.” Draco swallowed the bile that had risen in his throat. He couldn’t stand the thought—the visual he got when he thought of that hideous man on top of Harry, inside Harry, making him bleed, spelling the Dark Mark onto his skin; it threatened to make Draco violently ill.

He hadn’t realized he was staring until Harry spun back around, tucking his shirt back in. “You know muggles call tattoos on their lower back ‘tramp stamps?’” Harry asked. His voice sounded strained. “Funny, huh? Because I’m the Dark Lord’s whore. Ha, ha.”

“You—you are not a whore,” Draco said sternly. “Hey, stop. Look at me,” he reached down and crooked a finger under Harry’s chin. “You aren’t. You’re a prisoner. Whore’s get paid. You don’t have a choice what you have to do.”

“He called me a whore in front of everyone, Draco. As far as the Wizarding World is concerned, I’ve been bending over for the ‘Dark Lord’ like a wanton slut.”

“He whipped you in front of them too. Or rather, Bellatrix did. I have faith that they’re not stupid enough to believe you’re a willing sex-slave.”

“Hyperion did say that we needed to have faith.”

Draco smirked, “He gets his astuteness from my side of the family.” Harry grinned slightly at him.

“You are such an arrogant ponce.”

“Tch, you wouldn’t want me any other way; admit it.”

Harry shrugged, his spirits lifting. “You’re right. I wouldn’t change your snarky, Slytherin pratty-ness for the world,” he informed him honestly.

Draco leaned in to kiss him chastely on the forehead. “Don’t be so rash again…I couldn’t fucking stand hearing Hyperion cry like that. I couldn’t stand hearing him torture you, either. My heart is on a bloody spear here Harry, don’t stab it further.”
They sat side by side on little sofa that occupied the library and sat in silence for some time before Harry spoke up. “I…I know it’ll be a while before you trust me. I don’t blame you. But thanks, you know, for not giving up on me.”

(Flashback) January 3rd, 1999

“YOU BLOODY IMBECILES!” Snape yelled. Harry flinched slightly but Draco just eyed the Potions Master coolly. His arms were crossed in a defensive stance as he stood beside the examining table. “Are you two insane? You’ve both lost your bloody minds. Do you have a death wish, Draco? Do you want to lose another child, Potter?” He said harshly, shrugging off the guilt he felt at his last few words.

“Can you do it, or not, Severus?” Draco muttered, shifting uneasily. Snape closed his eyes, physically restraining himself from beating some sense into the pair.

“It’s a powerful spell, but of course I can do it.” Severus barked, his voice ladled with fury. “You two…have you any idea how dangerous this is? Not to mention, the child could still belong to the Dark Lord, and this could’ve all been a useless risk!”

Harry stilled, wide-eyed as he processed the words. “What?”

Snape huffed and shoved the torn page into his pocket, “You had intercourse with two men within twenty-four hours, Potter. While Draco was with you first, there’s still a chance the Dark Lord’s sperm could’ve reached home before his.” Draco had the audacity to look affronted and Harry’s face was flushed red from mortification.

“Is—is there no way of knowing whose child it is?” Harry asked, dreading the answer. He never thought he’d have to utter those words in his lifetime. Snape shook his head.

“Not until the child is born…bloody idiots.” Severus sighed again. “You better Occlude like lives depend on it boys, because they most certainly do. Now both of you get out of my sight.”

…

Harry looked at Draco. “It might not be yours. I’m so sorry, I didn’t know, Draco…this really might’ve all been for nothing,” he mumbled quietly to the blonde. Draco shook off the apology with the wave of his hand.

“It wasn’t all for nothing. This child is mine. I know it is. It’ll be a cold day in hell when my swimmers lose to his,” Draco said smugly. Too. Fucking. Smugly. Harry scoffed and rolled his eyes.

“What can I say? I get the job done. And judging by the way you behaved last week, quite thoroughly too.”

“You’re seriously gloating about that? Really?” Harry said incredulously, his cheeks warming slightly at the memory of their encounter. Draco shrugged casually.

“I’m an adolescent with raging hormones, and you’re quite loud and zealous in bed. Can you blame me?”
“Oh God,” Harry moaned, feeling humiliated.

“There you go, calling me a God again…”

“I hate you, Malfoy!”

Draco paused and glanced at the dark-haired teen. “It’s sexy, Harry. I like that you’re loud. I like that I could get your eyes to roll back into your head like—ouch!”

“Seriously, Draco, stop.” Harry said, his palm stinging slightly from where he smacked the blonde’s shoulder sharply.

“Fine, fine…” Draco lamented mockingly, hands in the air in surrender.

“…”

“You…think I’m sexy?”

Draco rolled his eyes.

“…maybe.”

Harry couldn’t help but gloat a bit, either.

---

(Flashback) January 10th, 1999

“Oh, shit…” Harry gasped as Draco nipped down his neck and shoulder. Draco smirked at the image him and Harry made in the bathroom mirror together. Yes, Draco decided, very sexy.

“We can’t do this, your parents—”

“—Are not going to waltz right in if they think you’re bathing.”

“But—oh—they could hear!”

“I cast a silencio already.”

“God, don’t stop then.” Draco grinned devilishly as he met Harry’s eyes in the mirror.

“Hold on tight to the sink,” Draco murmured before he slid gracefully down to his knees to level with Harry’s pert arse. He squeezed the globes firmly as he pried them apart to reveal the puckered opening. He leaned in to lick a broad stripe across it with his tongue, admiring the sound of Harry’s keening moan. “I could eat you all day long,” he said lowly, and Harry’s hips jerked back towards Draco’s face in a desperate need. His erection was heavy and Harry reached down to give it a few tugs. He’d had his reservations at first, but Harry decided wholeheartedly that he wouldn’t mind at all if Draco did this to him all day long.

The mouth was making filthy slurping noises that made Harry’s knees feel weak with arousal.

“Mmm,” Draco said, pulling back from the crack of his arse and bit gently on a cheek, one slender finger poking at his wet entrance, rubbing enticingly before slipping inside in one slick motion.

“Ah!” Harry pushed himself onto the digit and Draco’s lust-blown eyes watched as Harry’s arse
swallowed his finger. He groaned aloud and spat onto his middle finger before working it in gradually beside the other. After a few moments of scissoring and thrusting his fingers, Draco withdrew them quickly and hooked his thumbs on either side of the reddened rim, tugging Harry open a little and stuck his tongue in, probing him wetly between his fingers.

“Fuck, I want you,” Harry panted out and Draco stood up fluidly behind him, pressing his warm cock in between the flesh of his buttocks.

“Want you so badly,” Draco murmured into his ear and Harry’s skin broke out into goosebumps as the warm breath tickled his neck. “Lift your knee up onto the counter, Harry…” Draco suggested urgently, a hand grasping the back of Harry’s thigh and guiding his right leg to prop itself onto the counter. Harry smirked and jutted his backside out to rub against Draco’s prick. The blonde’s hand gripped tighter onto his sweaty thigh at the stimulation.

Within seconds Draco was oiling himself liberally and pressing in with the blunt head of his cock. Harry let out a grunt at the stretch, urging his muscles to relax against the intrusion, to accept the pleasure Draco was going to give him, and to give it back to him just as well. Draco let out a long breath as he slid home, balls deep into Harry. Harry smiled at Draco’s reflection and then leaned forward to place one hand on the counter and one onto the mirror to brace himself.

Last week they had been in bed, and Harry loved every minute of it. But standing here in the bathroom, half on the counter, Harry loved the sensuality of it. And most importantly he loved he could see Draco’s face, with his mouth open slightly, eyes closed like he wanted to take in every sensation…and then the grey eyes opened and met Harry’s own reflection, he smiled.

Not the trademark smirk Harry had grown fond of, but a genuine smile that made Harry’s heart swell.

Draco laced his fingers with Harry’s own against the mirror and thrust languidly, smoothly. They should’ve been hurrying. They shouldn’t have been doing this at all. But neither boy could bring himself to care and Draco rocked his hips to grind against Harry’s prostate causing him to yell out loudly at the feeling.

The sounds of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room, mingled with their harsh panting and filthy squelching noises from all the lube. It was bloody heaven, Harry decided as he met every thrust of Draco’s, pushing his hips backwards onto Draco’s cock.

“Fuck, give it to me,” Harry demanded breathlessly in a voice that sounded much more confident than he felt. He was inexperience and unpracticed and was all too aware of it most of the time. But here, now, with Draco doing this with him, to him, his words spilled from his lips before he could stop them, and he felt embarrassed at how shameless he must’ve sounded to the blonde. However, Draco didn’t seem turned off by Harry’s words; if anything it spurred him on if the increasing canting of hips were anything to go by.

He had never felt so desirable by anyone; never thought that a person would want him so badly that he’d end up fucking in a bathroom of all places. The thought of it made him feel heady and dizzy with pleasure.

Harry could feel the familiar boiling heat pooling into his groin, and he wagged his head, desperate not to come but unable to help it and then he threw his head back onto Draco’s shoulder. “I’m gonna, I’m—I—.”

Draco’s hand grasped his cock without hesitation tugging it with a warm long-fingered hand. “Come for me, fuck Harry, come for me--!” Come for me. All it took were three little words and a couple
firm strokes and Harry’s body seized at the force of his orgasm slamming through him. The combination of Harry’s whimpers and the involuntary tightening of that arse around his cock forced Draco’s own imminent release and he snapped his hips into Harry one last time, clenched teeth and shuddering.

Draco’s chest was heaving and Harry’s body that rested against him rose and fall with the motion of it. “I think,” Draco started as he rubbed Harry’s sweaty thigh, “I need a shower now, as well.” Harry’s head lolled onto his shoulder and he let out a sated laugh.

“Join me? We’ve already spent ages in here now; we better hurry.”

Draco smirked, looking much too self-satisfied as he and Harry slid apart to slide under the steady stream of water together. In Draco’s few exploits, he could honestly admit he had never showered with another person. Now, here he stood with the boy he once considered the bane of his existence, and he paid no mind to the water dripping into his eyes as he reached out and pulled Harry against his own slippery body in a silent embrace. There was nothing sexual about it, just a mutual search for intimacy.

If Draco was going to get murdered for this, at least he would die happy.

Chapter End Notes

Until next time!!
xx
CJ
The Lady in Grey

Chapter Summary

Hermione and Ron work together to decipher Harry’s note. Severus makes a confession.

Chapter Notes

Lots o' secrecy this chapter!

Present Day: July 23rd, 2003

Hermione rubbed her temples to soothe her ongoing headache. It was after one in the morning by now and if she kept going at this rate, she’d miss breakfast in the morning. She had read Harry’s note…poem? at least a hundred times to commit it to memory. She didn’t want to keep the parchment on her for long—it was small and therefore easily hidden, but also easier to lose.

Perhaps it would be easily brushed off as nonsensical babble to most but in the wrong hands, it could be dangerous. This…whatever it was. What was Harry trying to tell them?

Harry…oh God, Harry. He looked so—different. He was pale for one, and the Harry she remembered had tanned skin from Quidditch and yardwork and being on the run hunting Horcruxes. This Harry was pale, as if he hadn’t seen the sunlight in years. A notion, Hermione reckoned, was extremely likely since he’d been hidden from society for nearly five years. Was he kept in a dungeon? Hermione shuddered.

His hair was long now too. Even braided Hermione could see it was well past his shoulders. And his glasses? Had they really forbidden him from wearing glasses? Harry’s eyesight was terrible; he wouldn’t be able to function without them. Maybe that was what Voldemort wanted.

He didn’t look starved…Hermione could fine some consolation at that prospect…even if it was miniscule in the grand scheme of things.

Yet, Harry looked so…old. Not grey or wrinkled, heavens no. He looked really pretty, to be honest. Androgynous was the right word for it. Clearly not a woman, but not some hyper masculine man either. However, the look in his green eyes seemed so…haunted and damaged. Like a person who’s seen Hell and lived to tell the tale. Hermione’s heart was breaking.

The way Harry sobbed as the Dark Lord mentioned a potion (what potion?)… The way his body shook from that bitch, Bellatrix, publicly whipping him.

She shook her head and looked at the note in her hands. Her Latin roots were developed enough to understand the last line of the passage. But the rest? Hermione attempted to rub the sleep out of her eyes but it proved to be futile. She needed to sleep.
Gingerly she folded the note back into the small square it had been passed in and slipped it into her trunk—underneath Harry’s invisibility cloak. She had had it in her magically expanded purse when they had been captured that horrible day and she kept it with her ever since. A little piece of Harry with her that she could keep safe and protect.

She eased herself into her four poster bed of the dormitory she was assigned to. She missed Ron’s arms around her as she slept. End of summer couldn’t come soon enough.

She buried herself under the covers and closed her eyes.

**What was Harry trying to tell her?**

‘Post Tenebras Lux’? It seemed oddly…reassuring. Like there was still hope for them all.

Hermione’s eyes popped open and she quickly sat up. It was definitely going to be an all-nighter for her, after all.

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**Flashback: March 1st, 1999**

“Sir, I have a question…”

“What is it, Potter?” Snape questioned lazily, the tip of his wand against Harry’s abdomen. Harry’s eyes were closed as he listened to the sound of his child’s heartbeat for the first time, heart clenching at the bittersweet feeling of hearing the rhythmic thumps of a new life and knowing his first born’s would never beat again.

He exhaled slowly through his nose to calm his conflicted spirits. “Last year…you know…when I first heard my—other baby’s heartbeat,” his voice caught in his throat slightly, “you told me something in Latin. What did you mean?”

Severus rose a bewildered eyebrow as he surveyed the eighteen-year-old. Harry opened his eyes to meet his gaze. “It’s taken you a year to ask me this? It’s a simple Latin phrase, Potter. Our spells are derived from Latin…Merlin, I knew you were helpless in Potions but I had assumed you were at least competent with your knowledge of—”

“I know spells! Doesn’t mean I speak Latin, though! It’s a dead language,” Harry said defensively. Snape rolled his eyes, looking aghast.

“‘Post tenebras lux’ means ‘light after darkness’,” Snape placed his wand back into his robes and offered Harry a hand to sit up. “I don’t pretend to be a seer, Potter, but I do…have hope that this reign of darkness can’t live on forever. Furthermore, I’m prepared to do whatever it takes to destroy it.”

Harry nodded, thoughtfully. It was an enticing concept that they could still beat Voldemort and his rule. But…how did Snape even think such a thing was possible? He was imprisoned and pregnant to boot—which would ultimately force his submission. He would submit, because couldn’t lose another baby. This wasn’t a fairy tale; he couldn’t envision any outcome were the good guys would win.

When had Severus Snape become the optimistic one?

**Present Day: July 23rd, 2003**
“Merlin’s beard, ‘Mione; did you sleep at all?’”

Hermione scowled at her fiancé’s lack of tact but still accepted his good morning kiss. “That’s inconsequential, Ronald. I think I’ve figured out some of what Harry’s note means,” she told him in a hushed voice. “Post tenebras lux,” is latin for ‘light after darkness’…Which didn’t mean much of anything to me but some encouragement to remain hopeful…

“However, I couldn’t help but think why Harry would risk such torment to get us this note. Then it hit me: he’s not just giving us hope for a better future, Ron, he basically handed us the step-by-step guidelines to end all of this for good.” Hermione brushed her hair haphazardly away from her face as she continued, too hurried and eager to let Ron get a word in edge-wise.

“Before—before Harry was captured at Malfoy Manor we had been making plans to set out for Hufflepuff’s Cup. Remember Harry told us about the memory Dumbledore showed him in our sixth year? It was one of the Horcruxes we knew for sure about. Harry wrote ‘As she lifts her cup to take a sip’—‘she’ MUST be referring to Helga Hufflepuff!”

Ron inhaled deeply, slowly, understanding finally dawning upon him. “So he’s telling us what the remaining Horcruxes are? He has figured them all out, then?” Hermione’s lips pressed together, and gave a quick nod.

“It appears that way…then there’s ‘And she must fall, or fail to rip,’ but ‘rip’ is written in all capital letters. I think it has a double meaning. R-I-P is something written on a tombstone, more often found amongst Muggles. So ‘fail to RIP’ might just mean that without destroying the Horcruxes, You-Know-Who will never die.”

Ron rubbed his forehead warily, “Well we knew that already…but ‘might’? What else could it possibly mean?”

“‘She must fall’ implies another female. ‘…or fail to rip. Rip, read as a word instead of an abbreviation. As a poem, rip would follow the rhyming pattern. So, this one took me ages to figure out but I think I’ve got it. Rip…kill…Ron, the basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets kept repeating those words—’rip, tear, kill,’” Hermione whispered urgently.

Ron frowned at her, “Hermione, that snake has been dead for ten years! What does that have to do with anything?”

At that, Hermione smiled, albeit it was a bit strained. “Yes the basilisk is, but Voldemort’s pet snake Nagini: a she, is very much still alive.”

“Bloody hell,” Ron muttered, feeling somewhat dumfounded. “Harry’s become some sort of poetic genius, huh?”

Hermione grinned more freely now, her hand resting on Ron’s arm comfortingly. “It was a rather ingenious idea to pass along in such a form. Aside from the Dark Lord himself, I don’t think anyone else could’ve understood it…Anyways, we now know of the cup and snake. Dumbledore had inferred the possibility of a Horcrux being forged from something belonging to Rowena Ravenclaw as well.”

“Harry wrote about a crown, right. Could have something to do with Ravenclaw?” His fiancé nodded, eyes shining proudly at him.

“I think we need to seek out Luna.”

“Lead the way,’Mione.”
Luna blinked owlishly at the engaged pair. “Well, they say Rowena Ravenclaw had a diadem…but it’s been lost for decades,” she said in her airy voice. “I do think a tiara would be quite lovely on you, Hermione. Is this for your wedding?”

“Er…”

“Just mere curiosity, Luna. Thank you,” Hermione cut in kindly.

Luna smiled pleasantly, her blonde hair shaking as her head bobbed in response to the gratitude. The pair turned to leave when she piped in randomly at their retreating backs, “Harry must’ve really loved whomever he was protecting, don’t you think?” She didn’t wait for a reply though, as she strode idly away.

“Blimey, she’s still an odd one,” Ron mumbled to Hermione. They slowly looked at each other, though, because Luna had definitely had a point. Harry had been distressed and desperate to direct Voldemort’s wrath towards him. Who was Harry so concerned about?

And, perhaps more importantly, what did ‘In a moment I’ll be dead,’ mean?

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**Flashback: April 24th, 1999**

“You’re starting to show a bit more.”

Harry glanced down at his baby bump, and gave it a brief rub before yanking his shirt down over it self-consciously.

“Don’t.”

“Don’t what?” Harry questioned. The blonde’s brow was pinched into a frown geared towards him. “Don’t act like it’s something you ought to be ashamed of. I like the little bump. It means our child is growing. Plus, it’s a reminder that I was the one who did that,” Draco added smugly. Harry gaped at him.

“You have the weirdest fucking fetishes, Malfoy. You get off on the fact I’m all fat and pregnant?”

Draco shrugged and smirked at him.

“You’re one sick bastard,” Harry said, aghast.

“Actually, my parents were married when I was conceived; therefore, by definition of the term, I am not, nor never have I ever been a ‘bastard’.”

“Shove it, Malfoy,” Harry snapped, shoving his feet into his shoes.

“Bend over, and I gladly will.” Harry faced palmed at the crude jibe. Didn’t Malfoy have an off switch? …He didn’t dare ask where to find it.

“Harry.”

“Hngh?”
“You look fine. You actually have that whole pregnancy glow going on these days.”

“It’s fucking sweat! You try throwing up every bloody day and see if you don’t have this ‘glow’ too, you prick.”

Draco rolled his eyes and threw his arms in the air in exasperation. “I meant that as a compliment!”

Harry paused. “Oh. Um, thanks? I guess…”


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Present Day: July 24th, 2003

“Minerva, please, come in and have a seat.” Minerva walked briskly into the room and took her seat beside the other three heads of houses. She watched warily as Severus warded the room with a strong silencing charm before placing it back into his robes. He looked grave. This seemed unusual for their weekly Head-Meetings.

The Headmaster eased himself gracefully into a high-backed chair and was silent for a moment. “There is something I wish to discuss with the four of you and its crucial it’s done with care and in private,” he started calmly.

“About what, Severus?” Minerva asked shrewdly.

Severus let out a low breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding. “The Dark Lord’s visit three days ago.” He observed as the professors shifted slightly in their chairs, straightening up, jaws set, guarded. “More importantly, Harry Potter.” He didn’t miss Minerva’s sharp glare she sent his way.

“In all the chaos, Potter slipped something to Neville Longbottom—” Sprout’s eyes widened slightly at the mention of one of her favorite students. He brushed it off— “that was originally meant for Hermione Granger and Ronald Weasley.”

“I will not interrogate them, if that’s what you’re getting at Severus Snape!” McGonagall snapped at him furiously. Snape held up his had to silence her ire.

“I do not wish you to. I simply wish you to aide them in their conquests. I realize it will have to be subtle, perhaps assigned detentions or remedial spellwork to get them out of the dormitories if necessary…”

“Aide them? With what conquest?” Slughorn questioned.

“I imagine Granger and Weasley will be working to complete Harry Potter and Albus Dumbledore’s quest to destroy the Dark Lord’s remaining Horcruxes.” The bunch paled significantly.

“How dare you speak of Albus or Harry,” Minerva said, glaring eyes glassy and bitter.

“I know what you all think of me, Minerva, I understand how my actions have been perceived. However, I can assure you that not everything is what it seems. Potter was only present at this last meeting because I urged the Dark Lord to bring him.”

“So he was whipped because of you?” Flitwick asked accusingly, looking forlorn at the memory.

“Potter was whipped because he’s reckless and foolish and desperate. It was clear he thought he’d be
able to get to his friends easier but with Bellatrix LeStrange, nothing is ever made easier.”

“I don’t understand, Severus…you—you knew Harry was still alive? And failed to mention it?” Minerva whispered.

“I was forced to make an Unbreakable Vow regarding Potter. I could not reveal to anyone that he was alive. I still can’t disclose where he is being hidden.” The Gryffindor woman closed her eyes, shoulder’s slumping slightly. Pomona reached out and rubbed her back gently.

“You cannot disclose to us what’s happened to him in his captivity, then?” It was Horace that asked, this time.

“No…I am unable to talk about anything that isn’t revealed by the Dark Lord, first. That is why I can speak this much of him, now.”

“He called Harry a-a ‘whore’,” Minerva murmured, looking forlorn. “Has that monster—?”

“What do you think?” he asked, unable to confirm or deny. The Dark Lord never revealed to the group he was raping the boy, even if it was heavily implied.

“Merlin…” Horace murmured and Minerva’s shoulders shook.

“A lot has happened to Potter in the past five years. He isn’t the same boy you all once knew at Hogwarts. Don’t get me wrong, he’s still rash and has a mouth on him but…he’s had to adapt to his circumstances. He’s learned to play his part terrifyingly well. I dare say we all owe it to him to play our parts now, to help his friends do what he cannot.”

The room was silent as the Hogwarts’ professors absorbed the Potion Master’s words.

“You killed Albus,” Minerva whispered after a moment. Severus closed his eyes and willed himself not to snap at her. Of course they were wary of him still; he was the traitor who supposedly betrayed his mentor. When he opened them again, he spoke quietly but firmly.

“Albus Dumbledore was already dying because he tampered with a cursed ring: another bloody Horcrux. When I informed Albus that Draco Malfoy was assigned the task of assassinating him, he asked me to do so instead. He wanted to preserve the boy’s innocence, he said. So, I killed him. A kill is a kill, but be rest assured I never betrayed that man. I acted on his orders, and his alone.”

They all met his eyes, and he found for the first time in over five years, there was no scorn in his colleagues’ gazes. Not exactly trust, no—but a glimmer of understanding. It was enough for Severus.

“Can I help you Mr. Weasley?” Fillius asked in a squeaky voice as he watched the last of his mixed-aged ’students’ leave. The tall redhead scratched the back of his head uneasily as he gazed down at the pint-sized professor.

“Er—yeah, Professor. I wondering if you could tell me the story of Ravenclaw’s lost diadem. Hermione—my fiancé—you see, she thinks it’s just a legend but I think it’s real and I’d like to be right—for once,” he let out a nervous chuckle.

The tiny Professor cast a wordless silencing charm at the closed door nonchalantly and then proceeded to gather up his scrolls of parchment. “I’m afraid I can’t be much of a help to you and Miss Granger’s dispute my dear boy,” he started, “As there has never been any proof of the diadem’s existence besides its presence on Rowena Ravenclaw’s statue in our tower—which could’ve just
been the sculptor’s own artistic choice. However, legend says Rowena’s diadem was enchanted to enhance the intelligence of the wearer. Her daughter, Helena is said to have stolen it out of jealousy and fled the country.

“When Rowena fell fatally ill, she wanted to see her daughter one last time and sent the man who had been in love with Helena to seek her out and bring her home. He eventually did find Helena but when she refused to return with him, he killed her in a fit of anger. Horrified at what he’d done, he committed suicide. It is said she hid the diadem somewhere before she was murdered but no one ever found it, instead it was lost to time.”

Ron swallowed hard, feeling chills crawl up his spine at the horrific ending to the story. “So we will never know, then?”

Professor Flitwick smiled wistfully at him. “You can ask Helena yourself, Mr. Weasley, but I warn you, she isn’t very sociable to anyone but my Ravenclaw students. She’s not a particularly trusting spirit. One can’t blame her for that, though…”

Ron looked at the little professor like he had grown a second head. “Does she have a portrait around here or something?” He asked. Flitwick shook his head.

“Mr. Weasley, surely you understand Helena Ravenclaw is also known as the Grey Lady?”

Oh.

…”

“Ex—excuse me? Madam…Ravenclaw?” The transparent woman paid him no mind as she floated up the stairs, forcing Ron to jog up them after her. This was so unfair—she didn’t have lungs that needed to breathe! He gasped as he reached the third floor and proceeded down the hall in the direction she headed.

“Ron—where are you—?”

“Not now, Seamus! I’ll see you in the hall in a minute!” He panted out as he sprinted past the Irishman dressed in silver robes indicating his half-blood status.

The corridors were emptying out far too quickly, all heading towards Dinner. It would not do well for him to be found lurking around instead of eating with the rest.

“Please—Helena!” At the sound of her name being called, the ghost halted and turned around slowly to face him. Ron skidded to a stop and almost crashed to the floor but managed to regain his balance, breathing heavily. He had never gotten a good look at the Grey lady before, but she had long hair and was pretty—you know, for a woman who had been dead for hundreds of years.

“Helena, I my name is Ron Weasley—Gryffindor. I know you don’t like to talk to anyone that isn’t a Ravenclaw, but please, I need your help.” The lady said nothing, staring at him in quiet observation. Ron rushed to continue before she slipped away again. “Ma-am, my best friend’s name is Harry Potter. I don’t know if you’ve heard of him—he went here several years ago—”

“Even ghosts know of Harry Potter,” the lady said silkily. Well, she was talking, at least. “It’s a remarkable feat to be murdered and not die,” she added softly.

“Er—yes. Remarkable…the thing is, Harry’s being held captive and one of the only things that can save him is, well…finding and destroying your mother’s diadem.” He let out a rather undignified squeak as Helena zoomed at him threatenabley, eyes flashing.
“The last time I was tricked into speaking of my mother’s diadem, I regretted it. I will not make the same mistake again. Goodbye Ron Weasley.”

“Please! Don’t go, please! Helena, I know what HE did to it. I know what it is. I want to destroy it. Please let me help…” Ron pleaded with her as she turned away.

“It was defiled with Dark Magic…how do I know you won’t defile it as well?”

“Because I’m here aren’t I? Atoning for my allegiance to the Light. Ma’am, Harry Potter is being tortured by the—Dark Lord. You saw him, didn’t you? They whipped him, called him names. He doesn’t deserve to live like that! But—but I can’t save him if we don’t destroy the Dark Magic in that diadem. Please, he’s my best friend.” Ron’s voice caught in his throat and he didn’t bother to hide it. He was getting emotional, but he couldn’t bring himself to care. He wanted Harry back. The Grey Lady looked solemn at his pleads.

“I stole the diadem. I sought to make myself cleverer, more important than my mother. I ran away with it. My mother, they say, never admitted that the diadem was gone, but pretended that she had it still. She concealed her loss, my dreadful betrayal, even from the other founders of Hogwarts.”*

She shook her head sadly before continuing, “I was selfish; I wanted the diadem for myself so I could be the best. Tom Riddle was selfish, because he tainted it and manipulated my trust. Yet, you wish to have it, not for yourself, but to save the life of someone you love. A noble pursuit, a quality found in a true student of Godric. However, I am my mother’s daughter, so I will tell you only this: It’s here, in the castle, in the place where everything is hidden. If you have to ask, you’ll never know, if you know, you need only ask.* Goodbye, Sir Weasley. I do hope you save your friend.”

Ron smiled as she floated away.

…”

“Ron, I am so proud of you! You did it! We now know where it is, and we’re separated by only a couple floors from it!” Hermione told him fervently. Ron beamed at her praise and she kissed him soundly. After a few seconds they broke apart and Ron gave her hand a gentle squeeze. “…We don’t have the sword of Gryffindor anymore. Heavens knows where it is these days! Lucky for us, we know exactly where to find more basilisk venom.”

Ron groaned. “Tell me how that’s lucky?”

Chapter End Notes

* indicates a line taken from either the HP books or films.

This felt like a dull chapter to me. But it was essential to write it for the sake of the story progressing. I guess what I am saying is I would’ve rather written more Harry and Draco fluff or smut than an actual plot =P

Hope y’all liked it anyways!

Until next time

xx

CJ
Don't Ever Let Him Break You

Chapter Notes

I'm a week late with this chapter, but for some reason this chapter couldn't get its shit together. I was originally going to add a bit more to it but I figured I'll give you all SOMETHING now and get a head start on the next chapter while I still have some down time.

*This chapter took a kind of disturbing turn that I definitely didn't plan on. Warning for non-con in this chapter.

Present Day: July 31st, 2003

“Happy Birthday, my sweet boy,” Harry whispered into his son’s ear before pecking him tenderly on the cheek. Hyperion grinned happily and squeezed him around the neck, his small legs wrapping around his daddy’s waist as Harry straightened back up.

“Happy Birthday to you, too Daddy!” He chirped happily. “I made you a card! See?” He handed the folded up parchment to Harry proudly, who in turn had to sit the little boy into his chair at the table to have use of both his hands. “Draco helped me write the words, because I’m not very good at spelling yet. I drew the picture all by myself though!”

Harry gazed at the handmade card. On the front, in Draco’s elegant writing ‘Happy Birthday, Daddy!’ was written amongst the crudely drawn hearts by Hyperion’s own hand. Harry grinned and opened the card gently, gazing at the circles and dots and lines that made up two stick figures, one smaller with light brown hair, and a bigger one with jet black hair.

‘Thank you for being my Daddy.

I love you so much.

Love, Hyperion’

Hyperion had signed his own name in his childish scrawl.

Harry felt his heart twinge. Four. Now his little boy was four… and so smart and well-spoken, so gentle and lovely. It was bittersweet for Harry; some days he found he desperately missed the tiny little infant he use to rock in his arms…and then, after seeing that little baby grow and grow into a remarkable personality and gentle soul, Harry decided all that time passing by had definitely been worth it. Sure things were less than ideal, but he'd find a way to make things better for his son.

Somehow, someday.

“This is beautiful, Hyperion. I love it…thanks, baby,” Harry said kindly, kissing the top of his head.

Hyperion’s eyes lit up at the praise. “Is it the best present you’ve ever gotten?” He asked excitedly, bouncing slightly in his seat.
Harry smiled and brushed the hair out of the boy’s green eyes. “It’s the second best, love. You were by far the best present I’ve ever had.” The four-year-old nearly glowed from the claim.

Their happiness wouldn’t last, Harry discovered not five minutes later, when a cold presence suddenly appeared behind him.

“Well isn’t this cozy?”

His blood ran cold.

---

**Flashback: July 31st, 1999**

“Get Severus.”

Lucius practically bolted out of the room at Narcissa’s words.

“This isn’t…the baby isn’t due for another couple months!” Harry groaned.

‘With a male it’s a bit trickier. Because the womb is only temporary, the fetus is more vulnerable inside it. We cannot remove the infant until labor begins—a sure sign that it is ready to be born…if this was a premature labor, then survival rate is much lower. Much can go wrong in male pregnancy, perhaps because it goes against the laws of nature…’

Harry clutched his stomach, begging, willing for a miracle. *If there’s any God, anyone looking over me, let this baby be okay.*

And then Draco was lifting him, heaving him into his arms, an arm supporting his back and the other under his knees and carrying him upstairs, to the fucking medical room and all Harry could think about were Snape’s words some eight months ago, and how he’d been through this only eight months ago, the pain of contractions telling him it was time—the death of his son he’d only just met—he’d been given mere hours, and was Harry doomed to not get even seconds with this child?

*Was everyone he dared to love destined to die?*

*Fifteen months with his parents.*

*Two years with Sirius.*

*Six years with Dumbledore.*

*Six with Hedwig, too.*

*…Seven hours with his son.*

*How much time would he get with this baby?*

Harry wouldn’t—couldn’t bear it.

Before he knew it, Snape was nearly on top of him, pressing him back and exposing his abdomen, and Draco barely had time to shove a partition over his upper torso to shield his view from being cut open before Snape screamed at him to leave the room.

*Pressure.*
So much pressure.

Snape was cursing, the panic unfamiliar but evident in his voice as he muttered to himself, working quickly.

Pressure, pressure, pressure.

Then…nothing.

“Potter…Harry…I’m so sorry.” Came the whisper, and the sound was so heartbroken, such a foreign tone for the usual snarky professor, that Harry knew.

He knew.

He stared at the ceiling above him, seeing it but not really seeing it in his stupor, his disbelief, his fucking anguish.

*No time…he’d get no time at all.*

He couldn’t breathe. His chest was burning, a scorching storm twisting and clenching at his very soul, threatening to break him any second, to shatter him completely….

He was going to pass out and he opened his mouth, wanting to scream, to curse everything and anything—

The scream came.

…but it wasn’t Harry’s.

He heard Snape gasp and Harry’s body shook slightly at the sound. The sound of an infant wailing, discovering its voice, working its precious lungs and Harry felt his breaking heart seal itself back together like someone had doused it with a vat of phoenix tears.

Harry let out a half-laugh, half-sob, as Snape came closer, holding his impossibly tiny and very naked—son? Harry reached for him, tears leaking out of his eyes and down his face, not caring if the babe was still covered in gross…fluids and waxy gunk.

He was tiny, so, so tiny. So fragile.

*So alive.*

He didn’t even pay attention as Snape went back to work, closing his incision with magical sutures that would leave him healed and with another faint scar in a day or two.

He protested briefly when Snape went to take the baby for him for ‘*a quick examination—relax Potter, it’ll be just a minute*—’ but then he was sitting up, sore but relieved and so in love as he stroked the tiny face with his pinky finger.

“He looks good, Potter. I don’t know how. He was legally dead, in every sense of the word. I…it was nothing short of a miracle. Premature babies in a male pregnancy so rarely happen and so rarely live. Though, I suppose having someone who’s also defied the odds as a father helps.” Snape snorted and shook his head. “Unbelievable…amazing.”

Harry grinned, his eyes never leaving his son’s face. “How long do I have?”

“I can give you maybe ten minutes alone without it seeming too suspicious.” Harry nodded
solemnly.

“Go get, Draco for me, then?”

... 

“Harry?” Draco whispered after Snape shut the door behind him. “Severus wouldn’t say…”

“Come here, would you?” the blonde hesitated, seeming so unsure, all confidence lost. Harry didn’t like that look on his Malfoy. Draco was always confident…even when he was not. He looked up as taller teen approached the bed and smiled at him softly. “Come meet your son, Draco.”

“My—?” Draco seemed propelled by an invisible force at that moment, because he flew towards Harry and the little bundle in his arms, gazing silently, eagerly. The little boy was still pink and wrinkly like any new baby, but he had pale-blond fuzz on the top of his head and Draco grinned widely. “Told you…these strong Malfoy genes—we always make blonde babies.”

There was something in Draco’s voice that compelled Harry to look at the older boy. Was Draco Malfoy crying?

Oh…He was.

It wasn’t the first time he witnessed him crying, obviously, the memory of their horrifying conflict in the bathroom in sixth year was permanently etched in his mind. However, this was different. He wasn’t upset or scared for his life and his parents’. Draco was brought to tears because he was enraptured…in awe of their child.

His wet eyes flickered to Harry’s briefly before he closed them; cupping the back of his head, Draco leaned in and kissed him fiercely. They broke apart, mouths still centimeters away from each other. “Thank you, Harry. You gave me a son and he’s so perfect—I—” He leaned in before he could say too much and kissed a softer, chaste kiss to Harry’s lips.

“Snape will be back in here any minute. Here, would you like to hold him?” Draco swallowed and nodded fervently.

“Yes.” Harry scooted over on the bed to make room for Draco to sit and handled him the swaddled baby carefully. Draco gently brushed the blonde head of his son, marveling in the softness.

“He’s so small.”

“Well…he’s a bit early,” Harry said, smiling at the picture these two made. For a minute Harry wasn’t in this manor, hidden away from society. He had never been beaten and raped by the Dark Lord. There was no more Dark Lord. For that minuscule instant…Harry was just…with this boy he was falling for, and their sweet, survivor of a son.

“Hi little baby…Je suis ton papa. Je sais que vous ne saurez jamais que... mais je suis. Je vous promets que je serai toujours ici pour vous et vos autre papa trop. N’importe quoi, je serai là pour vous.”*

Harry didn’t know what Draco was whispering to their baby but it seemed personal. Oh, and how he wished he could’ve captured the image in his mind forever. The embodiment of peace. Of happiness. It was a beautifully terrible fantasy.

A dream he could never truly have.
“Harry, look!” Harry’s jaw dropped. The baby had finally blinked opened his eyes.

His stunningly emerald-green eyes.

...

“I stalled for as long as I could, we have to do this, now.” Draco looked a little sad and he gazed hungrily at the infant, trying to memorize every feature of his face. Reluctantly, he handed him to the Headmaster who took him swiftly and laid him on the bed.

Snape placed the tip of his wand to the newborn’s temple and Harry felt faint; he couldn’t help the pang of distrust that shot through him. He knew it wasn’t necessary. He could trust Snape. Snape was helping them. Snape wouldn’t hurt his baby. Draco placed a hand on Harry’s shoulder, squeezing reassuringly.

“Relax, Harry,” he whispered. When had Harry stood up? When had he begun to reach out for the child? “He’s just doing the spell. It’s okay,” Draco soothed in his ear. His hands dropped down to Harry’s hips and guided him back, into Draco’s warm body. Harry nodded, blinking rapidly. Snape was okay. Snape wouldn’t hurt his baby.

“Mutaverit Aspectum.”

The three men watched as a shimmering white light shrouded the room and some of the minor features changed slightly on the baby’s face; the most drastic being the blonde hair, now darkened to a light-brown. Draco smiled slightly over Harry’s shoulder.

At least, he thought with bittersweet satisfaction, his eyes got to stay the same.

Harry’s eyes.

...

“We ought to name him,” Harry told Draco not an hour later, when he finally got to lay in his own bed. He had a bassinet and changing table back in the bedroom. There were clothes and nappies galore.

Draco’s head shot up from where he was staring into the cradle. “‘We’?”

“Well, yeah. He is yours too, Draco. I think it’s only fair if we agreed on…something.” Draco smirked at him.

“I told you he’d be mine.”

“Do you try to sound like possessive git or is this just your natural disposition?” Harry said with a snort but is words lacked any bite. He shifted on the bed; his bloody insides aching from being rearranged and readjusting to wombless-ness again. Over the next couple of weeks, Harry figured he’d have to re-train his body to accept that sleeping on his stomach was okay again.

“I am who I am. And right now, I am proud of the fact he is mine, Harry. You’re both mine.” Harry laughed out loud this time.

“You’re so bloody arrogant. Go away,” he jested, flipping the blonde two fingers.

Draco just tilted his head to the side with a smug smile. “You’d miss me if I left. Come. Let’s think of what to name him, then. Together.”
“I have a suggestion,” Harry said, scratching the back of his head awkwardly.

Draco leaned against the bed post casually. “Go for it.”

“Okay, so don’t laugh. But I thought maybe—Phoenix?”

Draco fell silent and Harry immediately back-pedalled. “Too weird? I thought it may be a bit of a stretch. Forget it, we can always think of something else.”

“Relax, Potty. I...I like it. You’re upholding the Black family tradition by using an astronomical name?” Draco asked him softly. Harry eased up somewhat and nodded his head.

“For you…and Sirius both. I know Sirius wasn’t really keen on being a Black. It—it was hard for him growing up in that family. But he named me his heir and I’m proud that he considered me his family. Not to mention, my paternal grandmother was a Black. And, well…you’re this little guys father. He should share that with you—even if he can’t look like you anymore. He’s still every bit of yours as he is mine, Draco.”

Draco was staring at Harry intently, his grey eyes held a glimmer in them, of something Harry couldn’t quite put his finger on. “Thank you, Harry. That means a lot to me. Honestly.”

Harry smiled at him. “Don’t thank me…I have selfish motives too.”

Draco cocked an eyebrow.

“It’s my homage to Dumbledore and to the Order of the Phoenix, a group that once stood against him, even if it meant certain death. A group that stood for hope and a new start. And our-our son wasn’t breathing when he was born, Draco, and then suddenly he was screaming with life. He’s a bloody miracle baby…I think if anyone could wear that name and do it justice, it’s him.”

“It does seem to suit him, doesn’t it?” Draco murmured with a small smile of his own that turned wistful after a minute of reflection. "You understand though, Harry, that the Dark Lord is never react going to react well to a name that reminds him of a resistance group that actively fought against him? It’d be too dangerous."

“So we don’t tell him. We keep his first name to ourselves and call him by his middle name. It’ll be another secret he doesn’t get to know. It'll be like flipping the proverbial bird to his ugly fucking face.”

Draco let out a strangled noise that sounded suspiciously like a laugh. “You’ve finally gone barmy, Potter. Completely mad. Okay, what of his middle name?”

“Let’s call him Hyperion,” Harry murmured.

Grey eyes seemed to light up, pleasantly surprised by Harry's suggestion. A slow grin spread across Draco's face and Harry's heart skipped a beat at how genuine and warm it was.

Then, just as soon as it was there, it was gone. Draco cleared his throat and averted his eyes for a moment.

“...You never cease to amaze me, Potty.”

“Phoenix Hyperion...Potter-Malfoy?”

“Phoenix Hyperion Potter-Malfoy. Sounds like a strong, noble, Pureblood name,” Draco nearly
Okay, he was still an utter ponce.

“He’s not technically pureblooded.”

Draco rolled his eyes. “He’s close enough.”

“My…you’ve changed, Malfoy.”

“Maybe I’ve just learned what’s more important in life, Potter,” the blonde shot back, brushing the claim off briskly before turning to look back to stare into the bassinet.

Harry tried not to beam at him.

There was a knock at the door and Harry and Draco both jumped. Draco broke away from the bassinet to open Harry’s bedroom door to reveal his parents.

Narcissa smiled serenely at the boys. “I know you must be exhausted, Mr. Potter, but I thought perhaps we could…meet your son?” Lucius seemed stiff and stoic beside her, as if he was unsure he wanted to be there or not.

Harry was surprised at the request but bobbed his head at them. “Of-course.”

Narcissa glided in then, still clad in her typical expensive robes which she considered ‘casual’ and Harry considered extravagant but expected nothing less. The Malfoy patriarch was dressed similarly and he followed his wife into the room.

Narcissa reached the bassinet and looked upon the little bundle. She smiled another gentle smile and glanced in Harry’s direction. “He looks just like you, even in his sleep. His hair is much lighter, clearly; but that seems to be it.” Harry had to hold back his burning desire to spit out the truth to them. This boy was their grandson and they could never know it. He wasn’t particularly close with the two older Malfoys, but he didn’t resent them as he did over a year ago. They were usually indifferent in regards to Harry, but cordial nonetheless. He could appreciate that. He could also appreciate what Narcissa was trying to hint at: his son bore little resemblance to the Dark Lord, which would’ve just been a reminder to Harry that he was raped. She was trying to comfort him… but his little Phoenix—Hyperion would never belong to that monster anyways.

“Thanks Mrs. Malfoy,” was all Harry said aloud. Lucius was looking at the baby with a strained look on his face. When he noticed Harry staring he quickly slipped his mask back into place and shifted his weight onto his cane, which Harry had discovered he didn’t really require but carried it around anyways.

After bidding Harry and Draco a brief goodnight, husband and wife retired to their room for the evening. Harry inched over to sit on the edge of the bed, wincing slightly as he moved. “Why does your dad carry around that cane if he doesn’t need one?” Draco gave him a weird look at the random question and he flopped down onto Harry’s bed next to him before answering.

“It belonged to my grandfather Abraxas, and his father before him and so on and so on; a family heirloom past down from generation to generation to implement correction unto wayward heirs,” Draco said sardonically.

Harry’s eyebrows shot up into his hairline. “Correction? He carry’s around a cane to-to beat you with?” Draco’s head actually tilted back as he let out a chuckle.
“Relax, Harry…it’s not quite like that.” He leaned back onto the mattress and propped himself up on his elbows. “Granted, I’ve had it used on me before,” he flushed slightly, “The wizarding world, especially amongst the Purebloods, are very old-fashioned in their disciplinary methods. Hell, Hogwarts only stopped using corporal punishment in the last fifteen years or so. Be rest assured though, my father has never abused me. He’s not like that. Maybe your impression of him is different, and I understand why, but Father’s always been very strict. Strict, but fair. From what I’ve heard, Grandfather Abraxas was much harsher on him.

“Furthermore…it’s a tradition to inherit that cane. A rite of passage into adulthood and fatherhood, I suppose. It can be used to conceal his wand as well, hence why Father usually has it with him.”

Harry nodded slowly. Truthfully, he liked learning about Draco’s childhood; liked getting to know more of where the blonde came from. It made him understand the other boy better, and it made it easier to explain (although not excuse) his behaviors from their schooldays. From what he’d learned about Draco’s childhood, the boy had a pampered upbringing. He never had to want for anything, because everything was always given to him. He was spoiled because he was an only child and heir to a fortune.

Yet, (though Draco would never admit it), Harry had come to the conclusion that as indulged as the boy had been, he’d also been pretty lonely at times. Harry could relate to that kind of solitude.

Harry laid back onto the bed next to the Slytherin and the turned and looked into each other’s eyes. “I believe my parents are quite taken with Phoe—Hyperion.”

“You know we can’t tell them, Draco, it’s too dangerous,” Harry murmured, feeling sad for the boy lying next to him. Draco shrugged one shoulder, eyes never leaving Harry’s face.

“You don’t have to tell me that. I know. I’m just saying…perhaps if circumstances had been different for us, I think they’d be happy to know him as their grandson.” He heaved a sigh, and rolled over onto his left side to face the brunette. “It’s late. I’ve got to go,” Draco shot another wistful glance to where the sleeping baby lay, not wanting to leave, then back at Harry. Leaning down he pressed a soft kiss onto Harry’s mouth, a arm coming up to lay a gentle hand onto Harry’s stomach.

“Urgh, don’t touch it, it’s still squishy and gross looking,” Harry said, recoiling slightly from the touch. It was conceited maybe, to not want Draco to see his body like this post-partum. It wasn’t like he had a perfect body—he was kind of scrawny and on the short side, but usually he was toned and fit from Quidditch and chores. Magic was wonderful; in a day or two his body would snap back to its usual shape but mere hours after having a baby it was still deflated and soft. He was embarrassed and slightly ashamed at his vanity.

But Draco, who was so often an incredibly vein git, shot a stern glare at him and sat up. He then proceeded to pull up Harry’s pajama shirt and leaning down he placed a chaste kiss to his stomach, pressing close to but not on, the healing incision.

“It’s not gross. You housed my son in there for months, and there was nothing gross about it. Don’t tell me how I should perceive you, Potty. I don’t think you’re gross at all,” Draco said seriously and as soon as the words left his mouth Harry saw the pale face start to flush. “If you ever tell anyone I said that, I’ll—”

Harry shot up, ignoring the twinge of pain at the action and latched his mouth to Draco’s in a firm kiss. He pulled back after a moment and smiled at the blonde.

“I’ll take it to my grave. Thank you—”
“Well don’t get cocky, now. You’re still a clumsy, awkward, bloody daft Gryffindor.”

“You know you love that about me,” Harry jested, laughing.

Draco flipped him off and rolled his eyes but said nothing else as he got up to leave.

He paused to briefly caress the now-brown-hair of his son, his and Harry’s son, once more before sliding out of the room. He cast the locking charm onto the door, and then leaned heavily against the solid wood.

Don’t fall for what you can never, truly have, you fool.

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**Flashback: August 14th, 1999**

“He’s a good baby.”

Harry jumped slightly at the voice behind him and cringed slightly but the baby never woke up from his slumber.

“Pardon my interruption. I didn’t mean to startle you,” Narcissa said, walking into the sitting room a bit more. “Mind if I join you?” Harry shook his head and watched as the lady seated herself in an armchair across from Harry’s own.

“Snape said it’s normal for him to be up every two or three hours during the night, but I’m still trying to adjust,” Harry confessed. Narcissa inclined her head towards him and accepted the cup of tea Tilly offered her.

“I imagine it’s difficult when you are the only…parent involved. I had Lucius, at least. Occasionally one of our house-elves but that was more as a last resort.”

Harry couldn’t help his perplexed look.

“Something to say, Mr. Potter?” Narcissa inquired and took a small sip of her tea with an eyebrow raised.

“I’m sorry ma’am, I meant no offense. I just can’t imagine your husband getting up at three in the morning for a nappy change.”

“And why, pray tell, not?” Harry’s eyes widened and he but his lip, hard. Woops. Lucius did not wait for an invitation into the room. He strode right in and sat in the chair adjacent to his wife, pinning Harry with a sneer. Harry flushed, embarrassed.

Narcissa smirked, “I assure you he did, Mr. Potter. Though, not without complaint on most occasions.” Lucius looked so offended that Harry almost laughed.

“You can hardly blame me, my lovely wife. Draco was a right terror as an infant. Blasted boy never slept for at least the first two years of his life,” Lucius told her, trying to sound bored rather than defensive.

Narcissa chuckled softly. “I do agree with you there, husband,” she placated. “These sleepless nights will be a thing of the past before you know it, Mr. Potter. Embrace the moments you have, for they
grow far too quickly.” Harry looked down at Hyperion who was swaddled tightly in his arms. Harry didn’t know what possessed him to stand up and walk over to the woman but his feet were moving before his brain could catch up. He returned her startled expression momentarily and then offered the bundled infant to her.

“Would you like to hold him, Mrs. Malfoy?” He asked her quietly. Narcissa surveyed him and set her tea cup on the table between her and her husband.

“I would love to, Mr. Potter,” she told him gently, and accepted the boy gracefully into her arms. She had never asked to hold the baby before, but Harry could tell a part of her—the inherent maternal part—wanted to. More than she would let on. She was smiling at Hyperion, patting him in a soothing way even though he was still sound asleep. Harry forced himself to retreat back to his chair so as not to crowd her.

“He is quite darling,” she murmured, sparing Harry a quick glance. Harry gave her a genuine smile and took a sip of his own tea. Merlin, he was so tired. Being a parent to a newborn was draining and not something he ever thought he’d be at eighteen—nineteen—he was nineteen now. He rubbed his eyes with the heels of his hands in a pitiful attempt to rid them of the bleariness. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He didn’t even feel himself fall asleep.

“Did you just hit him with a sleeping charm, Lucius?” Lucius slipped his wand back into his cane. He stood up and walked over to where his wife sat.

“The boy is exhausted. The child is sleeping and he’s forcing himself to stay awake anyways because he is stubborn. I decided to save myself the headache of trying to convince him to rest,” Lucius told her and then rushed to add, “The Dark Lord wont appreciate it if Potter drops dead from fatigue.”

Narcissa regarded her husband knowingly but knew better than to say anything. “I do hope that Potter is careful with this boy,” she told him softly. “It’d be terrible if something were to happen again, Lucius. Terrible to help raise a child just for him to be killed off without a second thought.”

Lucius grimaced and placed a gentle hand on her shoulder, taking a peek at the infant in her arms. It had been a long time since his wife held a baby in her arms, but she had always been a natural with Draco. “I’m sure he’s learned his lesson, ‘Cissy. Potter might be reckless but he’s not a complete imbecile.”

He looked at the boy on the couch one last time before he pressed a kiss to Narcissa’s cheek and made to leave the sitting room, pausing for just a moment to light the fireplace on his way out. Potter seemed a bit cold.

July 31st, 2003

Harry suppressed a shudder as Voldemort crept closer behind him, and willed himself not to jump in and shield Hyperion from the man’s sight. Hyperion was luckily not around Voldemort often; the bastard didn’t care about ‘his’ son, he only cared that he could use the child as means to keeping Harry under his thumb.

But what was he doing here? It wasn’t like him to show up for a random visit.

“My Lord,” Lucius began, standing up and bowing to the man. Narcissa, Draco, and Hyperion
followed suit immediately, but Harry slid from his chair to his knees in his usual pose of submission, just the way Voldemort expected of him. “Forgive us, we weren’t expecting you today.”

“Hush Lucius. Stand up, Harry,” Voldemort whispered dangerously.

Swallowing his anxiety at the tone of voice, Harry stood up gingerly and kept his eyes on the floor. He didn’t understand why the Dark Lord was there but whatever the reason was, it wouldn’t end well for him.

“You know, Harry,” he began, “I can’t help but wonder if you were punished thoroughly enough to make a lasting impression. The more and more I thought about your little transgression last week, I had this little…suspicion, if you will, that you were playing games with your Master; that perhaps you have just been pretending to submit to me.” His words were a breathy hiss that sounded almost as threatening as Parseltongue itself. “Are you pretending with me, Harry?” He was so close to him now; Harry could feel his hot breath caressing his ear and the goosebumps popped up onto his arms.

“No, my Lord,” He insisted quietly, “I’m not pretending.”

Voldemort chuckled lowly, “I don’t know if I believe you. I let you plead for the boy’s life. I granted you your wish…But, I’ve been too lenient with you, clearly…Or else you would’ve never went and publicly disobeyed me to begin with.”

“Please, my Lord…” Harry said, his voice cracking. “Please don’t hurt—”

“Enough. I’m not finished with you, yet. Turn back to the table, Harry…” Harry’s legs shook as he turned back to the table. “Drop them.” Harry’s eyes grew wide at the command. Surely Voldemort didn’t intend to beat him in front of everyone? He wanted to throw up…but he didn’t dare hesitate any longer so Harry’s trembling hands unbuttoned his trousers and inched them down. He stalled for a second before he allowed his pants to follow and rest down below the curve of his buttocks. He was able to keep his front covered as he was pressed against the dining table; a small consolation.

Then Voldemort was against him, robes open and Merlin, no! Not here. He could take a beating but not this—not in front of his son! He choked slightly as he was shoved mercilessly forward onto the table, head forced to the side so he could see Lucius, and shit, Draco shouldn’t see this either. He could barely see Narcissa and Hyperion who must have crawled under the table to be closer to the Malfoy family and farther from Voldemort, which was probably for the best… and then he was being pushed into, his sphincter muscles tearing at the forced entry and he let out a low sob, tears prickling his eyes. He felt humiliated, shamed, that this fucking bastard had the nerve to rape him in front of his child!

His body was being pounded into the table from the forced of Voldemort’s angry thrusts, the edge was digging into his hip bones and Harry’s hands fumbled to grasp for purchase but he found none on the varnished wood.

He could hear Hyperion’s muffled sobs but couldn’t bring himself to meet anyone’s eyes. Instead, he resolved himself to fall limp and take it. He drowned out his little boy’s cries and stared at the far wall, tears still leaking out of his eyes to a puddle on the table, wishing he could just…disappear. He felt the numbness take over him in his submission.

…

Draco felt violently ill as he watched Harry’s body be used mercilessly by the Dark Lord. He swallowed the lump in his throat and his eyes flickered over to his son who was pressed into his mother’s side, sobbing. Narcissa stood stoically, a single hand on his shoulder the only offered
comfort. She knew better. Draco twitched slightly, the desire to grab his son and guard him from this hell overwhelming his senses.

He couldn’t see the actual penetration and that was a small relief because he didn’t think he could stomach that visual. However, when Harry’s own sobs had stopped after a few minutes Draco forced himself to look into the withdrawn look on the brunette’s face. Harry’s attractive face and sparkling green eyes held no emotion. If it weren’t for the occasional blinking, he could’ve passed for a corpse. It was unnerving and horrible and that mother-fucker shouldn’t be on top of him! Harry didn’t deserve this torture, he didn’t deserve to be bent over the table and brutalized in front of him and their son and Draco’s parents. He clenched his teeth. Hadn’t Harry suffered enough?

He glanced down at the knife beside his plate, desperately wishing he had the courage to sink it into the man’s chest, to destroy him so he could stop destroying everyone else’s life!

Draco knew it’d never be that simple, though.

After what seemed like an eternity, the lurching against the table stopped and the Dark Lord pulled away from Harry’s body unfazed, briskly covering himself before anyone could see and spoke softly to Harry in his chilling raspy voice.

“I think that should suffice as retribution this time…Remember your place, Harry, or else next time the little boy won’t be so lucky.”

He left without so much a glance at his unwilling audience.

They waited in silence until they heard the roaring sounds of the Floo and then his father was the first to speak.

“Narcissa,” was all he said. His mother nodded once and Hyperion was guided gently, then, a bit more firmly out of the room when the boy attempted to run over to Harry. Instantly Lucius and Draco rounded the table to the black haired boy who hadn’t yet moved from his position. Feeling a little light-headed Draco pointedly ignored the mess on Harry’s backside and quickly tugged his pants and trousers up. Lucius had reached down and grasped Harry by the shoulder, guiding him upwards and then had to catch him as Harry’s knees buckled and the dam must’ve broke because he had collapsed into sobs in Lucius’s arms.

His father looked dumfounded as Harry clung to him but he collected himself and briskly swept Harry into a somewhat stiff embrace. Draco placed a comforting hand on Harry’s back and the three of them stood in the dining room of their prison-home for several minutes until Harry calmed and broke himself away from Lucius looking embarrassed.

“Sorry,” Harry croaked out, rubbing his tear-stained face with his right hand. Draco’s father shook his head and cleared his throat.

“No matter, Mr. Potter. Let Draco take you upstairs and tend to you. I’ll check on Hyperion and Narcissa in the meantime.” Lucius strode out of the room looking much older than his forty-six years. Draco helped Harry silently to his bathroom and only when the door was shut behind them did he pull Harry into a bone-crushing hug.

Draco’s taller form was heavy against Harry’s body but it didn’t care. He clung to Draco as if his life depended on it because some days, it did. Draco and Hyperion…even the older two Malfoys were a salvation for him. They were his family. You couldn’t spend five years with the same three, and then eventually four, people.
Draco’s shoulders started to shake and Harry felt a wetness on his neck where the blonde’s face was buried.

“Draco?” Harry whispered, rubbing the other boy’s back soothingly.

“He shouldn’t be able to do that to you. He shouldn’t be able to fucking breathe.” His voice was distraught and muffled into his throat and Harry wanted to cry again with him.

Harry rested his cheek against Draco’s shoulder and held each other silently in mutual comfort.

“I love you.” It was the softest of murmurs but it was said with conviction and Harry knew Draco heard it. He knew because he felt Draco tense and his arms tightened around Harry momentarily before he pulled back and offered a smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes. Harry’s heart sank but he shrugged it off the best he could.

He didn’t expect Draco to say it back. He knew Draco cared about him and that was enough for Harry.

If someone had told him ten years ago that he’d have fallen in love with Draco Malfoy: that he’d actually crave his company, his touch, his kisses, his smile, his very soul, Harry would’ve thought it insanity; never in a fucking million years would he even tolerate the pureblooded git!

But…so much had changed since then. His entire world shifted and he and Draco were torn apart and then thrown together, having to learn to understand each other, to live in harmony because they had no choice in that matter. They did have a choice, however, how far to take things. Harry made the very conscious choice to love Draco Malfoy, because underneath all his Slytherin pratty-ness, under all his superior conduct and smug sneers, the prat was still very lovable. He had a softer side that he’d shown Harry on occasion; he was fiercely protective, and his smile could light up any room, and he knew just what to say to pull Harry out of his self-deprecating moods or make him feel a little less like his life was a shit-storm.

Oh, it took Harry a long time to admit it to even himself, but he was utterly in love with Draco Lucius Malfoy.

“…perhaps a bath?” Draco offered after a somewhat awkward moment of silence. Harry gave him a half smile and five minutes later he found himself in the tub, scrubbing furiously at his skin as he always did after a ‘session’ with Voldemort. He didn’t know what to say to Hyperion. Should he just carry on, as if nothing ever happened? How does anyone explain sex and rape to a child? No…he’d just tell Hyperion he was all right and not mention it any further. Hyperion was too young to be informed on such topics. Much, much too young. Let him stay as innocent as possible.

How he hated that snake-faced monster. He hated how that man could still find ways to take and take from Harry…and most of all he hated how helpless he was to stop him.

“You’re going to bleed if you scrub any harder,” came Draco’s admonish eventually. Harry rolled his eyes at the comment but stopped scrubbing so roughly. He stood up and the water sloshed around as he stepped out and reached for the towel in Draco’s hands. The Malfoy heir held it just out of his reach though, and instead wrapped the towel around Harry himself, rubbing it gently up and down the slender body and Harry bit his lip because, while there was nothing sexual about it, he was touched by the kind, gentle gesture—Perhaps Draco’s way of saying that even if he wasn’t quite in love with Harry, he still mattered to him.

He felt vulnerable being naked right now, so soon after being assaulted by the Dark Lord but Draco continued on to finish drying the bath water off of Harry and when he was done he leaned in to press
a tender kiss to Harry’s forehead.

“I know he makes you feel worthless when he does this to you…” he kissed Harry’s cheek, “I know he tries to break you down…” a kiss to the other cheek, “Harry, please don’t ever let him break you,” Draco whispered against his mouth and then their lips met in the sweetest kiss and Harry’s eyes filled with tears and he closed them before they could escape.

Chapter End Notes

**I'm your Daddy. I know that you will never know that... but I am. I promise you that I will always be here for you and your other dad too. No matter what, I'll be there for you.
We All Fuck Up in the Name of Love

Chapter Notes

Just a chapter that turned into some smut and fluff for y'all. It wasn't intentional but it just kind of...happens. Draco is an ass-man and Harry get's a little slutty, so be forewarned.

It's not very long; only half the length of your average chapter, but hopefully it'll satisfy until the next update (likely next Wednesday or Friday).

Flashback: October 22nd, 1999

“You lowered your wand.”

Draco looked up from where he was examining his nails at the vanity in Harry’s bathroom. He cocked an eyebrow at Harry in confusion. “Excusez-moi?”

Harry rolled his eyes at him, and shifted in the tub lazily. “Would you stop speaking French all the damn time? I don’t understand it and you know it!”

“I like to speak French, we use to spend every summer in France until I went to Hogwarts; we use to speak it all the time.”

“Well, I don’t like French.” Harry snapped. It was a lie, to be honest. Harry found Draco’s French incredibly sexy, but the blonde didn’t need to have another reason to gloat.

“No? I beg to differ. Last time I checked, you quite like the ‘French’ aspect of kissing.” Draco said, grinning at him. Harry rolled his eyes and splashed water in his direction but it missed him completely. “Hey, now, I didn’t mention that you also like it when I ‘French’ your arse…now that would have just been indecent,” he continued looking every bit the cat-that-ate-the-canary.

Harry groaned and flushed red. He sunk underneath the surface of the water to escape the prat.

After twenty seconds Harry popped back up, gasping for breath and Draco glared at him.

“Potty, don’t do that.”

“Aww, were you worried about me, Malfoy?” Draco scoffed and brushed an imaginary speck of dirt off his robes.

“Not in the slightest. I just loathed the idea of having to explain to the Dark Lord why you died in the bath water. Merlin, could you imagine how that’d go? ‘Forgive me, my Lord; Potter was just embarrassed to admit how much he loved my tongue in his arse so he decided to drown himself instead.’ I don’t think he’d appreciate the sentiment too much.” Draco said mockingly.

Harry glowered at him and drew his knees up protectively and wrapped his arms around them. He was stalling in the bath, he knew, but the longer he took the longer time he could spend talking to Draco. Which was a silly desire, since he’d have most of the next day to do the very same thing, and the next, and the next…until they either went insane or died, or both. Perhaps the only thing Harry
seemed to have these days was time with Draco. “I think you have an unhealthy obsession with my arse, Draco.”

“Mmm, I know, but it’s been so good to me,” Draco informed him with a wink and Harry didn’t know if he wanted to slap the shit out of the blonde or bend over for him. Because Draco was indeed very good to his arse…and—for the love of Merlin, when had he become so slutty for Draco-bloody-Malfoy? Harry rubbed his forehead feeling marginally mortified and sighed. Draco luckily didn’t give him time to come up with a reply because he jumped right back in with, “And what did you mean by ‘you lowered your wand’?”

Harry straightened himself back up and met the Slytherin’s gaze sonorously. “That night, when Dumbledore died—in the Astronomy tower. You lowered your wand when he offered you and your parents protection.” He watched as Draco’s entire demeanor changed from relaxed and jesting to rigid and withdrawn. It made Harry’s heart ache a little that he was destroying the light-hearted mood but, for some reason he needed to hear Draco admit it. Not to excuse what he did, because what he did was so incredibly fucked up, but maybe…to redeem him a little. To understand him better.

Draco was a prat and arrogant and still held onto some very outdated predispositions to muggles, but he wasn’t a killer. He didn’t have it within him to take someone’s life.

“How did you—” Draco said hoarsely. His face was cold, but wary and Harry knew if he wasn’t in the tub at that moment Draco would’ve likely stormed out and avoided Harry for as long as humanly possible. Realistically, it wouldn’t have been too long, but Draco would try anyways. “How dare you?” he stated, his voice deadly soft and icy. Harry couldn’t help but balk defensively.

“‘How dare’ I? Excuse me? I was there, Draco. Under my invisibility cloak and you had your wand pointed at Dumbledore, flaunting to him how you pulled one over on him, how you got the Death Eaters into the school—”

“Shut the fuck up, Potter!” Draco hissed at him furiously. He was standing now, with his fists clenched like he was visibly restraining himself from knocking Harry’s teeth in and Harry no longer saw his Draco, but the same version of Draco he abhorred during his six years at Hogwarts. If he wasn’t so irritated, his heart might’ve broken a little. “Don’t talk about what you don’t understand, because I assure you, you couldn’t even begin to understand!”

“Then help me to understand, Draco!” he nearly bellowed back, jumping to his feet so quickly that the waves he created in the water almost knocked him back down. He put an arm against the wall to brace himself and met Draco’s glower with one of his own. His chest ached.

“He was threatening my parents’ lives! What would you have done?” Draco interjected angrily. It would’ve been comical had the situation not been so upsetting, with Harry stalkers and dripping wet and Draco bone dry but standing nearly nose-to-nose with him on the opposite side of the bathtub.

“I would’ve gone to Dumbledore before even dreaming of letting Death Eaters into Hogwarts! People got hurt, Dumbledore died!” Harry snapped at him.

Draco laughed humorlessly at him and Harry’s own hands clenched, ready to knock the other boy in his fucking head if it came to it. “Of course you would’ve. You were Dumbledore’s ‘golden boy’—no, don’t speak. Don’t try to deny it. You might have been oblivious but the rest of us weren’t. Dumbledore had a big, fat bias when it came to you. So of course you say that you would’ve went to him, that’s an easy claim to make! You knew him much better than the average student! All I knew was that Father was in Azkaban and the Dark Lord came and made himself at home in my ancestral home and I had been ‘encouraged’ to get this bloody mark on my arm because I didn’t want to die and I didn’t want my parent’s to die and everything was just a downward spiral from there! The
Dark Lord was getting impatient and I was desperate. Not everyone is a fucking hero, Harry! Not everyone is willing to stare death in the eye a hundred fucking times. Call me a coward if it pleases you; I know I am. It’s my fault one of the most powerful wizards of all time is dead. It’s my fault…”

Draco’s chest was heaving from his impassioned rant and Harry could see he was trembling slightly. It was like he was facing the sixteen-year-old Draco in the girl’s bathroom all over again who cried over a sink because he didn’t want to fail his task and be killed for it. He didn’t want his parents to be killed for it. Then, just as quickly as it came, Harry’s anger seeped away.

Harry stepped out of the tub and pulled Draco into a tight hug. The Malfoy heir stiffened slightly but didn’t push him away.

“I don’t think you’re a coward, Draco. I’d be scared too. I ran to the Department of Ministries instead of trusting Dumbledore and Snape and every other damn person who tried to convince me that Voldemort might be trying to manipulate me. I thought Sirius was in danger and I acted so bloody stupid. He got killed because of it…”

Harry’s voice cracked but he forced himself to continue anyways. “I tried to escape here because I thought I could save my baby’s life if I got away. It was a fucking terrible decision and I’ll regret it every day for the rest of my life.” He wiped a tear from his cheek impatiently. “I shouldn’t have pressed you, and I’m sorry. I thought I didn’t understand how you could’ve done what you did, but I do get it. I really do. You’re not a bad person, Draco. We’ve all fucked up in the name of love, huh?” he chuckled dryly and brushed away another tear. Draco didn’t look angry anymore…just, tired and sad and vulnerable.

Draco ran his fingers once through his hair and surveyed Harry quietly before reaching out to put a hand on the other boy’s hip.

“I don’t know how you do it, you know? You jump into things with this foolhardy bravery, no sense of self-preservation at all. Slytherins aren’t so selfless.”

Harry shrugged, and leant into Draco’s touch, the warmth radiating from his fingers welcoming to Harry’s cold body. “We’re very different people, Draco. We approach things differently, we don’t perceive the world and the people in it the same way. I doubt we’ll ever see eye-to-eye on everything. But, maybe that’s okay. Maybe we don’t have to be one hundred percent perfect for each other to…be good for each other. You, um, you make me happy,” he finished uncertainly. He knew he didn’t make much sense but Draco’s light gray eyes sparkled a little in mirth and Harry didn’t have time to feel awkward because Draco wrapped his arms around him, blanketing him in that warmth.

“You make me happy too, Potty,” Draco murmured.

They clung to each other and kissed softly, finally accepting their ever flawed existences, finally accepting each other for who they were and who they were not, and that was more than enough.

…

“Your parents are going to think this is the longest bath, ever,” Harry mumbled in between fervent kisses. Draco’s eyes flashed at him wickedly, smiling as he placed open mouthed kisses onto Harry’s neck and shoulder.

“I’ll tell them you were having trouble getting the baby to sleep and I stuck around to help you.”

Harry’s eyes widened. “Shit, Hyperion—”
“—is absolutely fine. He’s sound asleep and there are silencing charms around the bathroom. We’ll hear him if he wakes but we can be as loud as we want. Now shut up, would you?” Draco panted and pulled away to unbutton his trousers as he gazed hungrily at the boy sprawled naked on the tiled floor.

Harry grinned up at him. “You just told me to be loud and shut up in the same breath, Malfoy,” he informed him teasingly. Draco shirked off his trousers and leaned down to pinch a pert nipple warningly, causing the brunette to moan and arch into it. “Fuck!”

“Not yet,” Draco huffed and he slid his pants down and off, his excitement evident as his cock sprung free. He dropped back down to his knees and laid on top of Harry’s semi-wet body, nestling in between his legs so that their pricks met deliciously. They both groaned at the feeling.

“Been too long,” Harry whined slightly, not feeling ashamed at all for it.

“Mmm, you’ve only yourself to blame for that. You’re the one who didn’t want sex during the last months of your pregnancy and the three bloody months after it.” He grinded their hips together and nipped at Harry’s clavicle.

“Ungh, being pregnant doesn’t exactly put you in a sexy mood! Fucks with your hormones, too,” Harry defended breathlessly.

“Well, let us make up for lost time, then,” Draco murmured into his ear before sliding lower and going down on Harry, engulfing his prick in one swift motion. Harry gasped and thrust his pelvis upwards causing Draco to glare through his lashes forebodingly and pin Harry down by the hips because he was controlling as hell. Before Harry could tell him what a controlling ponce he was though, the tantalizing tongue swept along the head of his cock, teasing at the slit and then engulfing him again, deep throating him with ease, because apparently he didn’t have much of a gag reflex, either. Smug prat. Harry shuddered and ran his fingers through silky blonde hair, as the head bobbed naughtily between his legs.

One hand left his hips to travel south, blunt nails scraping along his right arse cheek before coming back up to press against Harry’s lips. “Suck,” Draco ordered and Harry blinked owlishly for a moment before opening his mouth to accept the long finger in, and sucked on it hard. Draco’s moan was encouraging and he pulled off Harry’s cock to observe him as he licked at the finger enthusiastically.

Harry met the hungry gaze and finally understood why Draco stopped to watch him. He’d never given a blow job before, and he was somewhat nervous about it…but if Draco was turned on by him sucking a finger, he couldn’t help but imagine what he’d look like if Harry put his mouth on his cock. Draco withdrew his wet finger and Harry seized him by the wrist suddenly, before slowly guiding the hand down to his arse. He held on to it tightly, refusing to let go and brought his left knee up towards his chest, exposing himself to Draco. He pressed Draco’s finger up against his entrance and forced it into his body, pushing out ever so slightly to accept the intrusion. He didn’t know who’s moan was louder this time.

“Do you have any idea what you do to me?” Draco breathed as he watched his finger sink past the furrowed rim and into achingly tight heat. Harry bit his lip and proceeded to fuck himself on Draco’s finger with fervor.

“Put another one in,” Harry panted after a minute and Draco wasted no time complying; he spat onto his middle finger and slid it in next to the first. Harry resumed his undulating movements onto the digits, controlling the pace of it all, and the light-haired teen was more than willing to sit back and watch, not providing the thrusts but only the occasional scissoring and curling of his fingers.
“Get on your back.” Draco’s eyebrows both raised at the demand and he withdrew his fingers from Harry in favor of obeying. He laid down flat on his back and Harry came up to throw his right leg over Draco, straddling him so that the thick cock nestled right in between the crevice of his arse cheeks. Harry swallowed for a second, unsure exactly where he was going to go from here, but when Draco’s intense grey eyes met his expectantly, Harry collected himself and reached forward to pump some of the bath oil onto his hand quickly. He reached behind him to slick Draco’s hard member, inciting a low growl from the blonde. He wiped the remnants of the oil onto his thigh before kneeling up just enough to grasp the cock firmly, slowly lowering himself slowly onto the head. Whether gravity was his enemy or friend in this position, Harry couldn’t tell. He felt the tip of Draco’s prick pop through the ring of muscle and it pinched and burned a bit, even with the finger-fucking. He grit his teeth and slid down a tad more and Draco’s hand squeeze his hip reassuringly.

“Don’t hurt yourself, Harry,” he whispered huskily. He was being kind, but from the sound of his voice and look in his eyes, Harry could tell that Draco didn’t want him to slow down. He didn’t want to hurt Harry but he was still a nineteen-year-old boy with a hard-on. Harry smiled at him smugly; he was also a nineteen-year-old boy with a hard-on. He bared down to take the last several inches in at once and whimpered slightly at the stretch. He felt so full and it kind of hurt but it kind of also felt amazing. He rubbed both hands up and down Draco’s pale chest and they stared at each other for a minute before Harry let out a light chuckle.

“I’d like to kiss you right now but I’m not—ah—quite ready to move yet.” He told Draco apologetically.

Draco rubbed a thumb lazily against Harry’s hip bones in soothing little circles. “Take your time,” Draco told him softly. His chest was starting to glisten from sweat and arousal, and Harry leaned forward slightly to brace his hands on firm pectorals and slid himself up an inch experimentally. Draco’s body twitched slightly and it was very clear he was trying to restrain himself from bucking his hips for Harry’s sake. He had his lower lip between his teeth and for a second Harry feared Draco’s incisor would break the skin. He leaned down finally and kissed him on the lips, tongue flicking in to map out the hot mouth below him and Draco’s hand fisted into his hair as he returned the kiss roughly.

“Fuck—ride me, Harry,” Draco whispered into his ear and then let go of Harry’s hair so the brunette could sit back up.

Harry swiveled his hips slightly, and when he found that he could without much discomfort, he rose himself up and then down in a staccato of thrusts, nearly yelling out when he found that fantastic angle right into his prostate.

Draco’s breathy moans and whispered curses were so glorious and Harry found that teasing Draco Malfoy was probably his newest favorite thing in the world and then an idea struck him and he suddenly popped himself up off Draco’s dick, wincing slightly at the separation. He poured more oil onto Draco, and then turned around so he could grasp at lean muscled thighs and shins and eased himself back onto that cock in reverse, grinning to himself at Draco’s yelled “Fuck!”.

He resumed his riding, up, down, rotating his hips, grinding Draco’s prick rhythmically against his prostate. Draco’s hands were squeezing his hips and cheeks of his arse so hard that Harry knew Draco would have to heal any bruising afterwards but right now it didn’t matter. He reached down and tugged at his neglected prick once, twice, working it fervently in time with the vigorous bouncing and rocking until heat pooled into his lower belly and he reached his peak; his release coming out in white ropes onto his hand, his stomach, and a little on Draco’s thighs. He felt Draco tense up, nails digging into Harry’s hips and Harry resumed the rhythm, pulling the other boy through his own orgasm, determined to milk him dry. Eventually their breathing evened out, and
Harry collapsed face-down onto Draco’s legs; the cock in him slipped out and he smirked when he heard Draco hiss in pleasure, because Harry knew for certain Draco was a kinky bastard and the visual of the cum dripping out of Harry’s abused hole played right into his typical pervy fantasies. Draco rubbed two fingers against him, gathering some cum onto his fingers and pressing it back into Harry’s used body.

Harry moaned, and indulged him for a moment, before reaching around to bat the hand away.

“Okay, enough of your perversions, Malfoy; I’m not up for another round,” Harry said and pulled his cramped leg up and over so he could turn and flop down onto the freezing bathroom floor next to him.

Draco snorted and bent an arm behind his head to pillow it. “I don’t know what got into you just now, Harry, but that was bloody amazing. We’re definitely doing that again.”

“That was exhausting, my legs are so cramped up.” Draco reached down to rub at Harry’s left thigh, looking slightly disappointed. “But I’d ride you over a broomstick any day,” he added boldly.

Draco let out a startled, loud laugh and leaned over to plant a kiss on Harry’s reddened lips.

Harry laughed too, not so much at his own joke, but at the insanity of this relationship with Draco. In the course of an hour he and Draco had managed to joke around, yell at each other, have an honest, heart-felt discussion, cry in each other’s arms, and then proceed to shag each other silly. Perhaps it was a bit dysfunctional.

Or…maybe that’s just how love was, sometimes.
Ugh...I hate this chapter. It just didn't want to come together, and it feels kind of like a filler chapter but I have to push this story along to clear up some loose ends. Hope it's not a complete waste of time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

**Flashback: October 31st, 1999**

“What are you doing with that?” Harry asked him from the settee he was lounging on. He had just gotten their three-month old son down for a nap and snuck down to the library, where he selected the least-boring-looking Charms text from one of the shelves and flipped through it idly. After a year and a half, he had made his way through a quarter of the books in the room. Harry had mentioned before that he was trying to make Granger proud…it had been said as a joke but Draco could tell that there was some truth behind it. Harry missed his friends.

Draco knew the feeling.

“It was in my trunk. There’s some items in there that I never had gotten the opportunity to clear out from our schooldays. This telescope was one of them. Come, I want to show you something.”

Harry’s brow furrowed but he took Draco’s offered hand and allowed himself to be pulled up from the couch. Draco laced their fingers together, such a simple gesture that made Harry’s stomach flutter a bit but he’d take that to his grave; the older boy guided him to with window behind a bookshelf towards the back of the room. Harry knew the windows could open, but the wards around the manor were so thick that nothing could ever hope to escape.

Harry had learned that the hard way.

Draco offered him a small, quick smile and reluctantly withdrew his hand in favor of turning his attention to the telescope, propping it up onto its stand and positioning it. For a few moments he spent adjusting the angle and then his head lowered so that he could peer through the eye lens until finally he pulled away, satisfied.

He reached again for Harry, placed a hand onto the small of his back and pressed him to stand in front of the scope. “Look here,” he told him. Harry bent forward and peered through the lens.

“It’s...bright?”

Draco rolled his eyes at the brunette and leaned against the ledge of the window, peering outside into the night. There wasn’t much to look at; just a forest filled with trees beginning to change the color of autumn. Draco missed the outdoors. He missed Quidditch games and Hogsmeade trips, Summer vacations spent in Paris, swimming in the crystal blue water of the ocean coast. A reluctant part of him dared to admit he missed Hogwarts, listening to Pansy spill to him the latest gossip and Blaise and Theo’s poor attempts to double team him during a game of chess...

“—co?”
He was brought forth from his thoughts and looked back at Harry who was staring at him questioningly. “Pardon me. What did you say?”

“I asked you what I’m looking at here,” Harry responded, peering back into the lens. Draco pushed away from the window and stood closer to the other boy.

“Did we even go to the same school? Merlin, Harry…that’s Sirius. Technically it’s the brightest star and there’s no need for a telescope to see it because its easily seen with the naked eye. I’ve always found it more fascinating to observe the stars more closely, though.”

Harry withdrew his face from the image of the vibrant star and pinned Draco with a solemn stare. “Why are you showing me this?”

Draco shrugged then, suddenly looking uncomfortable and he ran his fingers through his hair. “You mentioned a while back that you blamed yourself for Black’s death. I know he was important to you, so I thought you’d like to see his namesake.” Harry offered him a gentle smile and leaned forward to wrap his arms around his body.

Draco had never been an overly affectionate person; he wasn’t fond of touchy-feely people and had bitten Pansy’s head off more than once for clinging to him like a leech. However, something about Harry made him want to wrap him into his arms and never let go. Fuck, when had Draco become so besotted to a Gryffindor? And not just any Gryffindor, but the Boy-Who-Lived to be a thorn in Draco’s side.

“Thanks, Draco,” Harry murmured against him.

“You shouldn’t, though,” Draco said after a moment. He inhaled discreetly, breathing in Harry’s coconut scented shampoo before clarifying, “Blame yourself, I mean.”

Harry sighed and eased out of Draco’s grip, clearly not wanting to discuss his feelings towards the circumstances of his Godfather’s death further and Draco decided not to press the matter. The brunette peered into the scope again and they stood in silence for several minutes.

“I loved him, you know. I mean, I barely got to spend time with him in the two years I had with him, so maybe it’s strange to love someone so quickly and easily.” Harry began so softly that Draco struggled to hear him. “But I did…he was family to me. He was the person my parents trusted to raise me and he was the closest thing I’ve ever had to an actual parent. Not just another relative that despised me for existing. He never saw me as a burden or inconvenience. He wanted me.”

Draco eyed him in silence and slipped his hands into his trouser pockets. He knew Harry had had a dreadful childhood with his muggle relatives, which was a far cry from what Draco had always imagined the way the Chosen One grew up. However, it did something to him, put an ache in his chest, to think that Harry lost his only father-figure. Draco, honestly, didn’t know how to relate to those feelings; he had always had his parents around—whether he wanted them or not.

“Harry, I—”

“What, in the name of Merlin, are you two doing?”

_Speak of the devil._

Draco didn’t even spare his father a glance. “Stargazing, Father. Really, the telescope should have been a dead giveaway.” he drawled in a bored voice.

“I didn’t ask for your impudence, son. Both of you, away from the window. Now.” Lucius invaded
their space and slammed the window shut with a force so brutal that both nineteen-year-olds actually wincéd.

“I do not see what the big deal is. The wards are ten meters away from the house. We can open windows without setting off the alarms,” Draco snapped at Lucius and the older blonde spun around to pin his heir with a glower.

“You are on very thin ice right now, Son. Keep it shut. I’d rather not take any chances…and you shouldn’t object to, either,” he added, glimpsing in Harry’s direction. Harry’s eyes lowered, looking ashamed.

“It’s my fault. I opened the window, so don’t lay the guilt trip on him, father.” Draco snapped. Harry watched the exchange with wide eyes.

“What has gotten into you, Draco?” Lucius asked, his voice lowered into a chilling whisper and his fingers adjusted the slightest bit on the head of his cane. Draco shifted slightly at the tone and quickly rescinded his attitude.

“My apologies, Father. I’m a bit tired,” Draco offered.

“Then I suggest you both retire to your rooms and get some sleep. Straightaway.” With that, Lucius spun around and left the room and Draco let out the breath he didn’t know he was holding.

“You were sticking up for me.”

Harry folded the stand with his right hand as he held the telescope in his left and handed them both to Draco who simply tucked them under his arm. Harry almost missed the faint tint of pink on his cheeks.

Almost.

“…If you’re ever feel the need to adopt a new father, you’re more than welcome to take Lucius off my hands.”

Harry gave him a feeble chuckle.

“He’s a bit daunting, for my tastes. Plus, he always gripes about my abysmal manners and vulgar language,” Harry countered as they traipsed down the corridor side-by-side. “I’ll let you keep him.”

“So close…” Draco said, feigning disappointment. Harry purposefully bumped his arm against Draco’s.

“Hey…thanks though, I mean, for—er, everything.”

Draco’s deft fingers settled between his own.

“Eloquent as always, Potty.”

Present Day: July 31st, 2003

When Harry and Draco arrived to Hyperion’s room they found the young boy passed out on his bed, head in Narcissa’s lap and small feet propped up in Lucius’. Harry still felt the mortification arise in him once more as they both looked up at him and their son, knowing they had witnessed Harry in
one of his most exposed and defenseless circumstances—bent over for the Dark Lord. He knew they had heard him be brutalized in his bedroom during Voldemort’s ‘visits’ every time, but seeing it first hand was a whole other story.

“He just fell asleep twenty minutes ago,” Narcissa informed him gently. “Poor child cried himself to sleep…” she looked down at his son and brushed a lock of brown hair out of his face. Hyperion’s nose scrunched momentarily but he never woke, breathing steadily between parted lips.

Harry swallowed the lump in his throat and nodded in understanding.

“When he wakes I’d like to…move on from this. Let him enjoy his birthday without stress…if that’s at all possible,” Harry told them uncomfortably. Narcissa inclined her head in response and Lucius regarded him pensively for a moment before following suit.

The tension seemed to ease a bit and the elder Malfoys eased themselves smoothly out from under Hyperion and the little boy shifted and sprawled out on the bed at their absence.

“How about some tea, then, until he wakes?” Harry nodded tiredly…some afternoon tea was much needed.

... 

“It is barely noon, Lucius,” Narcissa said, eyeing her husband and the firewhiskey in his hand crossly. Harry and Draco eyed the glass in the man’s ringed hand.

“It has been a long morning, Narcissa,” Lucius countered, “One glass is not enough to render me inebriated.”

“I’d rather like one myself,” Draco dared and Harry nodded with him, knowing he’d never actually get one.

His wife’s nostrils flared slightly and she cowed her son with a single glare.

“Nevermind…” Draco muttered. He picked up his cup and saucer sullenly and took a sip. Harry had to suppress his snickering. He had long sense grown accustomed to being told what to do between living with the Dursley’s and being in captivity. Draco was generally respectful to his parent’s wishes but at twenty-three he always imagined he’d be a bit more independent from their authority. Circumstances, however, allowed him little freedom to do what he wanted. Not to mention, his mother was in complete denial he was an adult capable of making his own decisions.

They sat in a somewhat tense silence for a while and then Narcissa finished her tea she excused herself genially and slipped away. Lucius stood up without a word and stalked away briskly as soon as she disappeared from sight.

He returned a minute later with two tumbler glasses in his hands, handing one to Draco and then hesitated almost unnoticeably before he handed Harry the other.

Draco was grinning at his Father who countered it with a sneer of his own and a low, “Do not get caught…and remove that smug look from your face, my son.” He strode out of the room leaving them without another glance.

“Did he just leave so he could have deniability if your mum sees us with these?”

“Of course.” Harry took a sip of his firewhiskey and grimaced at the bold taste of it. It burned its way down his throat and he wasn’t use to it. Even pre-captivity Harry had never had much involvement
drinking alcohol.

“What a Slytherin thing to do,” he muttered and Draco smirked at him over his glass.

“Would you expect anything less from a Malfoy?” He inquired curiously. Harry snorted into his drink.

“Nope,” he said, lips emphasizing the ‘p’ sound with a pop.

Draco finished his glass with one last swig and set it on the tea tray where it vanished from sight almost immediately to reappear in the main kitchen for Tilly to take care of. Harry was only two-thirds done with his own but he felt warm and didn’t understand how Draco had downed his drink so quickly without a problem because firewhiskey was strong.

Draco eyed him apprehensively. “Harry…you’ve tried firewhiskey before, haven’t you?”

“Mmmm…nah,” Harry mumbled out and he giggled shortly before he tipped his glass back and chugged the rest of the hot liquid down.

“For the love of Merlin, Harry, not so fast!” Draco had lunged from his own chair to yank the glass out of Harry’s hands. It was too late though; Harry had finished off the drink and was grinning at him smugly. His face was flushed red.


“I’m not drunk,” Harry said, looking offended.

“Of course not, dear. Let’s get rid of the evidence and we can go relax upstairs in your room until Hyperion wakes, all right?”

“Yes, dear,” Harry retorted sarcastically. Draco scoffed and pulled Harry up from his chair, guiding him carefully up the stairs to his bedroom.

When the door had shut behind them, Draco found his arms full of Harry, his mouth caught in sloppy fervent kisses.

“Mmm, I feel nice,” Harry told him huskily. He was on the tips of his toes with his arms wound around the blonde’s neck tightly. His tongue darted out to lick the seam of Draco’s lips before the taller boy firm grip pried Harry’s arms from his neck.

“No, Harry. You’re a bit tipsy…and still healing from this morning,” Draco reminded him gently. He hated to bring it up. He really did.

“But I want you, you make me feel good,” Harry told him, disappointment evident in his voice. “I’m not drunk or anything, I only had one drink, and I barely feel anything at all.”

“Yes, but you also look dead on your feet today. Come, Harry, lay down would you? You need to sleep it off. Just a little nap.”

Harry sighed and flopped onto the mattress, then looked back at the Slytherin expectantly.

“Come lay down next to me.”

“No, Harry—”

Harry rolled his eyes.
“I won’t molest you…please?”

“I don’t cuddle!”

Harry frowned at him and sighed, rolling onto his side to face away from Draco. His brain still felt a little foggy and he was well past emotionally drained. A nap sounded nice… he picked at the fabric of his bedding with a blunt fingernail, eyes heavy and fluttering closed within seconds. He was half asleep when he felt the bed dip behind him, and then Draco’s warm body settled against his back, an arm coming forth to drape across his waist. Within seconds, he was out.

He wouldn’t feel the kiss pressed to his temple or hear the whispered, “For you, Harry, I don’t think there is a thing I wouldn’t do.”

July 31st, 2003

Remus leaned heavily against a large oak tree. His body was warmed in anticipation of the full-moon due to come any time now. He no longer had access to Wolfsbane which use to give him control over his mind… now, he had to surrender himself to the wolf.

Voldemort hadn’t made good on his promises to the werewolves. They had sided with him in hopes of more freedom and opportunity but when the Dark Lord’s regime took over, they had been sent back to the forests without reward or bettered status in society.

Remus snorted to himself. He hadn’t been so foolish as to think Voldemort would consider his kind anything less than ‘halfbreeds’. He stretched out his legs before him; he had to admit his body felt better without the Wolfsbane hindering his transformation. While he hated the idea of not having control during the full-moon, the lack of suppression had been doing wonders for his health. He didn’t feel so… frail anymore.

He also didn’t feel like part of society anymore: something he had feared growing up. The werewolves were vulgar people. They spoke crudely, cussing and talking about sex and other bodily functions shamelessly. Remus was never one to be so open about private things like that and it had taken sometime getting used to. He still didn’t take much part in their customs if he could avoid it.

Yet... they weren’t all the monsters he had always thought them to be. They were a fierce people but they protected their own. After years of being a Marauder with his best friends, he could respect that quality in a person. Their loose morals, however, Remus had a hard time accepting.

He had managed to convince the leader to remove himself and the pack further from any neighboring society. They were so far into seclusion that it’d take a two days to reach civilization on a werewolf’s legs; long enough a journey that would outlast the effects of the moon. It took almost a year of prodding and agitating the hell out of the Alpha to move them more to the east but Remus figured that Voldemort’s failure to follow through with his original promises spurred his on the desire to abandon the wizarding world entirely.

Society would be safe on the full-moons. It helped him sleep a little easier at night.

Just a little.

A rustling in the tree above him drew Remus out of his thoughts. There on the lowest tree branch sat a tawny owl with a small envelope attached to its leg. Startled, he pulled himself off the ground, brushing off his worn trousers briefly before tentatively reached up to untie the letter. The owl glared
at him reproachfully, sensing his lycanthropy so close to the moon, but allowed him to retrieve the letter before taking off briskly. A neatly written “R.L.” was scrolled on the front and he used his little finger to tear it open, a small piece of parchment was all that was inside.

What was written on it, however, brought the man back down to the ground as he sank to his knees. Remus’s eyes watered and his hands shook as he read the three words at least a dozen times.

‘Lightening has struck.’

Harry?

…

Harry was alive? Emotions tumbled within him, shock—happiness—fear—

“What has you in such a state?”

Duncan. Of all the people in their pack, Duncan was his least favorite. He was cruel—crueler than his Alpha, even. At least Alpha didn’t pretend to be a nice guy. Duncan did; he was manipulative and sadistic wrapped up in a seemingly-pleasant smiling package.

Remus slipped the note in the front of his trousers quickly, thinking that it’d be the least obvious with his back turned towards the other man.

“What do you have there, pup?” Perceptive bastard.

“None of your concern, Shales,” Remus told him shortly and moved to walk away but before he could take another step, a solid weight had him toppled over onto the earth pinned between Duncan’s strong form and the summer grass.

“Secrets aren’t allowed amongst pack, Lupin.” Duncan’s hand strained to slip into the front of Remus’s slacks, and the red-brown haired man bucked furiously in an attempt to rid himself of his weight.

“Duncan!” Barked a voice from behind the struggling pair and Remus let out a relieved breath. “Off. Now.” Shales scrambled off and Remus gasped for breath, fists clenched into the soil for purchase and he heaved himself up onto his hunches.

“Alpha, Lupin has something—”

Fenrir growled low in his throat and took a menacing step forward, causing Duncan to wince and turn his head to expose his throat in a submissive manner. Angering the Alpha was never a wise move; angering the Alpha so close to transformation was deadly.

“An attack on Lupin is an attack on your Alpha. You’d do well to remember that, Duncan. Now remove yourself from my fucking sight,” Fenrir snapped and the man nodded obediently, his shaggy dirty blond curls bounced a bit as he stood and ran off towards the caves the lived within. The Alpha turned his dark blue eyes onto Remus’s crouched form. “Provoking my Beta, pet?”

Don’t say it, don’t say it...just let it go so he will go… "Don't call me your 'pet'."

Fenrir snorted, and walked languidly towards him. Fenrir Greyback was a beast of a man: about six-feet-four-inches tall, broad shouldered and well-muscled with salt and peppered hair. A daunting man, a vicious foe, yet reasonable enough, when he wanted to be.
Not to mention, he was a much preferable companion over a man like Duncan Shales.

Fentire reached down and pulled Remus to his feet by his bicep. “I’ll protect you from Duncan’s wrath if I deem it necessary. No one’s going to protect you from mine, though.”

“I don’t need your protection, Fenrir,” Remus snapped. His inner wolf was snarling at him to submit but Remus’s own emotions were heightened to new levels upon news of Harry, Harry being alive.

Fenrir’s next growl reverberated in his chest as sharp nails but into the flesh of his naked arm and Remus winced but held the man’s gaze steadily. Base-emotions were running much too high amongst the pack tonight.

“Don't piss me off at a time like this. Duncan claims you have something. Judging by the way he fights you, is it safe to say it’s something you shouldn’t have, pet?”

Remus just glared at him, stubborness compelling him to say nothing further. Fortunately, he wouldn’t have to; little jolts of hot pain licked deep within his body. He glanced up at the moon as it appeared more prominently in the night’s sky.

He was never so glad to see it.

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**Present Day: August 1st, 2003**

“I think I figured out the last of Harry’s note, Ron,” Hermione whispered, her eyes glassy and red like she had been crying in her dormitory. Ron looked up at her, a concerned frown appearing on his freckled face as he took in her appearance.

“What did you make of it?” He asked, not sure if he really wanted to know the answer. He tugged her to rest against him on the couch, an arm coming to wrap around her shoulders.

“’In a moment I’ll be dead…’” she quoted softly and Ron had to strain to hear her. “I think a part of me always knew it could be a possibility.”

“What is it, “Mione?”

“I think Harry’s a Horcrux, Ron,” she said dreadfully. Ron froze next to her.

“W--? What?” He croaked.

“Think about it; Harry’s mind connection with HIM, his ability to speak Parseltongue…I think You-Know-Who created one unwillingly in Harry when the killing curse backfired over twenty years ago. It’s the only thing I can think of that makes any sense!”

Ron’s heart sank deeper into his ribcage. “It would also make sense as to why he’s kept him alive all these years. He was…protecting him? If that’s the right word for it? Keeping another fragment of his soul safe, is more like it. Blimey, Hermione, where do we go from here? Are we supposed to stab Harry to death with a basilisk fang? How the fuck do we handle this information?” Ron said looking at his girl-with-all-the-answers imploringly.

Hermione shook her head sadly, “I honestly don’t know…I suppose we just have to work on rest of the Horcruxes until Harry’s the last one standing…I imagine he’s had five years to figure out what comes next.”
The two of them shared mutually devastated looks. They leaned against each other, seeking silent comfort in the other’s presence until the common room cleared out and the pair was all that was left. It was nearly one in the morning when Hermione reached into her robe pocket and pulled out Harry’s note. The parchment was crumpled and worn from being folded and unfolded hundreds of times and Hermione had it memorized but she couldn’t bring herself to destroy it yet. She didn’t feel finished with it.

“Are you ready for this?” At her words, Ron stood up and stretched his long limbs before nodding his head determinedly. “I’ll go get the cloak and map.”

“Right…let’s get to hunting, then.”

…

The Dark Lord laid in his lavish bed, asleep rigidly on his back amongst silver satin sheets. He had spent years having to hide, having to try to survive but in the end he’d won this war. He brought about the defeat of the great Albus Dumbledore, his greatest threat to his reign. He then would capture Harry Potter, the bane of his existence and force him to submit to his will.

Oh, he had only anticipated impregnating the boy five years ago, cementing his means of controlling him through his greatest weakness: love. Blackmail was an even greater victory than killing. Ending a life was easy; bending someone to your will, forcing them to obey your every command because of fear, was delicious.

And The Dark Lord found Harry Potter intoxicating in his submission. He’d only fucked the boy twice in the first couple years, getting him pregnant each time with child. Oh, but the way he bowed his head to him on his knees after their second son, holding the boy tightly to his chest because he was afraid, but still calling Voldemort ‘My Lord’ and ‘Master’…the once brave Gryffindor now a compliant little thing, all long haired and smooth skinned and red lipped, big green eyes and alluring reflection of the killing curse itself. Voldemort relished to possess the boy. Nothing was better than making him scream in pain and cry tears into the pillow as he took him, virginally tight every time, covering him in blood and seed because finally, the brat learned his place in the world.

Glory was his...

The Dark Lord’s breath shifted slightly in his sleep, pale body jerking slightly, but he remained unconscious. He was too deep into sleep, his dreams filled with victory and dead muggles and domination over the ‘Boy-Who-Lived’ to feel the sensation of a Horcrux being destroyed beyond repair in the Highlands of Scotland.

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Flashback: November 29thth, 1999

“I’m going to have to die, aren’t I?”

Severus wasn’t prepared for that question. He knew it was only a matter of time that he’d have to have this conversation but a part of him wished it’d be on his deathbed so he didn’t have to watch the boy struggle with the burden he was prophesized to bear.

“…Yes.” He waited for the breakdown to come through hesitant black eyes but it never did. Instead the boy’s eyes, Lily’s green eyes, closed and he swallowed thickly and then opened again to meet Severus’s stare.
“I figured…the whole ‘defying death again and again’ thing couldn’t last forever,” he said with a smile that tried to mask the turmoil he no doubt was experiencing.

“Potter…” Severus was at a loss for words. He was never one for comforting and certainly not in these circumstances.

Potter shook his head, “No— I’m fine. It’s what’s got to happen. I think…I think on some level I’ve always known I wasn’t meant to survive this. But…if my sacrificing myself ends this ‘Dark Reign’ then I’ve got to accept my fate. I don’t want to live in a world that feeds on hate and terror and bloody ignorant prejudices. I don’t want this world for my son. I’ll gladly walk to my death if it ensures his happiness and freedom from—” Harry choked on his own words, at the emotions quaking in his chest. Snape reached up and squeezed Harry’s shoulder firmly and was surprised when the teen didn’t recoil at his touch.

Harry shook his head, the movement loosening the strands of hair in its short braid. “There are far worse fates than dying,” Harry whispered finally.

Snape inclined his head somberly.

“Indeed.”

Chapter End Notes

So, there ya go. A few things:

1. Remus!! I didn't think it was plausible for Remy to be at Hogwarts with the rest of the gang. Voldemort kind of dropped the werewolves (because, come on, do you really think he'd actually do anything for them other than take advantage when it was convenient?) Now Voldy doesn't need them because he's already won and built this whole regime. Therefore, you see the werewolves sent far away and Remus is sent with them.

2. As far as the Basilisk fang in the chamber and the destroying of the Diadem, it all goes pretty much the same as it does in the book. They use the invisibility cloak and the map to sneak around Hogwarts to do it during the night to do it though, and there's no fiendfyre involved this time around but I didn't feel it was necessary to get into detail about all that.

3. Hm...I have no idea how strong Firewhiskey is supposed to be, but for Harry, it's enough to get him buzzed. He's never had the chance to get drunk in his dorm like Draco did...or any other teenager that didn't have the weight of the world on their shoulders. So, I present to you Harry, the Lightweight. I mean, he wasn't going to be hammered after one glass, but a little touchy-feely and sleepy? Why not.

4. Someone asked me to write a chapter where Harry was captured, so that may be
what's in store next chapter. There's a few more things I need to touch base on within that moment at Malfoy Manor before we move forward.

Until next time,
CJ
xx
Present Day: August 8th, 2003

Harry’s eyes watered as his hair was grasped roughly by long fingers that forced his head down. He tried to jerk his head backwards, gagging slightly when he could couldn’t handle anymore but he was still given no reprieve.

His knees were sore from being on the floor for so long and all Harry wanted was the bastard to get off so he would leave and Harry could find solace in the people he loved.

He wasn’t sure which he hated more: The man’s evil face or the man’s evil prick. He willed his throat to relax around the rigid flesh, despising the taste of it in his mouth but accepting it regardless because submission was his only way of life.

Ever the obedient slave to the Dark Lord.

*Until the fucking Horcruxes are gone.*

Flashback: March 22nd, 1998

Harry’s scar was blinding him with pain. Dimly he knew that they had moments, seconds before Voldemort was with them.

“Ron, catch—and GO!” he yelled, throwing one of the wands to him and Hermione, Ron, and Dobby vanished from sight; he bent down to tug Grip hook out from under the chandelier. He slung the Goblin, who clung to the sword, over his shoulder before he could topple over. *Shell Cottage, Shell Cottage,* repeated like a mantra in his head—

He felt something hit the back of his leg, his calf exploded in searing pain and he fell to his knees, the nearly unconscious goblin tumbled over to the side with a groan.
Harry twisted his body slightly to look at the back of his leg, Bellatrix’s silver dagger glinting where it had embedded into his flesh, warm blood trickling out of the gash and onto the floor beneath him.

By the time Harry regained his sense the crack in the room was deafening; he was too late. His scar flared up in a new bout of agony and Voldemort’s voice rang cold in the dark-purple room.

“Harry, Harry, Harry…finally on your knees before me. What a sight to behold, indeed,” he whispered mockingly and Harry’s shoulders tensed, beads of sweat rolling down his back.

This was it.

_He was going to die._

“You—stand him up.” Hands slid under his armpits and he was hoisted up to his feet, his right leg screaming at the pressure. He raised his chin and stared the pale man in his blood-red eyes. If this was how he was going to die, he wouldn’t die cowering before him. Long fingers grasped his chin roughly and his eyes prickled slightly but he held the tears at bay. He wouldn’t scream, either.

“Dumbledore’s little golden boy has evaded me for so long…” Voldemort murmured coolly. “…and now I have you right where I want you. No portkeys or headmasters to save you now, Harry Potter. I’m going to _enjoy_ taking my time destroying you; mark my words, you will be _begging_ for death before long. _Stupefy._ ”

Harry sank into darkness, the arms around him tightening to keep his body from slumping to the ground.

“My Lord,” Bellatrix crooned, “Potter’s _wand._” She had knelt down to gather the wand where it clamored to the floor and presented it proudly to her Master with a deep bow. Voldemort’s hand came up to retrieve it from her grasp, and he idly fingered the wood. It felt familiar. His and Potter’s wands were brothers, after all.

“Well done, Bella, this will do nicely.”

Present Day: August 8th, 2003 (continued)

Harry swallowed the fluid down dutifully, withholding his look of distaste for the sour spunk. He tucked the limp member back into the black pants and trousers and rested his forehead against the Dark Lord’s thigh, waiting for his next command.

A hand came down to weave through his hair, free of its typical plait from the rough treatment his head was shown mere moments ago.

“I’m pleased your punishment has seemed to have the desired effects. Maybe I should fuck you in public more often if it’ll keep you in line, little Horcrux.” Heat spiked in Harry, red anger coursing through his veins at the reminder of his ‘punishment’ a week prior.

In front of his four-year-old son.

_Calm down. Keep your head. Don’t let him beat you. Deep breaths._

He had to repeat his thoughts in his head over and over again. Practicing control over his emotions
was something he had never been good at. He had probably only succeeded this long by living in a house of Slytherins to show him how. Still, it took everything he had some days not to reach up and gouge the fucker’s eyes out.

*Don’t let him beat you. He will not win. Deep breaths.*

“If it pleases you, Master,” Harry said, his voice sounding a little too weak and broken for his own liking.

Voldemort chuckled softly.

**August 9th, 2003**

“Height and weight look to be on track, Mr. Potter; he’s a little more on the slender and shorter sides of the spectrum but nothing to concern yourself with…the nutrition potions seem to be helping and he’s no longer Vitamin D-deficient. You’re growing very nicely, Hyperion.” Severus informed the four-year-old with a quick pat on his shoulder.

“Just a Dragon Pox vaccination today and then you’re free to go, child.” Severus set out to fill a sterile syringe with a blue-tinted potion and Harry stepped closer to his son. The little boy’s bottom lip was trembling and Harry squeezed his hand reassuringly.

“Just hold my hand, okay sweetheart? It hurts just for a second and then we can go play in your room until supper. Maybe we can get Tilly to give us some treacle tarts tonight? Mmm, your favorite!”

“Daddy, you’re silly! Treacle tarts are your favorite. I like cheesecake best, with raspberries!” Hyperion chirped, his weary eyes swiveling from the Headmaster to giggle at Harry.

Harry sighed heavily, feigning devastation, “Are you sure you’re my son?” Snape rolled his eyes and cleared his throat to regain the two Potters’ attention.

“Quickly, Hyperion. Small pinch. One…two…” on three, he stuck the needle into Hyperion’s lithe little arm, and bright green eyes brimmed with tears, and he let out a little whimper. It was over in an instant and Harry scooped his boy up into his arms, hugging his tightly as Severus placed a bandage to the affected area. “You’re all set. You’ll not be needing anymore shots this year, child.”

He cleaned up his equipment as Harry helped Hyperion back into his slacks and shirt, minding not to bump his arm. Harry placed a kiss onto a pale cheek and tousled the brown locks of hair. “Are you okay, Little Bird?” At the nod, he smiled gently. “Good. You’re such a strong boy. Daddy has to speak with Headmaster Snape for a few minutes. Why don’t you go hunt down Draco and put in your request for raspberry cheesecake? It’s his favorite, too; I’m sure he’ll be happy to assist you in that endeavor.”

The little boy shook Snape’s hand and thanked the man cordially before he strode happily out of the medic room and Snape surveyed Harry with a slight smirk. “I see much of Draco in his behavior; well-mannered, clever, and an unhealthy obsession with cheesecake.”

Harry scowled at the older man and crossed his arms defensively. “Are you saying I’m not well-mannered and clever?”

Snape sneered at him, “I didn’t say that.”
“You implied it.”

Snape just smirked sardonically and thrust a small slip of paper at him. “Weasley was assisting Professor Sprout in the Greenhouses and passed this along to her, whom in turn passed it on to myself.”

“Professor Sprout?” Harry asked uneasily. He accepted the note and unfolded it swiftly.

“The Heads of Houses are aware of what you and your friends are up to. They’re on your side, Potter. They always have been.”

Harry swallowed thickly and nodded, eyes skimming over the letter in Hermione’s neat handwriting. It was his poem, altered the tiniest bit.

* A crown no longer sits upon her head, 
* As she lifts her cup to take a sip. 
* In a moment I’ll be dead, 
* And she must fall, or fail to RIP.

--*Post Tenebras Lux*—

-We love you.

Harry’s eyes watered and he smiled wistfully. He glanced at Snape and gave him a short nod, “They did it, they got Ravenclaw’s tiara. I…I have no idea how, but they did it,” he said incredulously. He didn’t doubt his friends, but he had sent them on a wild goose chase. It had been a long shot, and yet, they didn’t come up empty handed.

“They did it during the night; it’s the only time they could’ve gotten around undetected…with the aid of your cloak and map, I imagine.” He sniffed disdainfully at that and Harry offered him a sheepish smile.

“Not my fault the map doesn’t like you.” Snape flicked him in the ear and Harry rubbed at it with his grin widening on his face.

“One more time with the brat. Oh, if I had discovered what that parchment was all those years ago I would’ve had you cleaning out cauldrons until your fingers were raw. Always seeking out trouble…”

Harry snorted and handed the parchment back to the man reluctantly so it could be disposed of safely. He hated to part with the letter; Hermione’s crisp handwriting, the love sent to him from his best friends… He needed that. Yet, he also knew he couldn’t be caught with the note… it was bad enough Hyperion was harboring a fugitive stuffed dragon in his bedroom.

“Trouble has always had a way of seeking me out. Even you have to admit I’ve had some pretty rotten luck, Professor. I’ve been set up for damnation before I was even born.”

Snape frowned but couldn’t seem to find an answer for him. After a somewhat awkward pause, he moved on, “The cup is in the Bellatrix Lestrange’s vault in Gringotts, as you suspected.”

Harry groaned in frustration and buried his face in his hands. “Of course it is. Of course it’s got to be impossible to fucking get to.” Snape looked at him reproachfully.
“Perhaps not. We might be able to convince a fellow order member to break into the bank—”

“Every order member is either dead or at Hogwarts!”

“Would you cease your interruptions and listen to me?”

“Would you ‘cease’ being so bloody vague, then?” Harry shot back and Snape’s hands twitched for a moment like he wanted nothing more than to throttle him. Harry huffed and crossed his arms, knowing he was being childish but too irritated to care. “Sorry…” he mumbled.

Snape sneered slightly, “As I was saying. There’s one particular member not at Hogwarts, but banished amongst the werewolves.” Harry’s head snapped up.

“Remus? He’s alive, then? He’s okay?”

“Yes. I’ve done a bit of research. From what I’ve gathered, he was sent to live with his pack since his kind is…no longer welcome at Hogwarts. I don’t know much else of his situation or whereabouts—just that he convinced his Alpha to move them further east a couple of years ago, away from society. I sent him a letter last week informing him that you were alive, now that I am no longer held by vow to keep that a secret. I imagine wherever Lupin is, he wouldn’t have access to the Prophet to find out firsthand. I’m hoping to convince him to help us with the ‘hunt’.

“Other than arranging the chess pieces, my hands are tied, Potter. I can’t personally break into the bank and risk exposure or there will be no one to get you out of this place when the time comes. Granger and Weasley are stuck in the school for a few more weeks, yet we are running out of time. I loathe to say it, but Lupin is our last hope.”

Harry felt dizzy with the information thrown at him. His hand came up to scratch his head, fingers catching on the previously neat bun his hair was held in. Draco would scold him for it later but now was not the time to care.

“Do you think he’ll even want to do it? Jump head first back into this world, filled with Dark Wizards and people who hate him for something he can’t help? Things are so different now.” Harry stated despondently.

Snape stared him right in the eye. “I know he will.”

“How?”

“His wife who died fighting for this cause. The love he has for his son—”

“His son, who he won’t to endanger or leave behind to rob a bank—”

“The love he has for you.”

Harry’s mouth snapped shut. He shifted uncomfortably. “Remus is great, brilliant, even. The last time I saw him though, I, I called him a coward, for him thinking he wasn’t father-material. That was the last thing I ever got to say to him, to the man who’s done so much for me.”

“Potter, if Lupin can accept his home with the werewolves, if he can follow Greyback, of all people, then I am quite sure he can find it in himself to forgive a seventeen-year-old’s impulsive outbursts. I hold no love for the man, but his son and you are all he has left of the people he cares about. He’d do anything to make sure you’re both safe. Trust me on this.”

Harry bit his lip uncertainly but nodded. “You think this will work?”
Snape grimaced. “I think it’s the only shot we’ve got at this point.”

“You said we’re ‘running out of time’, sir. What do you mean?”

“Summer is nearly over, Potter. Once it is, the people on our side will be sent back home, back to work for the few who are lucky enough to have jobs— back to their lives. When they do, we will lose an army. We can’t succeed without more wands to back us up. It’d be a suicide mission.”

“Isn’t it kind of already a suicide mission?” Harry quipped wryly but the conversation was anything but humorous. Snape scowled at him for it.

“You know what I mean, Potter… There’s also a more pressing issue at hand. There’s been speculation that the Dark Lord may be seeking out the Elder Wand.”

“I remember that story. We had read it before we were captured and brought to Malfoy Manor in Wiltshire. Dumbledore left Hermione ‘The Tales of Beadle the Bard’ after he died. Does this mean the Deathly Hallows really do exist, then?” The older man inclined his head slowly.

“They do, and it is only a matter of time before the Dark Lord discovers the location of the wand. When he does, we will have to act immediately.”

“Well that’s a given, I suppose. Can’t have him become the ‘Master of Death’ or whatever. He’d be even more unstoppable.”

“That’s not even half of it, Potter.”

Harry’s eyebrows rose, “What more is there?”

Snape heaved a sigh, and Harry was surprised to see the man deflate a little, as if the burden he was carrying was growing by the minute. “When he discovers the wand, he will find it uncooperative; one cannot wield the wand without disarming its previous master with magic.”

“Who’s the previous master?” Harry asked, already knowing where this was likely going.

“Dumbledore was the last one to master the wand. Upon his death, however, it would have switched allegiance.”

“To you? Because you killed Dumbledore,” Harry stated and the potions master winced only slightly at the blunt claim.

“I believe the Dark Lord will think so, too. However, I was not the one who won the loyalty of the Deathstick.”

“Then who else co—” Harry cut off before realization hit him like a ton of bricks and he actually sunk to the floor, unable to shoulder the information dropped on him. “No.”

Snape looked at him soberly. “I’m afraid so.”

Harry couldn’t recall the walk back to his room after his lengthy conversation with Snape. He didn’t remember much of the idle chat throughout supper; he had sat for the most part, in silence, nodding and shaking his head to any questions thrown his way.

Eventually everyone caught on, and no one spoke throughout dessert as Harry prodded his cheesecake with a fork, every bite tasting like damp ash on his tongue.
He excused himself when they were done, sweeping Hyperion into his arms and carrying the boy upstairs to prepare him for bed. Draco followed him closely behind, quiet as he observed Harry’s reserved behavior.

Draco had leaned in the doorway the entire time Hyperion as in the bath, his arms crossed over his chest as he studied Harry. Harry couldn’t bring himself to smile, he didn’t trust himself to speak, so he ignored Draco completely.

By the time he kissed his son goodnight and returned to his own bedroom, the irritation was almost radiating from Draco. As soon as he stepped into his room, Draco snapped the door shut and wheeled around to glare at him.

“Do you want to inform me what the hell is going on with you, Harry?” the blonde asked him in a low, controlled voice.

Harry shook his head and headed to the bathroom, turning on the shower and stepping in. He tugged the curtain shut to avoid meeting Draco’s gaze. When he was out of sight, he allowed himself to speak. “I’m fine. Not really in the mood to take a bath, okay?” He washed quickly but thoroughly and was rinsing off the suds on his body when the curtain was yanked open. Harry jumped and almost lost his footing but caught his balance just in time; both hands came down to cover himself instinctively.

“You’re shit at lying, Harry.”

“Would you give me a moment?”

“Like I haven’t seen it all before,” Draco snapped at him, holding the curtain firmly in his grasp.

Harry met his grey eyes for the first time all evening. “Don’t be a bloody arse, Draco! I’ve just got a lot on my mind tonight, okay? I know I don’t get any freedom these days but I was hoping I could at least have rights to my own thoughts.”

Draco’s hand slipped away from the curtain but Harry didn’t reach out to close it. Instead, he bent down to turn off the tap and stepped out, paying no mind that he was dripping all over the floor. He accepted the towel from the other boy, patting himself dry. He noticed the hurt look on Draco’s face and he couldn’t bear it anymore.

He reached one arm upward, his palm coming to clasp Draco around the back of his neck and urged the taller boy’s head down slightly to press a kiss to his lips.

Draco stiffened momentarily, before melting into Harry; he wrapped both arms around the lithe body and gathered him closer to his own, sharing his warmth with the naked boy.

“I apologize for being an arse. You don’t have to explain yourself to me,” Draco murmured against his lips. “I just don’t like seeing you look so…distressed,” he told Harry honestly and Harry rested his head in the crook of Draco’s neck, pressing an innocent kiss to the flesh there.

“Don’t worry about me okay? I’ll be fine.” He rubbed his hand up Draco’s back, lifting up his shirt all the while to feel the warmth of his skin. He looked on as Draco’s light eyelashes fluttered closed and Draco’s arms tugged him more tightly, hands coming down to caress Harry’s sides, and Harry’s skin, not groping or aggressive, but gentle feather-light touches that erupted Harry’s skin into goosebumps and Harry moaned softly in the pale shoulder. He kissed that, too.

Draco’s right hand wound its way into Harry’s hair and he pressed a tender kiss to the scarred forehead, so lovingly, that Harry almost started crying because it was overwhelming how much he
felt for this other man. This bloody Slytherin whom he once held in such contempt. This snarky Pureblood that wormed his way under Harry’s skin and brought him back to life.

The hand abandoned his hair and drifted downwards to grasp Harry’s hip like his left one had been, thumbs rubbing circles into the angled bones there before sweeping around to clasp his thighs—right under his buttocks—and Harry’s breath hitched as he was lifted bodily up into Draco’s arms. He clasped around Draco’s shoulders to steady himself and met Draco’s lips with his own readily as he enveloped his legs around a trim waist.

“I’m all wet,” Harry warned him, even though it was said too late; Draco’s pressed white shirt was covered in damp spots. He didn’t seem phased in the slightest.

“I like you all wet,” Draco responded, a teasing smirk on his lips. Harry chuckled softly and pushed his lower half into the Slytherin’s midriff, his erection growing rapidly and the older boy squeezed his hands into the globes of Harry’s backside in retaliation. He spun around and crossed the threshold into the bedroom, and Harry was once again impressed with Draco’s strength as he was carried, the muscles of his shoulders and arms flexed, but he moved him with such ease that Harry wondered if Draco managed to cast a wandless, soundless lightening charm on him.

Unlikely.

He kissed him a half a dozen more times before Harry was deposited gingerly onto his bed, Draco following him and resting in between the crook of his naked thighs. Harry was painfully hard by the time Draco knelt up and shirked off his shirt and trousers, his own erection tenting his briefs in what would’ve been comical if Harry didn’t want it so badly.

And then Draco was back on top of him fully naked, kissing and nipping a path down Harry’s stomach, the ‘V’ of his groin, pausing to lick hot stripes along his cock, teasing but never devouring…and then that wicked tongue found its way to the crevice of his arse, flicking around the furled entrance and wriggling into his most private place. Harry let out a loud noise that was a cross between a gasp and a cry and while his eyes rolled back and he reflexively thrusted his bum down onto that devious face, he was momentarily glad Draco remembered to cast a silencing charm around the bedroom.

Draco’s hands were on his waist and Harry’s legs were draped over those strong shoulders as he was eaten out; Draco’s tongue alternated lapping at his hole, then stabbing inwards, then pulling back to suck at the rim, and Harry couldn’t take it. He felt like he was going to explode; it was as if little electric currents were flowing though his body and when Draco’s middle finger slid home, immediately meeting his prostate with practiced familiarity, the combination of tongue and fingers forced his orgasm to shoot through him so forcefully that Harry screamed and sobbed, reduced to a shivering mess by the time came down from his high.

Draco finally pulled away from him then, wiping his wet mouth with the back of his hand quickly, and then he surged forwards over Harry, their bellies meeting and slipping against each other from Harry’s release. It was slightly sticky and uncomfortable but neither seemed to mind and Draco proceeded to snog the life out of the brunette boy, with tongue and teeth and smoldering desire. Harry could feel the subtle adjustments Draco was making as they kissed fervently, shifting his way down so that his wet cock—when did he lube himself? —caught the rim of his hole that was relaxed enough from worship and orgasm now so that the initial breach into his body didn’t burn quite as much; before long Harry was full to the brim, and his spent cock twitched interestedly between their bodies.

Draco took his time with him; slow, deep thrusts at first, clearly in no hurry to finish. His kisses were sweet and tender and at some point his hands had come up to find Harry’s. He laced their fingers
together and pressed them firmly above Harry’s head.

Draco was sweating, beads of sweat dripping off the tip of his nose onto Harry’s lips below him and the dark-haired boy’s tongue flicked out to taste the salty drop, discovering instantly that he loved the taste of Draco’s sweat and perhaps any other time he would’ve thought it was gross, but in the heat of their inferno, it was perfect. He lifted his head off the pillow to lick and nip at his lover’s clavicle, inciting the most wonderful groan from pink lips.

Harry was fully hard again, his erection sprung back to life between them, Draco’s lower stomach grinding against it with every smooth thrust of his hips and Harry’s world was narrowed onto just the two of them—the intensity of their desire—the notion dawning on him that this wasn’t just sex or fucking: Draco was making love to him. It was a corny thought in Harry’s mind but still, he could feel the difference in Draco’s movements and pace, the kisses more tender than animalistic, the way Draco was holding him...His throat closed up slightly with emotion and he could feel the tears prickling the backs of his eyes so he closed them tightly to conceal them from the other boy, not wanting to ruin the mood.

Draco’s hands suddenly clenched his tightly where they were clasped together on the bed, his hips undulated against Harry’s arse as his mouth descended down back to his, and Harry felt the familiar warmth of release inside him so he clenched his internal muscles as tightly as he could, determined to take everything Draco had to offer. At the feel of the fierce tightening on his cock, Draco cried out into Harry’s mouth, a wonderful, desperate sound.

“...Harry...” He groaned out before he collapsed on top of the slighter body, completely satiated. He was panting heavily and it took him a good minute to gather himself before he hoisted himself back up onto his arms with renewed vigor and determination.

He kissed along Harry’s neck fervently as he pulled out of him, cock spent and wet, and brought his fingers back down to the pert backside and eased three back in, his own cum easing the loosened passage. Harry gave a little whine at the action. Draco thrust his fingers into him at a merciless pace, crooking them against his prostate with every thrust and watching as Harry came undone once more; his knees bent up towards his shoulders, hands fumbling to clasp and the sheets he lay against, and mouth open in silent screams, tears prickling his eyes from overwrought nerve endings.

Draco’s wrist was getting tired from exertion but he pushed through it, unwilling to let his pace slow. He dropped his head down to Harry’s weeping erection, his free hand massaging smooth balls as he descended his mouth onto rigid flesh in one slick motion. It had just hit the back of his throat and Harry was coming for the second time that night, his entrance compressing wildly around Draco’s intruding fingers and hot spunk shot into his mouth to be swallowed down greedily.

“Ah, ah God yes! Yes, fuck Draco...” Harry was babbling and shaking and Draco fucked into him with his hand only withdrawing when Harry calmed down and hissed from the oversensitivity. He heaved himself back up next to Harry and grasped his chin in his hand to snog him lazily.

“I don’t think I’ve ever came so hard,” Draco told him after a while. He was toying with Harry’s wild, still-damp locks with languid strokes. Harry smiled sleepily at him.

“I don’t think I’ve ever came so hard—twice,” he informed him with a breathless chuckle. His body felt heavy but relaxed and Harry was pretty sure he never had this much appreciation for a bed until now. He rolled over onto his side to mirror Draco’s own position and brought his fingertips up to lightly caress the hard line of his jaw.

Draco’s silvery eyes twinkled at him with an emotion Harry couldn’t quite place, and he tugged Harry into a loose hug, arms draping him, sheltering him, and Harry thought, I love this bloody...
Slytherin.

He’d do whatever it took to save Draco Malfoy—the father of his child, the one who held his heart. Snape promised him he’d get the Malfoys out when the time came.

When the time came.

Harry thought painfully for a moment. He was running out of time.

Quickly.

He had mere days left to spend with the Malfoys—with Draco and his son.

Yes, Harry was prepared to do whatever it took to end Voldemort’s reign…

He just rather wished he didn’t have to leave behind the ones he loved to do so.

“Harry?” Draco brought him out of his troubled thoughts and Harry was grateful. It would do him no good to break down into tears after they’d just been so impassioned.

“Hm, yeah? Sorry. Just lost in thought,” he smiled apologetically at Draco and Draco regarded him silently but didn’t press him further.

“Your hair is a tangled mess. It’s going to take me ages to sort out,” he complained. Harry snorted.

“If we were ever liberated from this place, I think cutting my hair would be the first thing I did as a free man,” Harry told him, yawning into his hand.

Draco arched an eyebrow at him, whether in reply to his bizarre priorities or in skepticism to his reaching thoughts of ever being free, Harry didn’t know.

“What’s the first thing you would do, then?” Harry asked as he flopped over to his back once more and brought his arms up to lace them together behind his head.

Draco paused and he stared off into space for a moment as he tried to come to his decision. His eyes eventually swiveled back onto Harry’s face and he looked at Harry with finality. “I’d snog you. Anywhere and everywhere, in front of the world, even, just because we wouldn’t have to hide what we are or how we feel.”

Harry heart clenched in his chest, feeling both anguished and impossibly happy at the same time. A part of him wanted to ask ‘what are we and how do we feel?’ but he pushed it away to the back of his mind; he would not prod Draco into talking about things he wasn’t yet ready for.

Harry grinned at him.

“Okay—yours is better. How about we snog each other silly, then you can give me a haircut?”

Draco laughed out loud, and Harry relished the sound upon his ears. A pale hand came up to trace patterns along Harry’s naked chest. He shifted forward to place a kiss to Harry’s forehead.

“You have yourself a deal, my Potty.”

…

“You will tell me, one way or another.” Remus’s head snapped up angrily towards Fenrir. The man stood with his arms crossed over his broad chest, leaning against the wall of the hut causally but still managing to command authority with his every demeanor.
“‘Or another’?” He bit out. “What will you do Greyback? Rip my throat out for disobeying?”

Fenrir shifted off the grey stone and sauntered towards Remus, who stubbornly stared at the pages of his worn book, pretending to read as if he wasn’t fazed by the other man’s presence.

“You know I wouldn’t do that,” Greyback admitted lowly, a calloused finger ran up Remus’s arm as he circled him where he sat on plush animal furs. Remus shied away from the touch slightly, more annoyed than intimidated. Fenrir sank down to the floor beside him, a strong presence next to his own lean body. “Have I not earned your trust after all these years?” He sounded mildly curious.

“Not in all things,” Remus murmured, flipping the page of his book indifferently. A hot mouth leaned forward to his ear, nipping at it punishingly, before teeth came down to graze against small indents there; his mouth lined up perfectly.

“If there is something you want, speak of it. You know I pride myself in providing you with whatever you need. I know I at least proved that to you last night.” He added lewdly. Remus couldn’t help the flush that rose along his neck and Greyback didn’t miss its appearance either judging by his rumbled chuckle.

“Where’s Teddy?” Remus asked, clearing his throat.

“Don’t change the subject, pet.”

“Don’t call me that!”

“Then stop acting like a little—”

Remus turned and shoved the werewolf viciously away from him with all his strength. Greyback was only shoved a foot but he snarled angrily, and his blue eyes flashed amber-gold at him. Instinctively, Remus bared his neck to the Alpha, hating the compulsion to do so, but knowing it was never good to challenge him regardless of his own ire.

Fenrir exhaled sharply through his nose, clearly trying to reel in his own innate urges to rebuke the other man and assert his dominance.

“Why do you challenge me, Lupin? I’m trying, here. It’s fucking unnatural for me to allow you so much freedom but I do, because I know you’d be miserable if I didn’t. You’re a bloody impossible beast to be mated with.”

Fenrir stalked furiously to the door, preparing to leave Remus from where he sat on the floor.

“It was about Harry!” Remus snapped, angry at himself for caving. Fenrir spun around to face him once more, his amber eyes shifting back to their cerulean color.

“…Potter?” Fenrir finished gruffly.

Remus swallowed thickly but nodded in acknowledgement. Fenrir looked tense at the mention of the name and with the hand that wasn’t shoved into the pocket of his denim cut-offs he reached up to rub the back of his neck.

“…We’ve talked about this before,” he stated uncomfortably. Remus glared at him. Oh yes, he knew full well he was part of the Snatchers group that delivered his friend’s son to the clutches of the Dark Lord. It was something Remus wouldn’t likely forget and it wasn’t easy to forgive either. Even if he forced himself to leave the past in the past, sometimes Remus would look at this man and think: he was fraternizing with the enemy.
Except Greyback was hardly the enemy these days.

More like a royal *fuck-up*, than the enemy, really. Greyback had put his faith and the future of his pack in the hands of a man who hated their kind with passion. They’d all paid for it, in blood and exile.

Remus sighed and got to his feet. “He’s alive. That was the note—Harry is still alive.”

Fenrir’s brow furrowed skeptically. “…how is the boy still alive? Who sent you that note?”

Remus shrugged. “I have no idea. On both matters.”

Fenrir huffed and threw his hands up, annoyed. “Then how can you believe that load of shit? Someone is probably fucking with you—”

Scowling, Remus interjected, “—They called Harry by his code name. Only a very select few would know him by it. Someone playing a practical joke over five years after the war ended? Not likely. I believe it.”

Fenrir surveyed the reddish-brown haired man. He stood in a defensive stance—not in challenge but in a stubborn determination. Fenrir walked over to him grasped Remus by the biceps firmly with strong hands. “I will send a scout to the nearest Wizarding village. See if they’ve heard anything, okay?”

“Not Shales,” Remus pushed, trying not to sound ungrateful. The Alpha rolled his eyes.

“I’ll send Berkley. He’s least likely to disturb the peace or draw attention,” he offered and Remus smiled slightly at him.

“Thank you,” he murmured, gazing at the broad man meaningfully. Greyback grunted in response, brushing off the thanks.

“If Potter’s alive maybe there’s some bloody hope in this fucked world for us.”

“Realization comes to you too late.”

“I did what I thought was best at the time,” Fenrir told him, looking as apologetic as he would as leader.

“I know.”

“You love the boy?”

Remus met his eyes. “He’s…family. Regrettably I wasn’t around for him as he was growing up… The beast trying to befriend the Boy-Who-Lived? It would’ve been dastardly.” He sighed, sadly. “I didn’t come around again until he was a student himself at Hogwarts. Harry’s…”

“Pack.”

Remus nodded once. “Pack. When I caught news of his kidnap, when his friends turned up without him, I felt like I lost a huge part of me. Of course Teddy had just been born not long before; we’d hoped Harry would consent to being his Godfather…and—”

“Your wife?” Lupin’s head bowed and Fenrir’s thumb rose to rub along the side of his face but Remus jerked away, ashamed. “You blame yourself.”
Remus growled. “Bellatrix killed her because of me. Because she sunk so low and married the likes of me, carried my child!” His voice broke.

Fenrir tugged him against his solid body, ignoring the other male’s hesitation; Lupin was always reluctant to discuss the past.

“One mention of Potter and it brings up old wounds.”

“It’s not his fault. It was never his fault—he was a child for fuck’s sake!” Remus snapped.

“Yet, everything fell apart after he was lost.”

“It was never fair for him to have to bear the weight of the world on his shoulders,” came the miserable response.

“The fault lies with me,” Fenrir said knowingly and Remus jerked slightly in his hold.

“I didn’t say that.”

“You don’t have to, pet. I know I had hand in Potter’s capture. I know I’m responsible for much of the outcome of the war. I know I’ve fucked up your life. And yet, you share my den, my bed, every night. You let your son see me as another parent. How come?”

Remus regarded him, eyes blinking rapidly as he tried to comprehend what his Alpha was asking.

“I got sick of playing the victim,” muttered Remus. “I lost what little control I had over my life at the end of the war, after Tonks was killed—and I wanted to get it back. We were forced into exile and I wanted to do what was best for Teddy…”

“I’m glad you sought us out.”

“You’re my Alpha…I was kind of stuck with you. I didn’t know of other packs at the time. The Ministry was completely taken over by then and I had to get Teddy and myself to safety. Exile was a better fate than death.”

Fenrir leered a bit. “Stuck with me? Don’t get all sentimental on me now, pet.”

“Stop—”

“Calling you that. Yes, I know. Deal with it.”

Remus’s nostrils flared. “You infuriate me.”

“I know that too. Let’s go find Teddy. He was with playing with Tove’s twins last I saw him… Hopefully some time with your pup will better your mood.”

“Couple that with you jumping off the bluffs and I’m sure it will.”

“Oh, how I love when you talk dirty to me…” Remus tinged pink and Greyback gave him a shit-eating grin in response before turning serious. “…If Potter is alive,” he exhaled sharply through his nose, “be rest assured he will have the support of our kind behind him if we’re to find ourselves in another fucking war.” He made his way out of the hut, holding the door open for Remus to exit and fall into step beside him. Remus cocked his head towards him.

“You’d change sides?”
Fenrir grunted, grabbing his spear that was propped against the stone wall, intending to go hunting for their supper tonight; they never used wands to catch their prey, magic always seemed to affect the quality of the meat.

“I don’t choose sides at all. I choose pack over all else. If Potter is whom you call family, then he is kin to me as well. I’m done fighting for a man that shits lies from his mouth and believes he owns the world and all creatures in it. I’ve been done with that fuck for years now,” he stated roughly.

Remus smiled slightly at the declaration…however crass it was.

He placed a hand on Fenrir’s arm. The man glanced down at the hand holding him still, and he grinned again. He bent forward a bit to bump his nose against the other man, their version of affection, before Remus cupped the back of his head, urging it forward and covered Fenrir’s mouth with his own in a chaste, but firm kiss.

“Thank you.”

“Shall I go throw myself off the headlands now, my mate?”

“…Perhaps not today.”

It took thirty-four hours (not that Remus was counting) for Berkley to return to the pack, newspaper in hand and offer it to his Alpha. Fenrir sat down on a log by the blazing fire that was roasting their lunch, Remus close to his side, and together they read the cover story in silence. They read of Potter, who, in fact was alive. According to the Prophet, the boy had submitted to the Dark Lord’s reign in acknowledgement of the man’s superior strength and power.

He could feel Remus shaking by his side; smell the fury and pain and anguish rolling off of him like waves, the scent nearly drowning him before the other man stood up and stalked off to their hut. He placed a firm hand on Teddy’s shoulder. The five-year-old was staring at his father’s retreating form looking troubled as he worried his bottom lip with his teeth and his brown hair tinting into a dull grey with blue undertones as it usually did when he was anxious or sad.

“Don’t fret, pup. Your dad’s got a lot on his mind right now. Why don’t you go play with Shawna? She looks bored stiff over there. I’ll go check on your father.” Teddy sighed and shifted off Fenrir’s lap, a little pat of encouragement to his bottom sent him chasing after one of his friends, not looking back.

“Remus?”

“They made him out to be a whore. Harry would never follow Voldemort.” Remus growled, his hands gripping the wooden table on the right side of the domed room. He snarled viciously and toppled it over after a moment, unable to contain his fury. The wolf within him was pacing back and forth, wanting to take control and Remus was inclined to let it.

Fenrir watched reproachfully as the vat of wine crashed to the floor, breaking open and spilling red liquid like a like a fresh wound would spill blood.

“I understand you’re pissed but—”

“Don’t you dare say I wasted your fucking wine,” Remus spat, whirling around on him, eyes shimmering tones of molten amber and gold. Fenrir wagged his head.
“Forget the bloody wine. You’re working yourself up and it’s not like you. You don’t have the best handle on your inner wolf. Quit now before you hurt someone.” *Like I hurt you*, were the unsaid words. He didn’t notice the tears until he stepped closer and his hands instantly drew the man to his chest, one arm coiled tightly around his waist and the other wound into the strands of thick hair, forcing his head still as the Alpha clamped his mouth down into the crook of his neck in a firm bite, not hard enough though, to break skin.

Remus relaxed a bit, the tension receding in his muscles and his mind was less clouded with the rage of his pacing wolf that threatened to consume him.

“I hate when you do that,” Remus mumbled into his shoulder.

“For someone who gets on my case about overreacting…” muttered Greyback, but his voice held no bite.

“I am not overreacting!”

He breathed in the smoky scent of Remus, the smell of the burning wood lingering onto his clothes and skin.

“I know.”

The next day, a second letter arrived.

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Chapter End Notes

Please read!! For the sake of this story, I wanted to clarify a few things.
I know in canon Harry’s wand is broken but in this timeline, he has it up until the point of his capture. Voldy has been using it since.
HOWEVER, in the case of the Elder Wand, it can ONLY be won if the current MOD is defeated in duel/by magic. Hence why Harry would still be the MOD in this story--he only dropped his wand and Bellatrix snatched it up for Voldemort. He was never disarmed via magic so he’s still master of the wand. I know in the movie he snatches Draco’s wand by hand but (and correct me if I’m wrong; it’s been a long time), I think he disarmed the Malfoy’s with Pettigrew’s wand? Yes? No? Bear with me here, there’s likely going to be discrepancies in this since it’s a work of fanfiction and therefore not perfect.

How do you feel about Remus and Fenrir? Too random? Or not bad?

Thanks for reading!
Super short chapter tonight, folks. Under 1700 words. Next chapter will definitely be longer, and therefore it'll take me a while to write. I wanted to leave y'all something though, since last chapter was so well-received.

Seriously, your awesome reviews fuel my writing! So thank you, readers!!

I'm very happy everyone likes the Fenrir/Remus pairing! I honestly never even planned on Remus being part of this story and now he's a main player in the Horcrux-Destroying-Committee. And Fenrir...I don't know, he's fun to play with. I like how much he curses and I'm a big fan of characters trying to find redemption for their mistakes. Plus, I think Remus needed someone to climb like a tree.

Enjoy loves!
xx
CJ

August 14th, 2003

“I’m going to do it.”

“Over my dead fucking body.”

“Don’t bloody tempt me!”

“Going to try to overthrow your Alpha, pet?”

Remus heaved a great sigh and slammed the parchment onto the table, beside the package that had arrived two days after the note. He was prepared to stun Fenrir and Disapparate the hell out of there, but the man would no doubt follow him and drag him back when the spell wore off.

“You are my mate, not my master—”

“I am also your Alpha and this pack follows my leadership—”

“—so I would appreciate it if you would have some faith in—”

“—I have faith in you but that does not mean I am willing to let you—”

“—’let me’? Good grief, Fen, am I on a leash now? Would you like to stick me in a cage?” Remus growled, and Fenrir growled back at him warningly.

“I merely want you safe! Forgive me for being reluctant to send you on some insane mission to break into a fucking bank!”
“It’s important! No one else can, Fenrir. So please great Alpha, ‘let me’ do my part.” He snapped, throwing the words back into the other man’s face with bitter sarcasm. Greyback tossed his hands up in frustration and threw himself back onto the stool beside the table.

“Daddy, are you and Alpha fighting again?” Teddy’s head peeked into the entrance door, his hair a startling shade of magenta.

“See? ‘Again’ Fenrir. Just what we want: our son thinking we do nothing but fight,” Remus hissed at him, arms folded across his torso. He looked back at the five-year-old and offered him a smile. “Just a disagreement amongst us adults, buddy. Do you need me out there?”

Teddy wagged his head, looking doubtful. “Nah, I’m playing with the twins and Shawna. We wanted to know if we could go down by the river.”

“Sure kid, but make sure the twins and Shawna have permission from their parents too,” Fenrir told him in a calmer voice than he had been using in his exchange with Remus.

“And I want an adult down there with you, Teddy. Maybe Malika? Or—” Teddy rolled his eyes.

“Yes, Dad,” he mumbled, head slipping back outside and shutting the door after him.

“Again’. He said ‘again’,” Remus repeated, exhaling loudly and Fenrir snorted. He reached up to tug him down to his lap, causing Remus to huff and sputter indignantly. He was a forty-three-year-old grown man for Heaven’s sake! He indulged the man by not resisting, but placed a firm hand on a solid chest, not permitting him to get too close.

“I don’t want to fight with you. I need you to work with me here. I have to do this, Fenrir. I mean it.”

“It could be a trap,” the other man told him stubbornly. Remus gaped at him.

“Did we not just go over this? It’s not a trap!” He leaned over to snatch the note off the table and brandished it in front of the hulking man’s stony face.

“How the hell would Potter be able to send you a letter if Snake-Fucker has him tucked away?”

“The entire letter isn’t from Harry! Just this is,” he pointed to the short message at the bottom, handwriting that differed from Snape’s scrawl.

“And the rest is from Snape. Voldemort’s favorite little helper. It’s got to be a trap Remus,” he gripped Remus’s thigh tightly. Remus pinned him with a glare but didn’t move.

“Ease up.” The finger’s loosened their hold but didn’t let go. “There’s not a full explanation as to what’s going on with Snape; a lot of the note is covert and bland, but why would he go to the trouble to send the potion—”

“Poison proba—”

“It’s truly Polyjuice. I can tell by the look and smell. And the strands of Bellatrix Lestrange’s hair… he’s set all this up. He’s imploring me to trust him…and if he had sent this letter without these bloody words on the bottom I wouldn’t believe him for a second. I recognize the handwriting; I recognize the scent—it’s one-hundred percent Harry.”

“Maybe he was forced into writing it? Maybe Voldemort wants to draw us out and start another war. Stir up the hate. Eradicate our kind for good.” Remus eyed him silently, looking browbeaten and disappointed...in him. Fenrir didn’t like it. He stroked Remus’s jawline with his knuckle. They were
both too stubborn sometimes…but Remus was what he needed in a mate. He didn’t need someone to lay down like his bitch, excessively eager to please and submit. He liked a bit of a challenge in a partner. He wasn’t overly keen on the self-destructive shit, though; it was in his nature to want to protect, if only Remus would see that, too.

“He apologized, he referred to me as ‘Moony,’” Remus whispered, looking down at the parchment, tracing the words with his finger. “…It’s too personal to be coerced. ‘Post Tenebras Lux’? Light after darkness…he’s trying to end this. End Voldemort and the Dark side’s control. He hasn’t given up, after all these years of God-knows-what happening to him under Voldemort’s thumb. I’m not going to give up on him. Please, I need you to understand, Fenrir.” Amber eyes met azure and they regarded each other wordlessly.

“I told you Potter would have our support. I meant it…” he scratched the stubble on his chin, looking pained. “I don’t like this, Remus. I fucking hate this…”

“Have confidence in your mate,” Remus murmured, leaning forward and pressing his nose and forehead against the other man’s.

“I have confidence in you. It’s the rest of the world I don’t trust.”

Moony,

You’re not a coward at all. I’m so sorry.

-Post Tenebras Lux-

August 16th, 2003

Hyperion,

My little Phoenix,

I don’t know what name you’ll decide to go by when you’re older, and it doesn’t matter to me which you choose. All that matters to me, is that you’re safe and happy.

This is hard to write. It’s hard to write because right now you’re in your bed, sound asleep and peaceful, and you’ve got no idea what’s going to happen in less than two weeks.

I really don’t know how to write this letter. I’m not good with words like your other dad is. I’m terrible at saying goodbye.

No—forget that. Let’s not call this goodbye. It’s not going to be the last time I see you, love. Someday, someday in a long, long time from now, we’ll see each other again.

A wise man once told me, ‘death is but the next great adventure’. I truly believe it, Phoenix. I do. It’s not the end for me.

I guess the real purpose of this letter isn’t to say goodbye, then. It’s more to say…I hope that you understand.

I’m going to ask Draco to give this letter to you when he believes you’re old enough to understand
and I really hope you do. I hope you understand why I had to leave. Why I had to die. It’s not that I
don’t love you because, I do. Honest to God, I love you more than I’ve ever known was possible to
love someone.

Ironic, isn’t it? I gave you life and you gave me a reason to live.

But I had to die, anyways, because it was the only way to kill Voldemort (don’t let your dad and
grandparents make you afraid to say his name, okay? He isn’t worth it). Our plan might backfire on
us, but Severus Snape is setting up a way for you to be safe from harm’s way, if it does. You’re safety
is the most important thing to me. Please, understand my sacrifice and please don’t hate me for it,
son.

I’m kind of imagining you older, finally able to look the way you were meant to, all blonde and
Malfoy-ish with my eyes—your grandmother’s eyes. I’m picturing you growing up, vacationing in
France, loved by Draco and Lucius and Narcissa and Ron, Hermione, the Weasleys (I’m willing to
bet they’ve all multiplied), Remus and his son…and if you don’t see any of them often, then give your
father a good kick in the arse for me, okay? Those people mean a lot to me. They’re family too. If
this sounds anything like your life then my sacrifice is well worth it. I want the absolute best for you
that life has to offer.

Phoenix Hyperion Potter-Malfoy, I’ve only ever called you that in my head. Hopefully you don’t
think it’s too crazy. Purebloods, you know? Always naming their kids after stars and prestigious
sounding stuff. I’ve learned they’re not all bad, though.

I’m hoping that your generation isn’t so caught up on such insignificant things, like blood-purity. I’m
hoping wizards in the future are more progressive in those beliefs. More open-minded and
accepting.

Phoenix…Hyperion…there’s a million things I wish I could say in this letter. I think I could drone on
for days and days and it still wouldn’t ever be enough. I need you to promise me something, yeah?

Promise me you’ll never stop loving the way you do now. Sweetheart, you’ve had such a rough life
so far…but you’re so…good. So pure and kind and you have the biggest heart I’ve ever seen in
anybody. So love, okay? I don’t think some people quite understand just how powerful love is.

It’s corny, right?

But it’s the greatest truth I’ve discovered in my own life, and I wanted to share that truth with you.

I love you so much, my son.

Forever,

Your Daddy

Harry slowly set his quill down, reading the letter over and over. It would never be good enough. It
would NEVER be enough. It was like his head couldn’t figure out how to put into his words what
he wanted to say. He wanted some fantastic words of wisdom, written elegantly and poetically, as if
Albus Dumbledore or some other great philosopher penned it.

Instead he had this jumbled, broken letter, written hurriedly in his own less-than-perfect scrawl. He
sounded so…inept.

But…
It would have to do...it would be too painful to try and rewrite it.

He shoved the letter in one of Hyperion’s favorite books ‘Hogwarts, a History’ and slammed it shut, frustrated that he didn’t know how to do...this.

He leaned his head in his hands and finally allowed himself to cry.

He never thought dying would be so hard.
Another short chapter (but twice as long as the last one, so could be worse).

**This chapter picks up right after Fifteen, maybe an hour after Harry wrote his note to
Hyperion.**

August 16th, 2003

“You’ve been crying.”

Harry bent his head back down, folding the paper in frustration—it wouldn’t bloody cooperate! “Tell me how this is considered an *art*, again?”

Draco came into the library and pulled out the chair opposite of his, across the small varnished table. He sat down into the seat with his usual ease and grace and grabbed another piece off the stack. The carpeted floor was littered in Harry’s failed attempts already; Draco was honestly surprised there were any parchment squares left.

He began to fold the corners with careful precision.

“Harry.”

“Draco,” Harry responded, his tiredness evident in his voice.

The blonde cocked an eyebrow but didn’t pause in his folding. “I know something is bothering you. What did Severus tell you?” he questioned.

“What’s Snape got to do with anything?” Harry murmured softly. Draco didn’t miss that the other boy hadn’t denied his claim. He creased another corner with a deliberate finger and Harry resumed his attempts on his own paper. Draco eyed the brunette’s bowed head cautiously and picked up the quill near the edge of the desk. He etched words swiftly onto the parchment before resuming his folding.

“You started behaving oddly right after his last visit and you’ve been carrying on like someone’s stolen your treacle tart ever since,” he stated matter-of-factly.

Another fold.

“Snape has that effect on people,” Harry told him, glancing up and grinning slightly. “Merlin, I am *dreadful* at this,” he added with a forced chuckle.

Draco allowed for the conversation change. “Hyperion is quite good at this. Simple things of course, but he shows promise. It gives him something to do, at least. I think the older he gets, the harder it’s becoming to find things to occupy him. He’s getting old enough to realize all of this isn’t normal…”
Draco sighed slightly and then smiled apologetically at Harry for voicing his thoughts out loud. Harry really didn’t need more stress and guilt in his life.

Harry gnawed on his bottom lip between his teeth, purposely avoiding Draco’s gaze once more. The silence was deafening but they continued their folding in it, until several minutes past and Draco stood up, and he walked around the table to stand behind Harry. He bent his head down so that his mouth was close to Harry’s ear.

“I’ll never force you to tell me anything…I get that some things you’d rather keep to yourself and that’s your prerogative. I’m…here for you though, all right? I promise Harry, no matter what—I’m here for you.” Draco told him gently before pressing a kiss to Harry’s cheek. The action ignited goosebumps along the back of his neck in a not-unpleasant way and Harry opened his mouth to reply—to say something, anything, but then Draco had pushed something into his hand and the warmth that had been cradling his back retreated. Harry was left alone in the library before he could speak.

He shook himself out of his stupor and looked down to his lap. There in his right hand he held what Draco had been so skillfully creating—a perfect origami heart. It certainly wasn’t the most complicated piece he’d seen Draco craft; Harry had seen him several times making a variety of creatures, like paper cranes and little frogs with their son to help pass the time.

Harry fingered the little heart: it was no bigger than his palm and he traced it’s edges delicately, almost tempted to unfold it so he could figure out how Draco put it together, but he didn’t; he didn’t trust himself not to damage it. He smiled at the heart once more and stuck it in his pocket for safe keeping, suddenly having a whole new appreciation for the art.

…

“Can you tell me a new story tonight, please Draco? Daddy? One I’ve never heard before!” Hyperion asked. The little boy looked sleepy already but Harry knew he was stubborn enough to stay awake for a bedtime story. Draco and Harry sat on either side of Hyperion on the full-sized bed. Draco ran his fingers through the locks of longish hair, a distant look in his eyes as he played with hair he knew wasn’t truly meant to be brown. He hid it well, but Harry knew it made Draco sad sometimes.

“Of course, Little Bird. We’ll see what we can do, yeah?” Harry said. “Er, let’s see…” Draco met his gaze for the first time all evening. He’d been acting a little tense around him since their brief time together in the library, and Harry figured he’d been a little embarrassed for giving him the paper heart. Slytherins were strange creatures; Harry loved the trinket. Surely Draco knew him well enough by now?

Draco smiled back at him, genuine, but a little strained at the same time. “Once upon a time, there was a young wizard…” Harry began, looking at the Malfoy heir for help.

“…The young wizard had just gotten his acceptance letter to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry?” Draco offered.

Harry nodded once.

“Right! He, uh, he was raised by these miserable muggle relatives of his, you see, and he never knew he was a wizard until his eleventh birthday, when a giant broke down the door to their house and revealed to him that this amazing world of magic actually existed.” Harry told him. Hyperion’s green eyes grew round.
“He didn’t know about magic? That’s so sad, Daddy.”

“Tragic, really,” Draco added and Harry rolled his eyes at the pair of them.

“Yes, yeah…anyways,” Harry continued, “So the giant picked him up in the palm of his hand and carried the boy away from his horrible family and brought him to this wondrous place called ‘Diagon Alley’. The boy was given mounds and mounds of gold to buy all sorts of awesome things—he got a wand, a cauldron for potions, and so many books he didn’t know what to do with them all!”

Hyperion’s eyes lit up.

“Then the giant dropped the boy off at one more shop to get fitted for brand new robes. He met another boy there, the first wizard he’d ever seen that was his age.” He felt Draco still on the bed. Hyperion yawned and sank deeper into his pillows.

“Did they become best friends?” he asked sleepily. Harry opened his mouth to say yes, yes the did, because it was supposed to be a fairy tale, after all. Draco beat him to the punch.

“No, no they didn’t,” Draco said quietly.

Hyperion’s eyes were closed now but he still piped in, “How come?”

Harry swallowed. Maybe this bedtime story wasn’t the best idea. Maybe it was opening up a past that was better off behind them.

“Because the new boy wasn’t very nice to the young wizard. He was very young and very spoiled and started bragging, trying too hard to impress the boy—but the boy wasn’t impressed at all.” Harry grimaced at Draco’s words.

“Well that’s not very nice,” sighed Hyperion.

“No, it wasn’t…So the two boys became rivals—”

“—rivals?”

“It means they didn’t like each other, they fought each other a great deal.”

“This isn’t a nice story. I wanted them to be friends,” Hyperion mumbled.

“Well, someday, many years and many fights later, the boys became friends,” Harry told him, resuming Draco’s previous combing of the four-year-old’s hair with his fingers soothingly.

“How?”

“Well the boys grew up and realized that they’re fights were petty—er, silly, I mean.”

“They learned to put aside their differences and when they did, they discovered that they actually got on pretty well.”

“They realized they made each other happy, even though they had had a rough beginning,” Harry acknowledged.

“Very, very happy,” Draco confirmed softly, and over Hyperion’s head they shared a long look, not saying anything, but understanding everything. Harry glanced down at Hyperion briefly.

‘He’s sleeping,’ he mouthed at Draco and the blonde nodded once. They both climbed off the bed, taking care not to jostle the slumbering child, and tiptoed out of the room side-by-side. Draco reached
down as they shut the door and clasped Harry’s hand in his tightly.

“Maybe not the best story to tell. I’m clearly running out of ideas for new tales,” Harry muttered.

“Definitely not the best of fairytales,” Draco agreed, rolling his neck to pop the stiffness out of it. He pondered for a moment. “But it’s still our story, and it might not have been all unicorns and pygmy puffs but it’s still ours.”

Harry swung their joined hands ever so slightly and beamed, “I do love what’s ours.” They reached Harry’s door and Draco opened it, walking in backwards and pulling Harry in after him, a suggestive look appearing on his handsome face.

...Forty-five minutes later, Draco snuck out of Harry’s room, whispering the locking charm on the door with his wand. He turned around, feeling tired and sated and—

“Ahem.”

Draco jumped out of his skin as the sound of a throat clearing rang out in the empty hush of the dim hallway. He spun around, wand clenched in his hand tightly.

There, a few paces down and leaning against the wall opposite of Harry’s bedroom with his cane clasped in both hands over the snakehead and looking frighteningly furious, was his father. Draco gulped and lowered his wand to his side, his arm trembling slightly.

“Father—sorry, didn’t see you there—”

“—I’m going to ask you this once, Draco and only once. If I had walked into that room a half hour ago, what would I have seen?”

Draco swallowed again, his face feeling hot as his nerves got the better of him because no matter how old he seemed to get, his Father still had a way of making him feel like a naughty child.

“…” Draco didn’t know what to say. Fuck—His father knew. Five fucking years and they were finally caught.

Lucius eyes were closed. Could someone died from shock and still be standing? Maybe he could make a run for it. Maybe an obliviate? His arm twitched slightly, disturbingly attracted to the idea. Before he could do anything though, the older man’s eyes snapped open, his normally light grey eyes had darkened considerably like they always did when he was angry.

“Come with me. Now.”

Lucius led him stone-faced down one flight of stairs, to the study and Draco immediately sat in the arm chair in front of the desk, feeling like he was going to throw up his supper, his dessert, and maybe a few organs too. It was summer; how was this room so freezing? Did his father have a Dementor stashed away for when he finally went bat-shit crazy?

The tall man stormed over to the opposite side of the desk, his cane no longer in his grip, and braced both hands onto the polished black surface as he bore his eyes into his son.

“I don’t even know where to begin with you.” Lucius whispered harshly.

“Father, I—”
“HAVE YOU LOST YOUR FUCKING MIND, DRACO MALFOY!” Draco flinched and sunk down into his chair, trying to disappear. His father rarely lost his cool like this. Oh, the man could get angry, but it was usually that quietly controlled anger—not this. Never this. But Draco was pretty sure he’d never done anything quite so dastardly to provoke such a reaction from the man.

“I—”

“Why?”

“I—”

“You told me you had a crush, Draco. Not that you two were—involved!”

“Father, I’m—”

“How could you let this happen! Draco, this is—do you know what would happen to you if you were discovered?” The Malfoy Patriarch asked, quieter now, but so somber, and Draco almost wanted to cry.

“I know—”

“You’re my son, my only son. How could you risk your life like this, just for…sex?” Draco flushed at the words, his hands gripping the sides of his chair so tightly to keep them from shaking that his knuckles had gone white.

He opened his mouth and closed it a couple times, trying to find the proper words, some sort of defense for his actions…but there wasn’t any excuse to be had. He and Harry, both, were well aware what they were doing, risking, but they had been too self-sure that they’d never be found out. Draco would throw up silencing charms and locking charms every time, they’d been so careful. Hadn’t they?

Perhaps, not.

Perhaps they’d allowed themselves to get to comfortable. The had started to behave like any other couple would, showing increasing signs of affection, lingering touches and gazes, in the hallways, the libraries, places where they were more vulnerable but couldn’t help it because they were so addicted to each other—and it finally blew up in their faces. Draco’s dread spread deeper by the second as he sat underneath his father’s furious scrutiny; he should’ve known better…he could never truly have Harry Potter.

Of course, Draco knew his father wouldn’t expose him to the Dark Lord…but, he thought with miserable certainty, their secret affair was absolutely going to come to an end. The tears were prickling Draco’s eyes and no amount of practiced self-control could keep them at bay.

Something visibly changed in Lucius’s face as Draco’s eyes blinked out a couple tears—he looked puzzled, caught off guard. Draco was fairly positive the last time he’d cried in front of his Father was roughly seven years ago: the day Lucius had been broken out of prison and they were reunited after several long months; the day when Draco broke down while telling his Father his impossible assignment to kill Albus Dumbledore.

Now, Draco sat before the older man, tears silently streaming down his face as he tried to collect himself, because he was feeling like a child all over again, about to get something he cherished taken away for being insubordinate.
“You love him.”

It wasn’t a question.

Draco swallowed, his throat painfully tight. Lucius had rounded the desk slowly, like he was approaching a feral animal instead of the child he raised, and stood before him.

“Draco, look at me.” Draco rubbed the tear tracks away heatedly and turned his face up to meet his father’s.

“You’re going to end this,” Lucius demanded sternly.

“Father—”

“Don’t make me be the bad guy here, son,” Lucius beseeched him. He bowed his head to pinched the bridge of his nose, thinking silently for a minute. “It’s not that I don’t want you to have a chance at happiness, Draco. *This*, whatever this is, going on between you and Potter, it *cannot* continue. Draco, he belongs to the Dark Lord.”

Draco balked angrily at the claim, finding his voice for real for the first time since they’d arrived at the study. “He’s not a piece of property, Father!”

Lucius slammed his hand down onto the desk and Draco recoiled ever so slightly.

“Yes, *he is*, Draco! It is deplorable, it is ugly, but it is the reality of his situation! Furthermore, son, the reality of our situation is that we are meant to look after him and Hyperion. We keep them alive and we follow any other commands the Dark Lord gives us, because to disobey is certain death. You do not get *intimate* with someone like Harry Potter. You can’t let yourself fall for someone you can never be with, son.”

“Right, father, because you don’t care about Hyperion? You’re telling me if the Dark Lord killed him tomorrow, you’d feel nothing?” Draco spat, not caring if he was being disrespectful in the least. Lucius’s nostrils flared dangerously but he paused momentarily.

“I don’t discourage you from showing the Potters compassion and even friendship whatsoever,” he eventually said, in a steely voice. “We can feign indifference when it is necessary. Loving someone though, Draco, *loving* someone renders you more vulnerable. Do you expect me to believe that you don’t feel jealous, upset, possessive, *livid*, when the Dark Lord comes by to call upon Potter? What happens when someday it gets to be too much to handle and you lose yourself?”

Draco recalled faintly the startling urge he felt to stab the Dark Lord in the heart with his knife at breakfast on the morning of Harry’s twenty-third birthday. He’d been all too tempted to plunge it in, to kill the man defiling Harry, *touching* him, in front of his family, their son…

“What about Hyperion? He will be devastated!”

Draco’s heart sank. He had been so upset with Harry a month ago, for risking the life of Hyperion by acting out at Hogwarts…yet, here Draco was, doing the same thing by continuing their relationship. Allowing it to grow and blossom and deepen…

“Do you understand?” Lucius pressed lowly, as if he were reading Draco’s mind. Draco’s heart sank. He had been so upset with Harry a month ago, for risking the life of Hyperion by acting out at Hogwarts…yet, here Draco was, doing the same thing by continuing their relationship. Allowing it to grow and blossom and deepen…

Harry had confessed his love for Draco a mere couple weeks ago…and Draco couldn’t say it back. Not because he didn’t, because *fuck*, Draco did, but because…deep down, he knew Harry James Potter could never be completely his. Deep, *deep* down, Draco knew they were playing a dangerous game and it was only a matter of time before something like this happened.

Draco had been trying to protect them both, because uttering those three words back to Harry
would’ve been like he was signing the death warrants of his parents and their beautifully perfect son. He didn’t want them to pay for their decisions.

They had let themselves fall too hard for each other. They had been so selfish.

He thought of his promises to Harry, even the one he’d made to him that afternoon, claiming that he’d be there for him no matter what...

He thought of sweet lips against his.

Soft laughter.

A fiery spirit, bending but refusing to break.

Vivid green eyes looking up at him, accepting and loving.

Slowly, agonizingly, he nodded to his father, surrendering to the logic in his head instead of the desire in his heart.

“I’ll end it.”

The Cruciatus Curse would’ve hurt a lot less than this.

Chapter End Notes

So, I was listening to 'The Scientist' by Coldplay and the angst got real.
Sorry.
It kind of had to happen, though.
...I'll go hide now.
I think this is the longest time in between chapters thus far. Sorry about that, folks. I had a hell of a time with some parts of this chapter. But here it is. I'm thinking there will be three or four more chapters after this!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Flashback: February 14th, 2002

“Dance with me.”

Harry’s head shot up and he let out a startled laugh. “What?”

Draco rose an eyebrow at him and sneered but the subtle flush on his cheeks ruined his façade. He shifted awkwardly on the bed he was currently reclined on.

“Never mind. Forget I said anything; I’m just bored as fuck…” he sighed and tossed his book to the side. It skidded across his mattress and toppled over onto the floor open at the spine, and pages bending. Harry rolled his eyes and stood up from where he was straddling Draco’s desk chair to pick up the textbook.

“You’d break Hyperion’s heart if he saw you treating the books this way.”

“Sorry,” Draco mumbled, his arm hooked over to cover his face dramatically. Harry shrugged and placed it onto the nightstand.

“We’re perpetually bored, Draco. Nothing unusual.”

“Big word,” Draco drawled, and Harry leaned forward to slap him on the arm.

“Don’t be a jerk…get up.”

Draco let himself be tugged over and up into a seated position onto the edge of the bed, doing little to help support his own weight.

“Get up, you tosser!” Harry grunted, pulling roughly on the lazy blonde.

Draco smirked at him and took pity, finally sliding off the bed.

“Let’s do it,” Harry offered.

Draco looked puzzled and glanced at the door. “Now? It’s the middle of the day—”

“For the love of Merlin, I’m not talking about sex, Malfoy! Dance with me.” It was Harry’s turn to be flustered and Draco shot him a sly grin as he took his hand.
They danced.

It was awkward and silly and they both sniggered like children as Harry stumbled around much like he had in their fourth year at the Yule Ball. There was no music, but they didn’t need it.

“Ouch! Stop stepping on my feet. It’s like trying to dance with Hagrid—ouch, damn it, you did that one on purpose, Potty!”

Harry glowered, “Don’t insult Hagrid.”

“Declaring that he is clumsy is not an insult; it’s factual. I’ve seen him dance in our fourth year too, you realize.” Harry huffed and Draco spun him around and he couldn’t stay disgruntled.

“You’re making me dizzy with the damn spins,” Harry told him, digging his heels into the carpet to steady himself and Draco didn’t let go of him but stopped their movements. “I was bad back then and I’m bad at it now.”

“You’re not that horrendous,” Draco told him smoothly. “You just need to breathe and concentrate on the proper technique.”

“Are you offering me dance lessons, Draco?” Harry teased, grinning at him. He was surprised when the blonde shrugged.

“It’s not like there is anything more stimulating to do around this hovel,” Draco muttered. Harry regarded him suspiciously.

“Serious?” Dance lessons taught by Draco Malfoy. What was his life coming to? Eventually he surrendered to the ridiculousness. “Okay, teacher. Educate me,” he relented, an uncertain chuckle escaping him.

“Hmm, sounds like kinky roll play,” Draco declared, and then he shifted Harry’s body gently into proper form, one of his own hands came out to sit on his waist and the other one came up to clasp Harry’s. Harry snorted.

“I feel stupid.”

“Dancing is not stupid.”

“Me dancing is stupid, though,” his head ducked down to stare at his feet, trying to follow Draco’s steps and he stumbled once more.

“Don’t look at your feet, Harry, look at me. Keep count in your head and trust me to lead you.”

Harry did.

They had managed to get through a few turns without Harry demolishing Draco’s feet and the blonde looked so pleased that Harry had to lean forward and kiss him.

“Hmm,” Draco murmured contently as he pulled away. His grey eyes sparkled and a devious smile appeared on his handsome face. He shifted back smoothly and Harry automatically followed the motion. Draco stepped to the side and shifted his weight onto his left leg while moving Harry’s hand from his own grip onto his shoulder instead. He held onto the brunette’s hips and guided him into a deep dip.

Harry yelped and scrambled to wrap his arms around Draco’s shoulders tightly, afraid he was going
to lose his balance. “Shit, don’t do that!” Draco smirked and pulled him back up to stand. Harry glared at him indignantly but didn’t pull away. “I’m not a girl, don’t do that,” he grumbled.

Draco scowled reproachfully. “That is a rather sexist statement, don’t you think?”

Harry had the good sense to look abashed but couldn’t help the scoff that left his throat.

“This, coming from you? An accusation of bigotry?” Harry said with a half-hearted sneer. Draco sneered back.

“My my, you’re starting to sound like a Slytherin.” Harry dropped his curled lip and snorted.

“It was bound to happen in this house. The Slytherin is rubbing off on me, I suppose,” he informed him exasperatedly. Draco grinned wickedly. “Don’t even start—I worded that wrong. Merlin, you’re perverted, Malfoy.”

Draco shrugged unapologetically, his thumbs stroked back and forth over Harry’s hips idly. “It’s entirely your fault.”

“Oh really?” Harry chuckled, “How so?”

“You’re…you.” Draco flushed and looked uncomfortable now.

“Well, yes. I’ve realized that much. Give me some credit here, Draco,” Harry told him dryly.

“No, I mean…you drive me crazy.” Harry looked slightly putout at that and Draco corrected hurriedly— “In a good way, Harry… I just can’t seem to stay away from you. You’re like a magnet, drawing me in, and I can’t quit wanting you. Touching you, kissing you. I feel like a hormonal teenager all over again and it’s entirely your fault.”

It was Harry’s turn to blush, the warmth spread into his chest and face, the palms of his hands to the tips of his toes.


“Pardon?” Draco said. Harry’s fingers twitched on the other man’s shoulders, restraining himself from the desire to hug him.

“We’ve been driving each other crazy for just about half our lives now,” Harry informed him matter-of-factly. “Not in an entirely good way, of course. I’ve spent the majority of it wanting to knock the perfect teeth out of your mouth, honestly. But you know, the past few years, you’ve been one of the only aspects of my life that makes me happy. I mean, we have Hyperion, and your parents aren’t horrible like I used to think they were, and my god, the sex is great. Really, really great. A-And I’m going to stop talking now, because I’m babbling like a bumbling idiot,” Harry finished, his hand palmed the side old his face in mortification.

Draco’s grin was huge though. “Half our lives, eh? That’s got to be some sort of anniversary we could celebrate.”

Harry rolled his eyes, “We just established that we can’t do that! It’s the middle of the day. Anyone could walk in on us stalkers.” Draco’s eyes glittered and he walked Harry backwards until his back hit the wall with Draco before him.

“We don’t have to get naked to enjoy ourselves,” Draco whispered in his ear and goosebumps rippled along Harry’s neck and arms. He gripped a hand into Draco’s collar and dragged him flush
against his body, loving the heat and weight of the other’s form against his. Another tug and Harry pressed an open mouth kiss to Draco’s neck.

“What did you have in mind?” Harry asked lowly. Draco swiveled his hips into Harry’s teasingly and they both moaned as their clothed erections met.

“Tell me more,” Draco demanded. Another rub up against each other.

“Hm?”

“Tell me what’s ‘really, really great’ about sex with me,” Draco clarified. More grinding.

“Are we stroking cocks or stroking egos, here?” Harry quipped and the blonde laughed breathlessly.

“Both, preferably. Tell me. Please.” A firm thrust of their hips.

“Mm, fuck. Fuck, okay,” Harry groaned. “I love your c-cock.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah—it’s bloody perfect,” he gasped out a laugh, desperate for more friction. “You know how to use it, what spot to hit, how to make me cum so hard I see stars.” Draco’s thrusts and grinds grew harder, and Harry found himself sliding up the wall, barely on his toes from the force of their humping.

“Fuck, Harry,” He reached down and yanked Harry’s left thigh up so it could hook around Draco’s waist. “What else?” He resumed his insistent movements.

“Ungh! I—I like when you suck me off or—or eat me out. You are so good with your mouth,” Merlin, he was so aroused and so embarrassed at making these confessions. He liked when Draco talked dirty to him—but him being the one to do it made him a bit self-conscious and ridiculous. He didn’t really see himself as a sexy person…but Draco seemed to like it, if his flushed face and dilated pupils were any indication.

The grip on his thigh tightened and Harry could feel the heat pool into his own belly from the fierce stimulation. Draco captured his mouth for a thorough snog. It was messier than usual but neither wanted to pause long enough to kiss properly. Draco broke away and his face went back to the side of Harry’s head where he could speak huskily into his ear.

“I love sucking you off. I love—Merlin—eating you out before I fuck you, getting you nice and wet for me. I love watching my cock stretch you out and how your back arches and your toes curl when I pound you into the mattress,” Draco growled out, hips grinding a little more erratically.

More.

More.

More.

“Oh God, please don’t stop—” Harry pleaded into Draco’s damp neck. He could feel the Slytherin’s pulse hammering beneath his lips.

Harder.

Harder.
Harder...

“I love when you beg me, when you plead for more and scream my name. I love that I’m the one that gets to see you come undone like this. I love that you let me take care of you, let me make you writhe and moan and fill you until your dripping with my—”

Harry cried into Draco’s neck as his orgasm drove through him; his legs trembled and internally he was grateful that Draco and the wall were supporting some of his weight. Draco growled one last time and his body grew taut as he greeted the aftershocks of Harry’s peak with an orgasm of his own.

Draco collapsed heavily against him and they stood, just barely, panting heavily. “Did we just dry hump like a couple of sex-crazed fourteen-year-olds?” Harry asked him hazily.

“Mmm, you and I both know your innocent little self wasn’t doing this at fourteen, Harry,” Draco snickered and was rewarded with another whack to his arm.

“Do you always have to be a prat?”

“Well, not always.”

Harry scoffed. Draco ran his fingers up Harry’s back, the sweat partially soaking through his shirt, and cupped the back of his neck to draw him into a gentle snog.

“Harry?”

“Yes, arsehole?”

“Happy Valentine’s Day.”

Harry smiled brilliantly at him, and semi-reluctantly melted back into his post-orgasmic puddle of affection.

“Happy Valentine’s Day…sweetheart.” Draco pulled back slightly.

“No.”

“Hunny?”

“Absolutely not.”

“…Cupcake?”

“Keep talking and I’ll leave you without a scourgify to that sticky mess in your pants, Potter.”

“Ha! So sorry, my magnificent sex-god.”

“Much better.” Harry’s laugh was stifled by a pair of descending lips.

August 17th, 2003

Harry watched from a distance as Hyperion ran along the beach, sand warm and dry, kicking up a bit underneath his bare feet as he rushed along. He wore a pair of blue swim shorts and was clutching a small ball in his left hand.
He skidded to a halt and turned to hurl the ball towards the water causing a black mass of fur to whip past him, chasing the ball into the ocean, swimming against the light current to fetch the object and Hyperion cheered alongside the shore, jumping and clapping for the dog enthusiastically.

The sun was blinding some of Harry’s vision, but he saw another figure joined his son at the shore, tall and slender but his chest and stomach had some nice definition and Harry recognized it instantly, even before the man’s face appeared more clearly because he’d kissed that chest before, touched it, rested his head against it—Draco came into focus as Harry came closer and the Slytherin smiled and carded his fingers through the young boy’s light hair as the soaked dog traipsed back to them, shaking his fur and the two blondes jumped back, Draco looking mildly offended but not entirely cross. He turned his head to Harry and rolled his eyes heavenwards, huffed out a sigh, said something that wasn’t audible to Harry, and then smiled brilliantly.

It seemed so real: Harry could see the beads of water trickle down Draco’s torso and Hyperion’s sweet, flushed face, stretched widely with a grin of his own. Draco motioned to their son to walk ahead of them and Hyperion and the dog trotted back from the shore obediently.

An arm swept towards him and wrapped snugly around Harry’s waist and Draco was speaking to him, saying something, but Harry couldn’t hear the words the other man spoke, nor the ones he felt his mouth replying.

Harry walked with them away from the beach finally taking in the full scenery; the sand turned into lush green grass and they climbed up lightly-colored stone steps, wide and on a gradual incline rather than narrow and steep. At the top, Harry found that they led up to the largest pool he’d ever seen in his life and a massive home—a mansion, to be more precise.

It was beautiful though, if a bit flashier than Harry was used to. It was more welcoming compared to the darker appearance of Malfoy Manor, he noted, and Harry didn’t know a lot about architecture but he liked the look of the stone columns and archways that led out towards the massive pool. After being closed up in a home for over five years, the openness was refreshing.

Everything was excessively luxurious and Harry would’ve considered it overindulgent and snobbish if it didn’t seem so breathtakingly peaceful.

It honestly was a home fitting for a Malfoy. Draco and Hyperion deserved that beauty and peace in their lives. They’d suffered enough. They’d lost so much.

And although his conscious mind knew he’d never be a part of this equation, it was still reassuring to Harry, to see his boys happy.

At last, they’d found sanctuary.

... "Where’s Draco?" Harry said, his previous grogginess was gone instantly when Draco’s father walked into his bedroom the next morning instead of Draco himself. He had woken up with a smile on his face, his dreams for once pleasant and hopeful instead of haunting. The happy fog cleared when Lucius eyed him reproachfully but instead of responding, the man ignored him as he pulled clothes out of the dresser for him and slammed it shut a little harder than necessary.

Harry watched him warily as he stalked into the bathroom before hopping off his bed to scurry after him, his sheets and blankets still caught around his body and Harry shook himself free from them. They fell to the floor but Harry paid them little mind.
“Is he okay? Is he ill?” he questioned keenly, on Lucius’s heels and the older man spun around so swiftly Harry stumbled into him. “Ouch—sorry!” He backed off, hands up apologetically.

“Apology accepted.” Lucius said stiffly.

“But where’s—”

“I will be taking over my son’s duties from now on.” Harry’s mouth dropped open in disbelief and he fidgeted uneasily under the Malfoy Patriarch’s scrutiny. Was Draco upset with him?

“W-why?” Lucius arched an eyebrow at him coolly, his arms coming up to fold over his chest.

“I know, Mr. Potter,” he said in a tight, controlled voice and Harry’s brow furrowed. Malfoy’s were so difficult—couldn’t he just come out and say what was going on instead of being so bloody cryptic?

“Huh?” he said, dumbfounded. “Know what?”

“1. Know.” Harry stopped dead in his tracks and mouth shut with an audible snap. “You and my son were foolish and incredibly arrogant in thinking you could continue such a charade without ever being discovered. You two have been deceitful and brazen and I’m ashamed of you both.” He added harshly.

Oh.

Oh shit.

Harry’s body felt like it had caught fire; his insides were clenching tightly and he could feel sweat forming along the back if his neck and spine and he shifted backwards to the door instinctively in case the older man decided he wanted to throttle him.

Lucius shot him a warning look and pointed to the tub. “Just get in.”

Right, because getting naked and vulnerable at a time like this sounded like such a wise idea. He took another step towards the door but it swung shut behind him with an agitated wave of Lucius’s wand.

“For the love of Merlin,” the blonde man snapped, sitting down on the vanity chair and cross his legs looking proper and poised even in a bathroom. “I’m not going to hurt you, Potter; I’m under strict orders to keep you alive at all costs.”

Harry bit his lip and with nervous fingers he proceeded to unbutton his top. He felt like he had swallowed a brick whole, his stomach was so heavy.

“And if you didn’t have those orders?” Harry mumbled under his breath to himself but the other man must’ve heard them anyways because he responded unhesitatingly.

“I’d likely take my cane to you and my son both,” he stated mildly, as if he were discussing the weather and not his desire to dole out a thrashing to two young men for being foolish. Harry couldn’t help the slight indignant sound that came from his throat but he stepped out of his pajama bottoms anyways because he had absolutely no desire to disobey the man. He swallowed thickly.

“Do you mind,” he asked quietly, gesturing to his pants feeling properly cowed and heavy-hearted. Lucius said nothing more, he just turned his head away to give Harry enough privacy to strip himself of his underwear and submerge his body into the steaming bath. He rearranged the bubbles modestly
and they sat in a troubled silence for several long minutes.

“You’re not going to get clean just sitting there, Mr. Potter.”

“…”

“Potter.”

“S-sorry,” Harry muttered, shaking himself out of his thoughts. He sat in the tub, hugging his knees up to his chest and as staring into space, his mind whirring and heart breaking…

“No matter,” Lucius murmured. He sounded almost…sympathetic.

“So…it’ll be you from now on?” Harry confirmed quietly, running the sponge over his arm, feeling the sharp pain in his throat and willing it away. Lucius didn’t need to say it aloud…this was the end of his and Draco’s relationship.

*It was doomed to happen, anyways.*

“I think it is for the best.”

Harry nodded quickly, his head lowering to hide his face and rubbed the sponge weakly down his left leg. It was another minute of half-hearted washing before Lucius handed him his towel and Harry was drying off and dressing silently, trying to keep his hands from shaking.

However, it wasn’t until the older man waved his wand to dry Harry’s long wavy hair and pulled it into a neat braid until his resolve broke and he buried his face into hands, embarrassed of the tears that finally spilled over.

The harsh reality of his situation crept upon him fully, *suffocating* him. His imminent death in a matter of days was taunting him, pressing in on him from all directions until Harry couldn’t escape the daunting truth: he would spend his last days on earth without Draco’s arms around him, his touch, his kiss…

It was a horribly empty feeling.

If Harry was being honest with himself, he knew Lucius was right. It was for the best.

But Merlin, if he had known the night before that those wonderful kisses shared between him and Draco would be their *last*…Harry knew he would’ve never stopped kissing him.

Lucius had his hand resting on his shoulder, hesitant and light, as if he were unsure the gesture would be welcome. Harry didn’t brush it off.

“I should’ve never let it get so far,” Harry mumbled from behind his fingers.

“I can’t say I’m pleased with either of you,” Lucius began, his voice grave and tired and Harry wanted him to stay because for some inexplicable reason he found a rare comfort in the older Malfoy’s presence, but he also wanted to punch him in his stupid aristocratic face, because if he had just gone to *bed* instead of poking around his room last night everything would still be the same!

*For the week, at least…*came the niggling thought.

He just wanted one more blasted week with Draco…

Harry knew he wasn’t being fair. He knew they were playing a dangerous game and putting lives at
risk and it was *fucking stupid*… but it didn’t make him any less bitter.

“We were being careful,” Harry mumbled. His mind was doing flips, going back and forth between needing to be sensible and wanting to be selfish.

“Not careful enough, apparently. Intimate touches and flirtations in the hallway are hardly what I would consider ‘careful,’” Lucius responded sternly. “Had I been anyone else and walked in on you two—” he grimaced at the thought, “—it would’ve been treason. *Your* son and my *own* would likely be dead right now.” His last words were whispered, like it was distressful for the man to even utter them.

Harry rubbed his eyes. He felt drained already and it wasn’t even eight in the morning yet.

“I know.”

“Do you?” Harry raised his eyes and gazed stubbornly at Lucius’s own cool features. This time he did shrug the hand off but Lucius didn’t seem phased; he brought it up to cross his arms over his chest without missing a beat.

“Yes,” Harry snapped indigently and ignored the glare sent his way.

“Look at me, Mr. Potter.”

“Harry. My name is Harry. We’ve lived together in the same bloody house for five years but you won’t call me by my name. What are you so afraid of?”

“I am not afraid of any—”

“You are!” he accused and he knew he was being unreasonable, but damn it, he was angry and hurting enough as it was without Lucius’s interference! “I think you’re afraid if you call me by my first name it’ll make me a viable person in your eyes instead of Voldemort’s worthless half-blooded *whore*. So you can sleep better at night thinking I’m just a toy to be fucked instead of a *real* person who could actually *care* about your son—”

Lucius’s hand came out so fast Harry didn’t have time to recoil before it covered his mouth furiously and Lucius’s eyes flashed at him, looking irritated. “That is enough.” he told him firmly. He grasped Harry by the arm, spun him around and marched him into the bedroom, depositing him on the bed. “Listen to me, Potter—Harry,” Lucius began. He hesitated momentarily clearly thinking what he wanted to say. Eventually he let out a long breath and sat down next to him on the duvet. “…When Hyperion was born, how did you feel?”

Harry blinked at him unbelieving. “Happy, of course.”

“And?” Lucius pressed.

“Scared, I suppose…”

“Anxious, elated, relieved he was healthy?”

“Err, yeah—”

“That is precisely how I felt when Draco was born. I don’t believe anything can truly prepare us for the way parenthood changes us, Potter. We dedicate our lives to raising our children, praying they do not make our same mistakes, hoping they become strong and wise and happy individuals.”
Harry glanced at the other man, who was no longer looking in his direction but instead staring at the far wall, lost in his own words. Harry nodded and leaned his head against the bed post, clutching it tightly, feeling the need to hold onto something for support. He agreed with the sentiment completely.

“...Yes.” was all he could voice.

“You love your son. You want what’s best for him, yes? You want him to have all the things in life he needs and wants but Pot—Harry, if Hyperion wanted to play with fire, would you let him?”

“Of course not,” Harry scorned at the obvious question.

“Exactly, because even if it was what he wanted, we also know better than to let our children do something that could get them hurt—or killed.”

The tears were pushing hard against the back of his eyes again and Harry squeezed the post more tightly.

“Draco’s an adult...” Harry’s voice cracked. Why was he trying to defend his actions? He couldn’t be with Draco. It just wasn’t meant to be. He was going to be dead before the month was through. He knew this, he accepted it—he had no choice but to accept it. However, not being able to do this on his own terms struck a sour chord with Harry. He never had a choice.

“He’s still my child. Whether he’s three, twenty-three or one-hundred-three, I’ll never stop looking out for his best interests...even if he grows to detest me for it. I’ve already let him down more than I would like to admit...Autres temps, autres mœurs...I will not let my son get burned again.”

Harry shook his head, unable to say anything more, because he knew Lucius was right and he hated how badly his heart ached beneath his ribcage. Eventually he opened his mouth, words tumbling out softly, with broken resignation.

“I do love him. It wasn’t just...messing around, if that’s what you think. I do love him,” he repeated sadly.

Lucius pursed his lips, and his head finally turned back to face Harry.

“It was never my intention to imply otherwise. My only question is: do you love Draco enough to keep him safe? To protect him and Hyperion? For as long as you keep this relationship going you are putting both their lives at risk.”

Harry blinked and two more tears slid down his right cheek that he wiped away hurriedly and he nodded.

“Yes.”

“Good.”

Lucius exhaled slowly out of his nose, either feeling relieved or exhausted or both, which was most likely and the hand came up to squeeze his shoulder again.

“For what it’s worth, I do not think you’re a—how did you say it so eloquently? —a ‘worthless whore’ or just a ‘toy to be fucked’,;” Lucius finished critically and Harry’s eyebrows rose to his hairline and he snorted.

“Your language is abysmal, sir,” he deadpanned.
“Impertinent brat.” Lucius’s response was sardonic but Harry heard the hint of fondness in the man’s tired voice and although his chest ached and his throat felt tight and eyes burned from too many tears shed, he couldn’t help but smile the tiniest bit.

He found himself taking a deep breath.

It was for the best...

Harry went to his son’s room to get him ready for another day and as he walked hand in hand with Hyperion down to breakfast, the dream he had during the night came back to him. Ever so slightly, he felt the pressure on his chest lessen.

Perhaps someday Draco could find someone else to make him happy and give their son a mother or another father and they’d be okay. Life could go on for them.

The dream wasn’t real; a figment of his desperate imagination…but for Harry, it would be enough to get him through his last days.

To say things were awkward at breakfast was an understatement. Harry found himself leaning closer to Hyperion and ignoring Draco completely. It was another silent affair, tense, uncomfortable, and if Harry was permitted to skip a meal entirely, he probably would have.

Lucius seemed stiffer (than usual), and he must’ve told his wife about their torrid relationship because Narcissa, who was usually the one to start up pleasant conversation during their mealtimes, seemed rather rigid as well. Draco kept his own head down towards his plate and Harry wanted to vanish in thin air because it was mortifying to think Draco’s parents now knew their only son had been screwing the ‘Boy-Who-Lived’ behind their backs. He couldn’t help feeling slightly ashamed too, like he’d disappointed them.

It wasn’t until that afternoon, when he and Hyperion were reading some God-awful book ‘The Fundamentals of Nutritional Potion-Making, Volume II’ in the library, that Draco acknowledged him.

He looked pale and tired and Harry had to summon all his Gryffindor courage to meet his gray eyes. The pain was evident there, and Harry knew his own pain was reflecting back. Draco walked tentatively in the room and Harry didn’t like to see the blonde lacking his usual confidence and poise. He bit his lip hard, watching as Draco sunk down into an adjacent armchair, legs crossing and eyes never leaving Harry’s.

There was so much they needed to say but Hyperion was there in his lap so Harry forced himself to settle back and continue on with his reading of the dull text for his son’s sake. Perhaps couldn’t make Draco happy anymore, but he’d be damned if he didn’t keep his boy happy.

Eventually Hyperion slunk off to play with Dragon in his room and Harry and Draco sat alone.

“Harry…I…” Draco looked at him helplessly. Harry smiled at him weakly, his fingers lightly tapping the book in his lap, tracing the gold embossed lettering idly, like this wasn’t as painful as it was.

“It’s okay,” he reassured him. “I’m fine. Really, Draco, it was a matter of time. We made a mistake and we were caught and, well, I guess we should be grateful your dad was the one instead of Vol—”

“Don’t.” Draco looked affronted, his mouth twisted like he had tasted something terrible.
Harry’s voice cut off and he opened his mouth and closed it a couple times, taken aback.

“Huh?”

“I said, don’t Harry. Don’t call it a mistake. Don’t cheapen it to hollow fucking we did to pass the time. It wasn’t like that for me and I know it wasn’t like that for you either.”

Harry stared at him, puzzled. “O-of course it wasn’t.”

“Right.” Draco said, inclining his head once in a curt nod. “Right…” he repeated more softly. Draco stood up and inched closer to him until he was right in front of Harry, and Harry could feel his pulse quicken as the other young man leaned down, slipping something into his hand and covering it with his own.

“I didn’t want it to be like this,” Draco said, his voice sounded heavy and soft at the same time. “I know that it’s safer this way, safer for Hyperion. We got in too deep and—I didn’t want to stop. I couldn’t stop. I’m so bloody hooked on you Harry Potter. Damn you for being so—” His voice seized in his throat and he sat down on the edge of the lounge still clasping Harry’s hand in his tightly.

Harry surveyed the blonde boy, wanting nothing more than to wrap him in his arms and hide from everything that threatened their happiness but he forced his shoulders to remain anchored against the back of the chaise. There was no hiding from reality.

He recollected breaking up with Ginny back when he was sixteen. He had been so intrigued by her —her strength, her beauty, her determined nature. She had been a force to be reckon with. His first real relationship.

He had honestly thought he’d marry her someday. Have a handful of kids. Probably become and Auror. Send his flock of kids off to Hogwarts and all would be well…

His capture had altered the course of his life in ways that he could’ve never foreseen. Then Draco, this snarky git, came along and turned everything on its head. Every time he felt like he couldn’t take anymore, Draco stood in his corner, determined and strong and beautiful in his own Slytherin-y way. He craved Draco in ways he’d never craved Ginny Weasley. He found not just companionship in the other boy, but fierce passion and crazy, unadulterated love. He breathed life into Harry on his darkest days, gave him a son, gave him reason after reason to fight on another day, reminding him that even if he felt lost, he could still be found.

He had love for Ginny, but he was in love with Draco.

The older he got, Harry realized that there was a big difference.

…Losing Draco and understanding its perpetuity was agony.

‘Harry, suffering like this proves you are still a man! This pain is part of being human—’

He swallowed, his throat feeling tight.

And Merlin, did love hurt.

His parents.

Sirius.
Dumbledore.

Ron.

Hermione.

Remus.

The Weasleys.

Baby James, mere hours old.

Even Snape.

Even the Malfoys.

Draco, the snarky, charming, pratty--love of his life.

Hyperion, his sweet, clever Little Bird.

Love fucking hurt!

That’s how you know it is real…

…the ‘power the Dark Lord knows not…’

He jerked visibly, startled, when Draco began speaking again.

“I meant what I said though, Harry, you were never just another fling to me, okay? You make me happy, you make me feel—that won’t ever change. No one could ever compare to you.” He cupped his hand against the side of Harry’s face, his thumb caressing the soft skin of his cheek. Draco closed the distance between them and captured his lips in one last kiss. Harry’s own lips parted and moved against Draco’s urgently, deeply, laden with emotion, and then Draco parted from him reluctantly, his breath coming out in warm little puffs against Harry’s face. “No one…”

The hand on his cheek and the grip on his hand withdrew completely and Draco quickly stood up. He spun on heel and Harry realized the rapid escape was because the other boy was hurting too. Draco walked over to the door pausing only to shoot Harry one last look, the solemn longing evident on his pale face as it turned back towards Harry over his shoulder. He smiled weakly before leaving without another word and Harry stared at the empty doorway for several moments. Finally, with the ghost of the kiss still on his lips, he looked down at the little origami heart in his hand, same size as the first, feeling like the last pieces of his life were being chipped away and he was shattering a little more every day.

It continued on for the rest of the week. Every day he’d find another paper heart, left behind for only him to find. It became a routine for them; under his pillow, under the lounge cushion in the library, wedged into one of Harry’s favorite few books stocked on the shelves…and Harry collected every single one of them, keeping them safe in his pocket, determined to have something of Draco close to him one way or another.

As Harry’s remaining days trudged on, it became a playful little reminder of what once was and…an aching reminder of what would never be again.
Autres temps, autres mœurs--Other times, other values.

My poor, broken-hearted Drarry.

Guys, I know Harry is a mess. I wasn't sure for a long time how I felt about him in this chapter. He's so wishy-washy and emotionl and I wasn't certain I liked him seeming so...weak. Because Harry is suppose to be the selfless hero that walks to his death in the Deathly Hollows, bravely, to save the world.

However, Harry in this story has been captured and tortured by the man who killed his parents and first-born son for over five years. He has found love in Draco and became a father to Hyperion. He's changed drastically. He's lost so much but at the same time he has a lot to lose now more than ever. So he's truly a hurricane of emotions.

It's eating away at him in his last days, because reality is setting in.

So, I'm sorry if Harry seems too angsty right now. I'm sorry if he seems less like the hero at this point. He's human. Hopefully no one seems to be bothered by the change in his character.
My apologies, people! I've made you lovely readers wait over a month for this one. I promise though, next chapter will be up much more quickly. We are very nearly there...

Much of the premise of this chapter is taken from directly from the Deathly Hallows (elements from both book and movie), but obviously it was rigged to accommodate my own plot and two werewolves. Y'all know I don't own. ;)

No Harry or Malfoys in this chapter. It's actually Remus's POV in the beginning and then shifts to Fenrir's for the majority. Hope you guys still enjoy it, nonetheless. :) Harry will definitely be back in 19! (As will the angst).

Also, Fenrir has a potty-mouth.

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**August 29th, 2003 (Present day)**

“I’m going with you.”

“No.”

“Remus—”

“Fenrir.”

“You’re pissing me off!!”

“Now you know what it feels like to be with you.”

“For fucks’ sake, Remus!” Fenrir growled, his fists clenched at his sides and burly chest heaving, trying to reign in his temper and desire to assert his dominance over his mate. Said mate, in a manner typical for him, refused to stand down.

“Fenrir, I need you to stay with Teddy!”

“Teddy will be safe with the pack. You’d be safer with me by your side, and you know it.” Remus exhaled loudly as he shoved the clothing he’d be changing into inside a worn leather rucksack. He slung it over his shoulder and turned back to Fenrir.

“Are you going to walk me to the perimeter or not?” he asked moodily.

“You’re so goddamn stubborn, Lupin,” the other man growled instead of responding.

“Fine. Goodbye, then.” Remus spun around, his rusty colored hair whipping haphazardly by the force of his turn and made to stalk out of the hut. Fenrir made no move to follow him but Remus stopped at the door when he whispered gruffly in the painful silence of their home.
“My mate, I love you.”

Remus slumped, his forehead coming to rest against the wood in front of him.

“…and you say I am stubborn, Fen,” he murmured hoarsely. He felt the strong presence against his back and a scruffy chin rested onto the juncture of his shoulder. “Don’t do this to me,” Remus implored softly.

“It goes against everything I am to beg, Remus, but I will if it’ll stop you from going alone. I will not let you die for this.”

“You’re so certain that I’m going to fail my mission,” he claimed, but didn’t shove the man away. “You doubt my strength this much?”

He felt Fenrir shake his head against his neck, and hands on his hips turned him around so he stood between Fenrir and the door. “I don’t doubt your strength dilectus alterum,” he told him firmly. “I just wish to shoulder weight.” Remus sighed almost inaudibly, a hand coming up to grasp the side of a sinewy neck before running his knuckles along the prickly jaw.

“…How do you suppose we explain your presence with Bellatrix Lestrange to the Goblins when our kind has been exiled?” he asked finally.

Fenrir shrugged. “I’ve been seen with her in Diagon Alley before. I could be recruited as a body guard for all the know. Hell, I’m a half-breed. Maybe they’ll have some sympathy.”

“Goblins are hardly renowned for their sympathy, Fenrir. Greed: yes. Sympathy: not so much.”

Fenrir huffed. “Then we bribe them.”

“With what? We have nothing to offer them.”

“We have that sword,” he gestured to the magically expanded bag Remus carried but Remus wagged his head negatively.

“We need it to destroy the cup.”

“Quid pro quo, Remus. Tit for tat. We use the sword to destroy the cup, then we hand the sword over to the Goblins.”

Remus looked up to the ceiling feeling conflicted with such a haphazard plan. After a long while he decided. He reached into his bag and pulled out a shimmering cloak from inside it and held it tightly to his chest, reluctant to part with it. It was his last option, if the potion didn’t work, and giving it to Fenrir would mean he would no longer have a back-up plan. The cloak was not big enough to cover them both.

If this worked it’d truly be a miracle. They didn’t have much else in the options department, though. Especially if Fenrir was hell-bent on following him.

He held it out to Fenrir then, who took it gingerly.

“What’s this?”

“Harry’s invisibility cloak. It was sent with the sword and potion. Stay under it and stay quiet. If we come across any Death Eaters on our way they’re not going to believe you were brought back into wizarding society to serve as Bellatrix Lestrange’s bodyguard. Voldemort no longer has use for our
kind…he’s not exactly desperate for followers these days…”

“Right,” Fenrir said, and he carefully draped the cloak over his right arm, his left arm coming round to pull Remus into his body.

He met the cerulean eyes with his own amber ones and he reached up with both hands to tug the man’s mouth to his own in a harsh kiss. He broke away after a thorough minute, lips wet and red from being bitten, and glared at his mate. “Let’s go, then.”

... 

“I want to rip those clothes off of you.”

“The face too, I imagine,” Remus muttered.

“Too fucking right,” Fenrir grumbled back as he followed Bellatrix Lestrange’s form through the doors of the bank. Even though he was invisible, he couldn’t help but glare heatedly at a couple and their young boy that were ogling at Remus as they passed by. His desire to protect the other man was intense but he pushed down the beast.

He was relieved to find they’d not come across any Death Eaters and since members of the light side were currently residing in Hogwarts, he imagined these people were originally neutral and therefore spared punishment after declaring their allegiance to the Dark Lord.

Wizards and Witches were no longer marked as Death Eaters. Those that wore the Dark Mark were held with the highest esteem in their society. They’d stood with Voldemort before the fall of Dumbledore, the Order, and Harry Potter, after all.

Remus played his part rather well. He strode in the bank with purpose, chin raised and harsh-eyed, behaving as if he was superior in every way. Very Bellatrix.

It was a little disconcerting seeing his mate like this. Even Remus’s normal scent was off—not quite himself but not exactly Bellatrix, either. He trailed behind Remus dutifully, close by but not in the way.

The long counter held a dozen goblins seated on stools, most were examining gold coins and a variety of trinkets under magnifying lenses and the rest were helping the few customers inside the bank.

It was early yet, most shops and businesses only just opened for the day. The less people around to spot them or ask questions, the better. The goblin looked up and did a slight double take when Remus walked up to his counter.

“Madam Lestra—”

“I wish to enter my vault,” Remus cut him off coldly, his voice altered to reflect whom he was impersonating.

The goblin didn’t even look remotely surprised as he was cut off so rudely. “Of course, Madam. I just need identification.”

Remus blinked once and then Bellatrix’s lip curled in a furious sneer and he snapped, “I’m the Dark Lord’s most loyal servant! How dare you treat me like this, you wretched half-breed?” The goblin fumbled the coin in his hand, looking wild-eyed in his nervousness and he set it down quickly.
“I meant no disrespect, Madam Lestrange,” amended the goblin hurriedly, “It is simply protocol. For the protection of your assets, of course—”

Fenrir felt unease rise into his chest as he watched Remus falter slightly in his confidence. Fenrir’s hand creeped to his trousers’ back pocket and carefully pulled out the wand he carried with him for the occasion, although he hadn’t had much desire to use it in the years he was cast out of society. Although he was born a wizard, he hardly was viewed as one now. Didn’t mean he couldn’t, though.

Concealed by Potter’s cloak, Fenrir jabbed the tip towards the goblin and whispered a nearly silent, “Imperio!” A strange sensation travelled from his mind, down his right arm, and seemingly connected to his wand and the subsequent curse he casted on the creature.

“—but I understand if you are in a hurry. I imagine a renowned witch such as yourself has much to attend to. I will not hold you up any longer. Right this way, Madam Lestrange…Dagnor, I need the clankers!”

Remus looked perplexed but he followed the goblin down the corridor and to an available cart that would take them to the lower levels of Gringotts.

Remus clamored in behind the creature and slid forward enough for Fenrir to climb in behind him in the available space. It was a little too cramped to be comfortable but Fenrir found himself resting his chin on his mate’s shoulder, trying to convey his reassurance and hoping that Remus couldn’t feel his arm grasping his wand pointed at the goblin, holding its will hostage through an Unforgivable spell.

And maybe he also clung to him because he didn’t like riding in these carts whatsoever...

The cart was shaking precariously as it sped down the tracks—they were heading deeper into the earth than Fenrir ever realized the bank went, and coming up rapidly to a water fall—

Water hit Fenrir full force, into his eyes, filling his mouth, and when the cart slammed to a sudden halt, they were thrown forcefully from it and Fenrir only just managed to keep his grip on his wand and his mate as they plummeted to their deaths...

Remus shouted something and then they hit the ground much more lightly than Fenrir had been preparing himself for. Remus had landed on top of him, no longer looking like Bellatrix Lestrange. They sat up panting heavily and sopping wet.

“Fen! The cloak, where’s the cloak?” Remus asked him, breathless and urgent.

“Underneath us. Here.”

Fenrir hoisted himself up to his feet, pulling the other man with him and bent down to grab the cloak and shoved it towards Remus before picking up his wand.

“You—” Remus began, startled.

“What’s this?” shrieked the goblin, pointing wildly between the pair of them with an accusing stumpy finger. “Werewolves! How did you—!”

“Imperio!” Fenrir snapped, thrusting his wand towards the ugly little thing once more and watching satisfyingly as his eyes glazed over and he surrendered to his will once more. He would not have this goblin threaten his mate.

“Fenrir…” Remus looked appalled. He took a breath as if he was preparing to lecture his Alpha
before he stopped short and gave a shrug.

“Quick reflexes,” he said finally as he tucked the cloak into his rucksack quickly. He plucked uncomfortably at the robe that was too snug on his body now, but they didn’t have time to wait for him to change.

*Take us to Bellatrix Lestrange’s personal vault,* Fenrir encouraged the goblin through his temporary link. The goblin smiled lazily and nodded his head.

They followed him down a long corridor, hearts pounding and adrenaline pumping through their veins, because if the booby-trap above knew they were imposters, then it was only a matter of time before the authorities were alerted. They rounded a corner and skidded to a stop and Fenrir swore so loudly that it echoed off the walls.

“Fuck Merlin up the fucking arse!”

Remus could only nod in agreement.

It appeared the rumors were true.

Chained to begs on the ground was a fucking Dragon, its scales pale and sickly, it’s eyes an unnerving pink color. Fenrir grabbed Remus by the arm and hauled him behind himself, teeth baring instinctively and snarling.

Remus’s nails bit into his arm warningly. “Don’t anger it, Fenrir. They must have a way to subdue it,” he hissed. Fenrir’s extended arm twitched his wand at the goblin.

Get us into the vault safely. The goblin didn’t even hesitate as he pulled out what he had previously referred to as a ‘clanker’ and, rotating his wrist, he sounded the instrument. The clanker rattled loudly, resonating off the walls and the dragon let out a tortured roar and retreated immediately.

Open the Lestrange vault! Fenrir urged the stout creature and Remus reached down to the small pouch that held another clanker, pulling it out and shaking it so that the goblin could open the vault.

“It must be trained to expect pain when they ring the clanker,” Remus said lowly, his eyes hooded and dark. Fenrir found himself nodding, not bother trying to hide his disgust as they advanced and he watched as the dragon cowered in fear of the rattling noise bouncing off the rock walls. “Poor thing…” Remus whispered to him as they passed massive dragon, noting every deep scratch mark slashed across its face.

“Hot swords?” Fenrir guessed gruffly. Remus looked ill. The wizarding world never seemed to care much for any of its creatures.

The goblin placed its palm on the vault and the door melted away to reveal a cave. Remus lit his wand immediately and Fenrir looked around a bit awkwardly. “It’s been a while. Which spell—”

“A *stupefy*, will do, I imagine,” Remus advised wryly. “Really, I don’t think I’ve seen you use your wand before.”

Fenrir stunned the goblin who fell with a light *thump* and stepped over his body. “Sure you have. That time you and I were out hunting in the forest and didn’t have any oil; I used a lubrication spell. I think you were too far gone to notice, though…and that’s why I don’t hunt with you anymore.” he stated smugly and then smirked at Remus as the man shot a reproving glare at him before walking along the stacks of gold, jewels, skins—*was that a fucking skull wearing a crown?*
Remus picked up a goblet from a shelf and yelped loudly, dropping it to the floor as Fenrir hurtled towards him concernedly. “Damn; it burned me,” groaned Remus. They watched in horror as the goblet shook slightly and then split itself into a duplicate—again and again. “A Gemino curse? Flagrante, too, I’m guessing,” he muttered to himself more than to Fenrir. He looked up at his mate, brow furrowed. “Don’t touch anything. The curse will bury us in fake gold and trinkets otherwise. Just look for a cup, Fen. The description said—”

“--two handles and a bloody badger engraved on it. I know…be careful. I’ll go right, you take the left side.”

With their wands both lit, they made their way through the vault, looking in every nook and cranny.

It seemed like an endless supply of wealth. Fenrir couldn’t fathom why any witch or wizard needed so much while others had so little...

These witches and wizards stayed warm in lavish homes while, since their exile, the adults and children of his pack were just barely getting through the winter.

Fenrir and his people hunted for hours to assure they wouldn’t go hungry.

*These greedy fucks*...

“There!” Remus called out to him, pointing his wand up the wall where a golden cup glittered on a high shelf. “*Accio! Accio cup!*” Remus tried. “Damn it! Summoning isn’t working and it’s too high for either of us to reach it...we can’t climb up without touching anything,” Remus said, hitting the stone wall of the cave in frustration.

Fenrir came to his side and looked up at the cup that stood several feet above his own impressive reach. “I’ve got an idea but you’re not allowed to bring it up ever again. I have a reputation as an alpha to uphold,” Fenrir told him firmly and, ignoring the befuddled look on Remus’s face he knelt down in front of him. “Get on.”

Remus started at first but didn’t argue, scrambling to comply instead. He ripped off the sleeve of the damp, snug robe he wore and wrapped up his hand in it like a glove.

Then, he hooked his thighs over the other man’s shoulders and tried not to fall as Fenrir pushed himself to his feet, holding onto his mate’s hips to steady him and grimacing when Remus gripped his hair tightly in his fist.

“A little closer, Fenrir—got it, I’ve got it!”

“Thank fucking Merlin. I think this is the first time my head's ever been between your legs and I didn't want it,” Fenrir grumbled and sank back down to his knees to let Remus off his shoulders. “Let’s get the hell out of—”

“Thieves! Thieves! Help! *Thieves!*” the goblin had awoken from his stunned state and was howling loudly, trying to gain attention.

“Mother-fucker!” Fenrir snarled, lunging out the door and towards the goblin with Remus hot on his heels. A crowd awaited them outside, at least three dozen goblins brandishing pointy daggers and charging at them.

Werewolves were strong and fierce, but Fenrir wasn’t so cocky as to think they stood a chance against so many weapon-wielding goblins.
They were vastly outnumbered.

His wolf was howling inside him, determined to give in to his urges in order to protect his mate or die trying.

Remus, it seemed, had other plans.

“Relashio! Relashio!” The pegs chaining down the dragon severed with a few sharp flicks of Remus’s wand and Fenrir was both fascinated and disturbed as the great beast roared out and engulfed seven goblins within its fiery breath.

Good fucking riddance.

“Remus! What the hell are you doing!?” Fenrir shouted. The dragon had not noticed yet it was free; Remus stuck his foot onto the crook of its hind leg and pulled himself up on its back.

“Come on—come on!” Remus yelled, reaching towards him frantically. Fenrir jumped onto its back but lost his footing as the Dragon took off, rising into the air now that it realized it finally could, and Fenrir’s hands scrambled for purchase but found none along the scales. He met Remus’s amber eyes and realized that this was it: he slid down and nearly off the creature—

Remus screamed and Fenrir felt a tug of his shirt, barely holding on but enough for Fenrir to latch onto his wrist and, with one hand clenching the chain that was attached to the collar around the dragon’s neck, Remus pulled Fenrir up further with every ounce of strength he possessed.

Finally, he was able to get his footing just in time to drop down behind Remus, arms cocooning around his body and holding onto the chain with him as the dragon flew straight up and gravity threatened to pull them both off its back. He dug his knees in, and Remus did the same, and then there were screams around them as they reached the ground floor and still rose higher and higher until the sound of glass shattered and Fenrir threw himself forward onto Remus to cover him as shards pelted down from the once-domed ceiling of the bank.

He felt some glass hit his back and scalp and arms: one imbedded itself into its cheek as well, but he didn’t care as long as Remus’s body beneath his own remained unharmed. They cleared the roof and they rose into the almost-noon sky, the sun beating down on their backs as London unfurled below them. The view would’ve been beautiful had the situation not been so deplorable—but they were alive.

There was no means of steering the dragon and no feasible way of getting down without dying, so Fenrir and Remus could do nothing but wait for another option to present itself. Fenrir could feel Remus shaking and he reached around to grip the man’s slightly scruffy jaw in his own and turned the face towards him. His mate kept his tears at bay but his trembling gave his fear away and Fenrir kissed his lips fervently.

“You’re bleeding,” Remus croaked out when they separated, a lone tear escaping and he turned away hurriedly.

“I can be mended when we get off this blasted beast’s back,” the Alpha murmured to him lowly.

Remus sniffled slightly and then, “I should’ve never let you come with me.”

“Let me’, pet?” Fenrir teased, remembering Remus’s ferocity when Fenrir had told him those same words. He sobered up quickly, though. “I would follow you to Hell and back. You don’t get a say in the matter.”
Remus shook his head unsmilingly. “I’ve lost enough people I’ve loved. Don’t add yourself to the list, Fenrir. When we get off, turn back towards home. I’ll meet Snape in the Shrieking Shack, myself.”

“Remus—”

“Don’t, Fenrir. Please, I’m too bloody tired to argue with you right now.” Fenrir buried his face into the warm crook of Remus’s neck and inhaled deeply, trying to reel in his instincts that desperately wanted to assert his dominance once more over this stubborn member of his pack. Remus didn’t need him to be overbearing but—

“Absolutely not, no—shut your gab, would you? Remus, dilectus alterum, listen to me!” he growled as Remus opened his mouth to protest. “I’m going to come with you and we will hack this fucking cup into pieces and then we will meet Snape. Together. Stop acting like this is your burden, alone. I’m with you. In all things,” he stated firmly, before leaning in to nip the earlobe closest to his face. “In all things,” he repeated when Remus huffed.

Before either man could say anything more on the matter, the dragon descended lower causing the both of them to cling tighter to the chain and Fenrir let out another string of curses until Remus cut him off loudly.

“Fenrir! Look!” The man yelled out, the wind ruffling his hair around and rushing into their ears as the dragon dived. Fenrir followed the direction of the finger and groaned loudly.

“Fine! Damn it…” he shouted back and they wasted no more time as they jumped from the beast’s scaly back towards the water below them, clothes whipping around as the plummeted. They landed with two great splashes and Fenrir sank downwards into the water from the force of their drop before regaining his sense. He kicked his legs out and swam back up towards the surface, breaking it once more.

He could hear the dragon roaring in the distance and Remus gasping for air a few meters away from him. Treading water, Fenrir shook the water out of his hair and scrubbed one of his calloused hands over his face. He looked over at the other man who was dripping and clutching the tote close to his chest as he worked to stay afloat. “Shore’s this way!” Remus called out and proceeded to swim westward where land was not far from sight.

Thank Merlin.

This was definitely not how Fenrir imagined this day would go.

It took them five minutes to reach solid ground and when they did, the both laid on the ground soaked to the bone and breathing heavily. Eventually, they stood and examined their surroundings.

They were in a deserted area but Fenrir could sense that the nearest populated area was not too far away from them. Remus was knelt on the ground, heavy and sopping wet but he paid no attention to that and instead he yanked out the ornate-handled Gryffindor sword and laid it on the ground before walking over to a large semi-flat rock and gingerly placing the Hufflepuff cup onto it.

He straightened up and eyed it weerily as Fenrir came to stand by his side. “It makes my senses go erratic,” Fenrir muttered reproachfully.

“It’s extremely sinister magic,” Remus responded darkly. He picked up the sword and gazed at it thoughtfully before holding it out to Fenrir. “Destroy it.”

Fenrir stared at him.
“Me?”

“You’ve come this far with me,” Remus began evenly, “you should finish it.” Realization dawned on the Alpha.

“You’re hoping I can redeem myself,” Fenrir ascertained. He met Remus’s eyes stoically. “You should know, pet, it’s far too late for that, for a monster like myself.”

“It might be too late if you were Voldemort, maybe,” Remus told him unflinchingly, “but you’re not him. Maybe you should ask yourself what makes someone a monster and what makes them a man.”

Fenrir’s lip curled a little, “I’m not a man either—”

“You know what I mean, Fen.”

Fenrir’s temper flared. “Enlighten me then, oh brilliant one,” he snapped and he knew the sarcasm wasn’t called for but he couldn’t help it. Remus though, seemed unfazed by his sour disposition.

“I’m not saying you haven’t done wrong. Merlin knows what else you’ve done in your lifetime that even I couldn’t stomach. But you’ve got something within you that makes you different from Voldemort.” Fenrir raised a critical eyebrow and Remus Adam’s apple jumped as he swallowed.

…it’s not too late for you to prove you’re a good person—yes, a person. Werewolf or not, you’re still a man the other days out of the month. I know normal wizards have hurt our kind, but our kind has hurt them, too, ruined lives. People…people fear what they don’t understand. It’s the great flaw of human nature. Keep taking steps in the right direction, Fen, that’s all I’m saying.”

Fenrir cleared his throat, “And destroying this evil little cup is going to put me in the wizarding world’s good graces,” he snorted doubtfully.

“Probably not,” Remus sighed, “but it’s a start. Now take the damn sword, Fenrir.”

Fenrir wasn’t a sentimental man.

But he did love Remus John Lupin.

Somedays it scared him just how much.

He took the sword from his mate and gripped it tightly in his right hand. After Remus backed away a few paces to the right, Fenrir raised the heavy weapon up over his head and brought it down in arc—the edge met the center of the golden cup and it cracked.

For a few seconds it was like all Hell broke loose; the cup let out a haunting noise that chilled Fenrir to the bone and then Remus screamed and scrambled for his back and Fenrir’s arm and together they ran into the trees and far, far away from the tsunami that was raising from the nearby water.

Not quite far enough, though, and the wave crashed into them, knocking them off their feet and into each other and a large, unforgiving oak.

“Fuck Merlin’s tight arse,” Fenrir grumbled, sitting up and rubbing the back of his head dizzily. Remus made a muffled noise in agreement to his left and rolled over and up, pulling leaves and twigs out of his hair before slumping against Fenrir.
“You did it,” Remus told him sounding exhausted and proud at the same time. He placed a hand over Fenrir’s and squeezed. Fenrir smirked slightly before squeezing back.

“We did it,” Fenrir corrected. “We make quite the team.”

“So we do,” Remus agreed. “Come on, we have to get to Hogsmeade.”

... 

It took the better part of an hour to clean up the worst of their scrapes, change their thrice-drenched clothing, and figure out where they were. By the time they apparated to Hogsmeade and slipped into the Shrieking Shack, Fenrir was officially over the whole situation. He wasn’t the hero, like Remus or Harry Potter, and furthermore, he abhorred the idea of getting involved in the wizarding world’s mess. But...he promised Remus. He vowed to stand by his mate’s side and consequentially, Potter’s side, and if he couldn’t stay true to his word, well then Fenrir would truly be no better than the ‘Dark Lord’.

“This is where you came every full moon?” Fenrir asked, taking in the hovel that had been condemned as a haunted house barely over three decades ago. It wasn’t exactly clean or even remotely welcoming but Fenrir had lived in worse conditions. He stepped on a roach that scurried from the remnants of what must’ve been a bed and unfortunately too close to Fenrir’s boot.

“Yes,” Remus said glancing around and looking somberly at the long, deep scratch marks along the walls. “I’d sneak down here once a month with—”

“Your friends.” Fenrir finished for him. He’d heard the stories from Remus’s lips before: of three friends (one doomed to die barely into adulthood, one falsely accused, imprisoned and ultimately killed, and one a sniveling rat of a traitor), who broke the law and became animagi so Remus wouldn’t have to suffer through the full-moon alone. Werewolves fared better in packs. Alone, they were more savage and the transformations were often more excruciating.

Fenrir had spent enough alone to know by now that they were far better off with their pack.

He respected Potter Senior and Black for providing his mate some serenity and the Alpha didn’t respect wizards easily. He barely liked any as it were.

“Yeah...” Remus trailed off like he was thinking of his distant memories before shaking his head and focusing on the task at hand. “Help me look for the coin, okay? It’s hidden somewhere around here.” He shuffled some broken furniture around, coughing slightly when dust kicked up into his face and Fenrir set out to assist him.

After a few minutes Fenrir tugged the dirty rug over and a golden glint caught his eye in between the cracks of the floorboard. It was barely visible but Fenrir called Remus over to him and crouched down, trying to pull it out. Remus dropped to his knees beside him and batted his hands away.

“You’re fingers are too big, let me try,” he said, his fingertips sliding a bit more easily in between the wooden slats and with a little bit of shimmying the other man freed the coin.

Fenrir scoffed. “You like my thick fingers and you know it.” he leered, wiggling his fingers suggestively in Remus’s direction. His mate glowered but ignored him otherwise as he cupped the coin in his hands and whispered, “Lightning Strikes.”

The coin glowed in his palm for a moment before fading back to normal. 

Fenrir frowned. “Now what?”
“We wait.”

…

“Wanna fuck?” Fenrir asked casually after forty-five minutes of waiting. Remus rolled his eyes.

“What is the matter with you?”

“I’m tired of waiting,” Fenrir told him.

“So sex is the most logical answer to your boredom?” Remus asked, clearly annoyed but Fenrir could detect a note of amusement in the tone.

“It’s my answer to everything,” Fenrir muttered, pillowing his arm onto the crook of his arm as he reclined on the dusty floor. “Happy? Let’s fuck! Angry? Let’s have hate-sex. Stressed? Fuck the tension away. The sky is blue and the grass is green? Let’s celebrate the obvious with a good, hard fuck.”

Remus let out a rumbling laugh and shook his head. “You’re the most ridiculous man I’ve ever met.”

“A man who just so happens to want to bend you—"

“—Insatiable, shameless—”

“—over and shove my—”

“—perverted—!”

“—tongue—”

CRACK!

They both jumped and the humor sucked out of the room in an invisible vacuum. They both stood up, wands out and listened: the door of the shack opened and footsteps fell quietly as someone climbed up the stairs towards the dimly lit bedroom they were in.

Fenrir shifted closer to Remus as a dark cloak figure approached the doorway and then pale hands reached up to grasp the hood and lower it carefully, revealing the pale, grim face that belonged to one Severus Snape.

Chapter End Notes

Dilectus alterum- Beloved mate
August 29th, 2003 (Present day)

Remus held his wand out in front of him, prepared for the worst but hoping for better. He’d been trusting Snape’s word, following his orders, but now as he stared into the man’s dark eyes, Remus couldn’t help but feel unsettled.

This man killed Albus Dumbledore, seemingly betrayed the Order of the Phoenix, and, ultimately, Harry. Yet, he was helping Harry now, wasn’t he? He helped them find and destroy the cup, whatever its significance was Remus didn’t know. He could sense the dark magic within the cup and it set his teeth on edge. Snape told him via his very succinct correspondence that it was the only way to bring Voldemort down. He couldn’t give much away, and Remus had understood; an owl could be intercepted. They were running with scissors.

But now…now Remus wanted some goddamn answers. His eyes narrowed at the other man and he set his jaw.

“Full disclosure, Severus,” he said, his voice sounding harsher than was typical for him. Snape nodded and threw up a silent, silencing spell around the room after shutting the door behind him.

“Paranoid?” Fenrir asked gruffly, looking both stiff and ready to rip throats out if it became necessary.

“Nowadays one can never be too careful,” the headmaster told them both, eyeing the Alpha werewolf coldly. “Changing sides, Greyback?”

“I should be asking the same of you,” Fenrir retorted but Snape just inclined his head to the side thoughtfully for a second before turning back to Remus.

“I don’t have much time; is the cup destroyed?” Snape fired out.

“Yes—”

“Damn near died to get it,” Fenrir muttered under his breath.
“—Severus what was it? The magic was some of the most dark and ominous I’ve ever come across.”

“It’s called a Horcrux. It harbored a piece of the Dark Lord’s soul within it, essentially rendering him immortal.”

Remus felt ill; it was one thing to be a monster, but an immortal one? He glanced over and noticed that Fenrir looked uncharacteristically pale. “It’s gone,” he reaffirmed.

Severus appeared to be relieved momentarily before he sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. “He made seven. Killed seven people and ripped his soul in seven pieces. Five have been destroyed, two remain. Dumbledore had been cursed while trying to destroy one of them...he was all ready dying when I killed him. I killed him on his orders.”

After a long pause, Remus blinked, stunned. “I—I—now what? What else is there?” he whispered disbelievingly. “What can I do?”

“I’m warning you both now—we’re heading into another battle, Lupin. After the disturbance at the bank it’s safe to say it’ll be happening tonight. It is inevitable and we must act fast or everything will blow up in our faces. Are you in?”

“Yes.” Remus told Snape firmly, determined. Fenrir clenched his fists but nodded once, his face otherwise stoic.

“Great,” Snape responded sounding remarkably unenthusiastic. “In that case I hope I can leave the Sword of Gryffindor in your hands... we will need it to destroy one of the last Horcruxes: Nagini, the Dark Lord’s familiar.”

“The bloody snake has the bastard’s soul in it?” Fenrir questioned gruffly.

“Indeed.”

“Okay,” Remus complied softly. “We’ll take down the snake.”

“I need Potter’s cloak back,” Severus continued, his head nodding a silent gratitude. Remus opened his satchel and pulled out the silken cloak, handing it to the other man obediently.

“What will you do?”

Severus suddenly looked much older than his forty-three years and Remus detected the faintest glimmer of sorrow in his eyes before he turned away.

“I’m going to take care of the last Horcrux,” he said simply, grasping the door knob in his hand. “Retrieving it will undoubtedly alert the Dark Lord of my betrayal. He’ll come to Hogwarts in search of me but with the remaining Order members and Light-sympathizers residing there right now we could possibly outnumber him, even with his guards...therefore, we must act quickly. We cannot afford to make mistakes or this will all be for naught. You have until six o’clock this evening, Lupin.”

He wrenched open the door.

“Wait! Severus, what of Harry? He’s alive?” Remus rushed, his arm extended out to halt Snape. The papers said that much, but he needed to hear it.

“...He is,” Severus said softly. Remus somehow still felt disconcerted by the confirmation that should’ve relieved him.
“The Daily Prophet said—what has Voldemort done to him?” Severus sighed before looking up and meeting Remus’s eyes.

“Let’s just say—that nothing in this world will make me happier than to see the life leave the Dark Lord’s eyes,” he responded, his voice so cold that Remus could feel a shiver run up his spine, “but I pray he suffers before it does...I will see you at Hogwarts, Lupin.”

He left them standing in the room, staring after him in a pained silence as he vanished out of sight.

Remus’s eyes slid shut tightly, trying not to lose himself as a mantra of ‘Harry, Harry, Harry’ echoed in his head. Lily and James’s only son; that bright-eyed, kind boy he watched ascend into his teens with astounding courage and heart before disappearing into whatever deplorable HELL Voldemort made for him.

He felt Fenrir’s arm wrap around his shoulders and he was guided to the man’s solid chest in a firm embrace.

“We have four hours,” Fenrir murmured in his ear and Remus found comfort in the deep timbre of his voice and the warmth of his breath against his face. “I can get to the pack and back within two.”

“The pack?” Remus repeated, pulling away slightly to stare at his mate.

“We have at least two dozen who will be able and willing to fight, Remus. If there’s going to be a battle and if you’re hell-bent on being part of it, then I’m bringing my best soldiers.”

Remus gave him a weak smile. “Don’t bring Shales.”

Fenrir rolled his eyes; Remus distaste for his Beta was well-known to him. Hell, if he hadn’t known the man in his youth, Fenrir wouldn’t like him much either.

“As you wish,” he murmured before kissing Remus solidly on the lips. He licked his way into the other man’s mouth, teeth nipping lightly as his hands came down and around to grab his mate by the arse and tug him forward into Fenrir’s body.

“We can’t—” Remus gasped in between fervent kisses and groping hands. “—Fenrir, not here—this isn’t the time or the place—”

Fenrir growled and hoisted him up into his arms with remarkable ease thanks to his werewolf strength and instead of protesting at being manhandled, Fenrir was thrilled that long legs hooked around his waist and nicely muscled arms wrapped around his neck, never breaking their kiss.

Fingers wound themselves in Fenrir’s hair and tugged impatiently, finally separating their devouring mouths. Fenrir panted against Remus’s face, a bit breathless.

“This place holds some terrible memories for you, pet. Let’s make a good one in it. Maybe all over the bed—well, what’s left of it. Or we could, just like this,” he offered, squeezing the thighs clenched around him and shifting his hips so that his erection brushed against Remus’s and then grinned devilishly at the moan he managed to elicit from him.

“...If things go sour, Remus—” he began more seriously but Remus shook his head urgently and pulled him closer to knock his nose gently against Fenrir’s before capturing him in another heated snog.

Remus knew they could die today. He knew the risks he was taking and Fenrir did too.
Nevertheless, if it meant that Voldemort’s Reign would end, if it meant Harry could be free, Remus would willingly die for the cause...preferably with the taste of Fenrir’s kiss still upon his lips.

... 

Severus Snape decided years ago that he was definitely not headmaster material. He didn’t particularly even like children. Oh, he was biased when it came to Draco, and even Hyperion, but Severus wasn’t like Albus. He wasn’t as patient or as kind. He wasn’t a bespectacled, twinkly-eyed fool and he’d rather saw his arm off than ever dress in purple robes.

While Severus held Dumbledore in somewhat high-esteem, right now he was cursing the man and his entire existence. The old coot was fortunate he was dead; he was lucky he didn’t have to witness Harry Potter’s abuse at the hands of the Dark Lord.

The constant rape.

The brutal beatings.

*The wretched sobs of a teenaged boy as he clutched his dead infant son in his arms...*

Dumbledore didn’t have to be the one to guide this tortured young man to his death, either.

Leaning heavily against his ornate chair, Severus brushed a hand down his tired face and let out a long, shaking breath. He reached down and unlocked the bottom drawer. Opening it as far as it could go, the Potions Master grazed his hand against the left side of it until his fingers hit a tiny ridge indicating the hidden compartment there. He flicked the lid up and felt the small pocket watch fall into his palm. He slammed the door shut and held the watch up by its silver chain watching as it’s slightly dulled metal still managed to catch the light.

He opened it and looked at the worn photo adjacent to the clock’s face, placed inside decades ago, now.

“I’ve failed you, Lily,” he whispered softly, his thumb running along the small motionless image of the woman he loved long ago, arm-in-arm with his younger self. “I’m so sorry I couldn’t protect him anymore. I tried, I tried so hard…” his voice broke off as he snapped the watch shut and shoved it in his robes, his hands finally coming up to cover his face and for the first time in over twenty years, Severus felt the tears spill from his eyes.

... 

The floo flared to life unexpectedly and Narcissa nearly dropped her tea cup in her lap as the familiar feelings of anxiety and dread hit her hard.

Severus Snape stepped out of the flames, his face looking grave.

“Severus,” Narcissa said, trying to keep the relief from sounding in her voice as she stood up and smoothed the wrinkles out of her robes from sitting. Lucius appeared in the doorway as the man showed himself into the parlor.

“Severus, what brings you here?” Lucius asked cordially. He exchanged a puzzled look with his wife before following the dour man into the foyer.

“Potter!” He called out loudly, his voice echoing up the stairs and within seconds, Harry skid out from the hallway at the top of the stairs on the second floor. “It’s time,” was all he said. Harry clutched the wooden banister with both hands, looking faint.
“I—you’re a day early! I had one more day,” he said desperately and then another blonde head appeared from the other end of the hallway.

“What’s going on?” Draco asked confusedly.

“One more day,” the brunette repeated, shaking his head.

“The cup has been destroyed and the break-in in Gringotts is all over the papers. It’s only a matter of time before the Dark Lord figures out what was taken—if he hasn’t already. When he does, he’ll want to check on you. I’m sorry, Potter. I didn’t think that Lupin would be caught.”

“Caught?” Harry cried out coming down a couple stairs.

Severus held up a hand, “He’s alive and safe but he and Greyback managed to destroy a part of the bank in the process. I had hoped he’d manage his task with more discretion but we weren’t so fortunate. We must go now, Potter.”

“What is the meaning of this?” Lucius pressed incredulously, glancing up the staircase to Harry and then back down to Snape. “You cannot take him out of here, Severus! The Dark Lord would kill us all!” He glanced towards his son and wife as Snape plunged his hand into his robes and withdrew a silver pocket watch from them. He held it out to Lucius who took it, every part of him both tense and dumbfounded.

“That is a portkey, Lucius. It’ll bring the four of you to an undetectable safe house. I used the Fidelius charm. No one will find you, I promise you this, old friend.” He said softly. “To activate it just say, ‘Post tenebras lux’ and you’ll be taken away from all of this.” Lucius’s frown was deep, and his eyes landed once more on Harry who was shaking as he made his way down the stairs.

“Hyperion—!” he called out brokenly. His verdant eyes were shining with unshed tears and he looked like a caged animal. Draco was following him downstairs as well, his brow furrowed in confusion. There was too much going on—Snape looked grim, Harry looked devastated, and his parents were every bit as thunderstruck as he was. He reached Harry’s side at the bottom but Harry refused to meet his eyes. Hyperion came around the corner and bounced down the stairs looking cheerful and carefree. He reached his father and Harry knelt down to his level, cupping his small face in trembling hands and kissing his forehead and then both cheeks. He studied Hyperion as if he were trying to remember every single feature, as if he were attempting to commit every breath and blink to memory. Draco’s heart clenched in his chest—and he knew, he knew nothing and everything at the exact same time.

Harry clutched the boy to his chest, an endless torrent of “I love you, I love you, I love you so much, do you know that? I love you, I love you...” and Hyperion just nodded back, hugging his father tightly and responded continuous reassurances, “I know daddy, I love you too, don’t cry daddy, please don’t cry, I love you.” Harry shook harder as he pulled away but he forced a pathetic attempt at a smile onto his face.

“Hyperion, I want you to go upstairs and get Dragon and your copy of Hogwarts, a History, okay? And anything else that you don’t want to leave behind, but be very quick about it. You’re going to go with the Malfoys to a new house away from all the bad people. You’re going to be so happy, sweetheart. I love you so much...now go,” he whispered hoarsely and Hyperion nodded dutifully and took off back upstairs. He turned the corner towards his bedroom. Harry watched him go; watched the small form of the child he once carried inside of him, the boy he brought into the world, the son he raised with every ounce of love and tenderness he possessed—disappear from his sight forever.
“Potter…” Severus whispered from somewhere behind him and Harry nodded and pulled himself up, accepting the cloak being held out to him—the invisibility cloak. His father’s…he held it to his front and buried his face into it for a moment before raising his head over to Draco who stood now by his parents shaking his head side to side with a pained expression on his handsome face and Harry wanted to throw up on the floor right there.

"Hogwarts, a History! There's a letter wedged inside it on page six-hundred-and-five. When you think Hyperion’s old enough to-to understand, I need you to give it to him, Draco—"

“No—Harry, what the fuck is going on?” Draco rasped out imploringly, his hands hung helplessly at his sides like someone sucked out all his energy and it was all he could do to remain upright. Harry bit his lip and he glanced at Snape who looked desolate and made a jerky motion with his neck that he took as ‘fine, but hurry the hell up, Potter.’

“Why do you think he didn’t want to kill me, Draco?” Harry whispered out but his voice resounded in the deathly silent room. “I’ve told you about the Horcruxes before; I’m the Horcrux he never meant to create and then he found out and that’s why I’m still alive—that’s why we are all here. As long as I’m alive then he can’t be truly killed and fuck, I’ve got to set you all free. Everyone, Draco, so many innocent people—it’s got to end with me. I’m sorry—I love you,” Harry’s voice caught in his throat but continued on in rushed desperation, not giving anyone a chance to say anything because he didn’t have time...God, he needed more time; “I never meant to, I was never supposed to love you this much but I couldn’t help it, I was selfish and you made me so happy, you kept me going and fuck, I love you Draco Malfoy and you don’t have to say it back, it’s okay, really, but you have to know, you have to understand, I have no regrets—"

His green eyes were pouring out rivulets of tears as Severus grabbed his arm and tugged him closer with a somber apology in his ear and the familiar sensation of being squeezed through a tube seized him and the last thing he saw was Draco being held back with Lucius’s arm over his chest and Narcissa’s hand clinging to his as he tried to run to Harry and he was crying out something but Harry couldn’t hear anything except the whirring buzz of apparation…

And then it stopped and Harry fell onto solid earth, his fingers clenching into fists, the grass ripping out in between his fingers and Harry didn’t know a heart could actually break a million times over, but it never ceased to prove him wrong. This, this was what he wanted to avoid—these last couple of weeks of having to distance himself was supposed to cushion this blow…but it didn’t. It didn’t make it hurt any less.

He wanted more time.

He was...all out of time.

He looked down at the ground, trying to focus on something motionless in order to stop the vertigo and his eyes lasered in on a little paper heart that had fallen out of his robes pocket. He picked it up in his right hand and crumpled it angrily because how dare it be whole when Harry was not. He opened his fist and—

His tired eyes squinted and he cocked his head and leaned in closer to see—what was that in the center of the heart? Frowning, Harry unfolded the wrecked paper and then he promptly dropped it, stunned.

I love you.

There. In Draco’s tidy scrawl. Clear as day: I love you.
Harry shook his head and stuffed his hand into his pocket, pulling out six more hearts he had collected over the past days. Rapidly, he opened every single one, the message always the same: *I love you.*

*I love you.*

*I love you.*

*I love you.*

*I love you.*

*I love you.*

He buried his face in his hands, a new round of sobs wracking him.

Happiness, only to be taken over by sadness again, utter fucking agony—but relieved, so relieved and content because Draco *did* love him and then the pain came again, the anguish took over because it didn’t seem fair…

It wasn’t fair.

He swallowed the hot knives in his throat and finally stood up, feeling Severus’s hand on his elbow to guide him, support him, and Harry almost jumped because he’d forgotten for a moment that he wasn’t alone.

“He loves me,” Harry said out loud but he wasn’t certain who he was telling.

“Of course he does, you daft boy,” Severus murmured but there was no bite to his tone. He sounded subdued, if anything.

“He never told me,” Harry said dully. He made to pull the cloak over his shoulders but Severus caught his arm and halted the motion.

“Harry, I’m so sorry it has to be this way,” the older man told him, looking more apologetic and genuine than Harry had ever seen him. “I’m so sorry I couldn’t find another way.” Harry shook his head again, his braided hair flopped back over his shoulder.

“It’s not your fault. I’ve got some rotten luck, is all,” Harry told him quietly. “Because of you, we were able to get this far, sir. I’ve never thanked you for all that you’ve done, so…thank you.” He finished lamely but Snape didn’t sneer or scoff like he would’ve a decade ago. He just stared at Harry with that same solemn expression and Harry sympathized with him; once more Snape had to play the bad guy—walking him to his death, never getting credit for the good he’d done, for all that he’d had to sacrifice. The world turned on the man years ago, and they likely would again, once Harry was dead.

Harry wished for him a better life.

He wished the same for his son, and Draco.

Lucius and Narcissa.

Remus and Teddy.

Ron and Hermione.
Every single Weasley.

Every single person that fought for their side, that worked within the Order and Ministry and Hogwarts, trying to make things right.

He straightened up and set his jaw, the pain and heartbreak receded enough to allow determination and resolve to take over. He could do this. He had to do this. For all of them.

For the ‘Greater Good’, as Dumbledore would’ve asserted.

He understood.

He understood why his parents sacrificed themselves for him, why Sirius went after him to the Department of Mysteries, why Remus and Ron and Hermione risked their lives to help him after all these years...Love.

Love drove them to make their choices.

The one common denominator.

Love.

No, not just for him.

But for their husbands and wives and partners...for their friends, their children, their parents, brothers and sisters...

Love for the very prospect of a future that was better than this.

In a million different variations, in endless forms, exceedingly complex and yet, remarkably simple: love; platonic and romantic, paternal and maternal, gentle, pleasant, passionate, zealous, self-sacrificing—love.

And it was worth it.

Worth everything.

Worth dying for.

He threw the cloak over his head, the familiarity of the silken material sliding across his face and embracing his body, protecting him from being seen and ultimately allowing him to die within it.

“I’m ready, sir,” Harry told him, heart beating hard beneath his ribcage like a steady drum to march him forward.

Snape nodded his head and they walked along until they neared the gates of Hogwarts.

CRACK.

Brandishing his wand, Severus spun around on spot in the direction of the noise, prepared to stun or maim or even kill if it became necessary to their cause.

“What are you doing here?”
“No, no, no, no…” Draco mumbled into Lucius’s shoulder, his hand was formed into a fist and he pounded weakly on the man’s chest. Lucius simply tolerated the abuse quietly, not trying to protect himself or make an effort to stop his son. He just stood there, one arm keeping Draco from collapsing to the floor and when Hyperion trotted back down and over to them, he held out the pocket watch to his wife as she hoisted Hyperion up into her arms. “No, no, no, no, no…” Their eyes met dully as they both clung to the chain.

“Post tenebras lux,” Lucius muttered numbly and watched as the foyer faded around them.

“No, no, no, no, no…”

His feet slammed onto marble, a lighter shade than the previous flooring they stood on seconds ago, but he barely spared a glance to their surroundings. He pocketed the watch with his one free hand, before steering (or more accurately, dragging) Draco to the sofa close by and deposited him onto it. Draco’s eyes snapped open, wet. “I didn’t tell him, I never told him, I need to tell him,” he jumped back up but Lucius blocked his path.

“I’m sure he knew, sweetheart,” Narcissa told him gently, knowing exactly what their son was mumbling about even though he hadn’t specified, they both knew…and Hyperion nodded in agreement, looking oddly calm but his eyes were still sad. He didn’t understand, Lucius decided, he couldn’t understand, the child was too young.

“I didn’t tell him, though…I should’ve told him…” he continued brokenly, “he can’t do this, why, why is he doing this? Why?” Draco moaned into his hands, trembling like a leaf in Autumn and looking like a lost little boy and Lucius’s throat seized up.

He stood before him and reached up to push his son’s fringe off his forehead, “He’s setting us free, son,” he told him softly.

“He’s going to s-sacrifice himself,” Draco mumbled shaking his head, and he pulled his hands away to reveal his wet face.

“Would you expect anything less from Harry Potter?” Lucius asked him, the tiniest of smiles on his face even though this was anything but humorous. He squeezed Draco’s shoulder.

Draco shook his head again, fresh tears blinking free from his grey eyes, “I love him, I didn’t tell him that I love him and now—now he’ll never know because I was too much of a coward—” he buried his face back into his hands, sobs coming out noiseless still, but harder than ever. Lucius pulled Draco back to him and wondered absently at what point in time did his child’s height nearly catch up to his own? And then he nodded to his wife in mutual agreement over the blonde hair. Narcissa’s wand came up and aimed at Draco’s back, casting a silent sleeping charm on him. Lucius arranged him onto the couch as he fell unconscious; Draco could scream at them later.

Neither would blame him for it, either.

“Draco shouldn’t be so sad,” Hyperion spoke up finally, his little voice light and blissfully naïve. “I think he’ll feel better when Daddy comes back.” Narcissa’s hand came up to cover her mouth and her eyes grew glassy. She collapsed onto a nearby chair without her usual grace and Hyperion patted her arm before climbing into her lap. She hugged him to her tightly.

Lucius’s eyes left Narcissa and Hyperion and landed back on his sleeping son's form and then he straightened up, his knees popping audibly as he stood from crouching but he ignored it. He made his decision.
He had hidden long enough.

He leaned down to place a kiss to Draco’s forehead, a gesture he hadn’t done since his son was much smaller, and then he walked over to his wife and the little boy in her arms. He rubbed Hyperion’s back lightly and kissed the crown of his head.

Finally, he kissed Narcissa’s lips gently, lingering there because it pained him to part ways. By the time he did pull himself away, he knew she’d gotten his message because his lovely spouse, this amazing woman had always understood him in ways no one else every had, and she gazed at him with so much love and sadness in her eyes.

“I love you,” she told him quietly, her voice unwavering in her conviction.

“I love you too, Cissy.”

“You are a good man, Lucius Malfoy.”

Lucius mouth quirked slightly, not convinced of the words but certain she believed in them.

“And you are, and always have been, the best of women, my love,” he stated with finality. He opened the door to the quaint safe-house, walked into the yard and disapparated.

…

Lucius ignored Severus’s question and looked around in search for Harry, instead.

“You can’t stop this, Lucius, it must be done. I don’t want to hurt you but I will if you stand in our way.”

Lucius pinned the headmaster with a hard stare. “I’m not here to stop you; I’m here to fight beside you, to help finish this once and for all.” At his words, Harry’s face peeked out from beneath his invisibility cloak, his unspoken questions written all over his face. “Draco is asleep…and Hyperion doesn’t understand,” he said plainly. The young man nodded forlornly.

“Sleeping charm?…Hyperion wouldn’t. He’s so young,” Harry replied wearily. He bit his lip. “I’m sorry.”

“Do not be.”

“We must hurry, it’s nearly time,” Severus interjected quietly and Harry nodded and disappeared under the invisibility cloak once more. The three of them walked through the gate and headed up the path to Hogwarts side-by-side, an unlikely trio for sure: two former Death Eaters alongside the Boy-Who-Lived…but in that moment, Harry was grateful to have them both near.

Even at the very end, he wasn’t alone.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, temporary end note!! Unfortunately, this chapter had to be edited on my iPhone
(which is a total pain in the ass), so my sincerest apologies if there are any glaring issues with this chapter. I'll go through later to fix things if there are, but for now, I hope you guys still enjoyed this one.
Until next time!
xx
-CJ
August 29th, 2003 (Present day)

When the doors opened to the castle, Severus immediately felt the chill in the air; the searing mark on his left arm had been intensifying by the minute, worse than it ever had in all the years he bore it. He couldn’t see Potter but knew he was still somewhere between him and Lucius and for a split second, Severus wanted to tell Potter not to go through with this…but it was too late to turn back now, and his chest tightened as he used his weight to shove open the massive doors leading into the Great Hall. They sprung open with a loud bang and the tension could be cut with a knife.

Being supper-time, he knew the Hall would be filled as usual, he knew a vengeful Dark Lord would most likely be waiting for him as well, but it still took his breath away when he met the blood-red eyes straight on. The man was surrounded by some of his guard, his inner circle Death Eater’s, his most deadly.

If a quill were to fall, Severus would’ve probably been able to hear it.

“The traitor has arrived,” Voldemort nearly purred and then the shift in his entire demeanor changed like day and night and his voice rose several octaves, “Where is he?!“

Severus raised his chin defiantly and his lips curled in the smuggest of smirks and he walked forward into the hall a bit more, seemingly self-assured but he felt anything but. He’d never felt so anxious in his life.

Lucius followed him loyalty, his face set and determined and the headmaster appreciated having his old friend close by. Someone he knew would fight beside him, even if no one else did.

“He’s hidden away from you, ‘my lord’, “ he responded belligerently. It wasn’t exactly a lie. Voldemort visibly shook with fury and he whipped his wand at him with clear intent to kill.

“You think I won’t be able to find him? He’s MINE!” Voldemort screamed and then he quieted once more, a hissing whisper, “How long have you been conspiring against me…and you Lucius, my slippery friend, how long have you deceived me?”
“Over twenty years,” Severus answered and he nearly grinned, hoping to spur on the man’s irritation — *use your wand, you know you want to*, he thought urgently.

“You’ve been loyal to Dumbledore then? Playing the double agent, *the spy!*” Voldemort ground out, his empty hand clenching in a fist as he stepped two steps closer and his wand arm extended purposefully in Severus’s direction.

“I may have followed Dumbledore’s orders but my loyalty has *always* been to Harry Potter,” Severus told him harshly but his wand rose slightly in an effort to threaten, but not enough to be a true danger. “*The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches…*” he quoted loftily, and those eyes flashed dangerously.

“I’ve won! It was I who dismantled Dumbledore’s *precious* Order; it was I who brought the ‘Chosen One’ to his knees! I will find the boy, and then I will find his child—I do not need you Snape! This is MY world! I am in control here!” the Dark Lord screamed, and then his wand slashed in a menacing motion and Severus raised his wand fully—

“*Avada Kedavra!*”

A flash of green light hurtled his way, and Severus couldn’t help the slight flinch because he made no effort to move from its path, nor had he uttered a curse of his own in defense…

The spell hit its inevitable target, an invisible shield in front of Severus, and disappeared…

Severus fleetingly wish it had hit him, as he heard the *thump* no one else was paying attention to, of an unseen force hitting the floor. It was inevitable…but that knowledge didn’t stop the sadness from overwhelming his senses.

Lord Voldemort fell to his knees, still conscious, but paler than ever as he realized his opponent wasn’t dead from his curse. Bellatrix had crouched by his side along with her husband Rudolphus, fretfully trying to help him to stand.

“Get off me!” Voldemort growled, his eyes never leaving the still-breathing Potions Master. He heaved himself back to his feet and fired a string of hissing noises and Severus didn’t have to speak Parseltongue to understand what his intentions were.

He spun around with his wand held high, but the massive snake was already too close to him, striking with intent to kill. The fangs sunk into his wand arm first and all the *crucios* he’d experienced in his lifetime couldn’t have prepared Severus Snape for the agony of the serpent’s jaws clamping down into the muscles, flesh, and bones of his right arm. He let out a cry as he fell to the ground, the pain nearly blinding him, the white hot pain crippling him and rendering him defenseless and Lucius was shouting curses at Nagini but every spell bounced right off of it, and Snape wanted to laugh and cry as his vision tunneled because no spell from the blonde would be strong enough to destroy the Horcrux’s vessel…

Nagini pulled away and reared her ugly head back, preparing to deliver her final blow and then a strangled shout and heavy thud landed somewhere around him. Barely conscious, Severus could only hear Voldemort let out another *enraged* scream and then…nothingness.

...
He was laying on a hard ground underneath an archway in the entry way to...a large house?

*Oh.*

He blinked and slowly sat up to survey his surroundings. Harry remembered this place. He had *dreamed* of this place, albeit in his dreams there'd been actual color.

This was just...white.

Standing up carefully, he walked alongside the large inlaid pool, past colorless plants and marble pillars when a wretched noise caught his attention and he stopped short beside a bench that was bolted into the concrete. The hair on the back of his neck stood on end as Harry slowly crouched down to look underneath where the sound was clearly coming from—

“What the--!” he jerked back so quickly that he landed hard on his arse and he crab-crawled backwards to put some distance in between himself and the shriveled, *emaciated* creature below the bench.

“You can’t save it.” a gentle voice a few paces behind him piped up. Harry jumped and rolled over onto his hands and knees to face the direction of the voice and stopped short.

A young boy around Hyperion’s age, maybe a little older, stood before him, in color like Harry. He had black unruly hair and burgundy eyes and he met Harry’s gaze with a kind smile. He wore a simple t-shirt and trousers and his hands were clasped politely behind his back but he bounced slightly on his trainer-clad toes, giving away his eagerness.

And Harry knew.

Merlin, he *knew*. He trembled from where he knelt still on the ground and his mouth opened disbelievingly, “…*James*?” he whispered out shakily.

The little boy beamed at him, a remarkable likeness to Hyperion.

“Hi, Daddy.”

Those words hit Harry harder than the killing curse had and he let out a sobbed, *“What--?”* before pausing helplessly because it was as if his brain couldn’t form another rational thought in that moment.

James tilted his head to the side curiously.

“I’m just here to visit. I can’t stay long, though,” James told him and then he came closer and placed a small hand on Harry’s cheek and Harry’s own hand immediately came up to cover it, and God, he could *feel* the touch, he could feel the warmth of the skin against his.

“You were—you were just a *baby*, though…” Harry mumbled brokenly. He didn’t understand how this was happening. Was this *even* real?

“I know! But I’m bigger now. I grew up beside you, Daddy.”

The dam broke in Harry at his words and Harry’s free arm came out and James walked into him, hugging him around the neck tightly as his father wept into his hair.

“Daddy’s so sad,” James murmured gloomily over Harry’s shoulder.

“He’s just missed you, Jamie,” came a painfully familiar voice and Harry broke away from the little
boy in surprise and turned his head to see—

“Sirius?” he whispered breathlessly and he forced himself to stand back up as his eyes fell on the handsome face of his godfather.

“What? Eight bloody years and not even a hug?” Sirius teased, and Harry gaped but propelled himself forward into the man’s open arms. “I’ve missed you, kiddo,” Sirius whispered in his ear and Harry let out a small chuckle.

“It’s so good to see you, Padfoot,” Harry mumbled, grinning tearfully as he pulled away to look at him. Sirius’s eyes were warm as he regarded Harry, holding him at arm’s length.

“I know, I know, I’m a handsome devil, aren’t I?” Sirius said charmingly. And he was, Harry decided. Sirius no longer looked like the man that did a twelve-year stint in Azkaban. No; he looked like every bit of the carefree, laughing man in his parent’s wedding photo. Like the man he should have always been.

“Well don’t hog him, Padfoot,” came a third voice, not quite as familiar but not exactly foreign to Harry’s ears and unmistakably male. Harry didn’t even need to see a face because he automatically knew who’s it belonged to. He could feel it in his very bones.

Harry turned around and even though he knew, he wasn’t quite prepared to stand face-to-face with his parents. His heart stammered beneath his ribcage and he all but ran into their awaiting arms. He stood, wrapped in them both, a bit taller than his mother but not quite near his father’s stature, and he buried his face into Lily’s red hair and breathed in her scent for a long moment before he turned his head to rest his face against James’s shoulder. His face was wet again by the time he dislocated himself from their embrace. His mother leaned forward to grasp his hand and kissed his cheek tenderly and James ruffled his hair lovingly before hoisting the younger James onto his hip.

“I’ve been waiting so long to hold you in my arms again,” Lily whispered, staring at Harry like she couldn't get enough of the sight of him. Harry knew what that felt like.

Harry found himself shaking his head sadly.

“I’m so sorry—I didn’t mean for any of you to-to die because of me...” Harry mumbled dreadfully. He rubbed his face with his sleeved arm and Sirius came around and frowned at him.

“Harry, you have to know it wasn’t your fault,” his godfather told him firmly.

“Voldemort killed us, son,” James added sternly, “well, accept for you, Paddy. Bellatrix offed you…” Lily, slapped her husband’s arm lightly in annoyance.

“Sweetheart, please do not blame yourself for what that monster did.” Harry’s lip trembled and he shook his head again.

“But, James…Jamie?” he corrected, recalling what Sirius called the child and unable to keep the devastation out of his voice. The little boy shimmied out of his grandfather’s grasp and took both of Harry’s hands in his own and Harry knelt back down to his level.

“I’m okay, Daddy, I promise. Grammie and Grandad and Uncle Sirius take care of me…” the little boy bit his bottom lip as he trailed off. “I know my other father is a bad man. I know he’s done awful things, but I’m not like him! I’ve been a good boy, Daddy. I wanted you to be proud of me.” Harry’s pulled the child back into his arms tightly.

“Oh darling,” Harry said, stroking his son’s cheeks with his thumbs, “I love you so much, do you
know that? I’ve loved you ever since I first heard your heart beating inside my tummy. It doesn’t matter who your other parent is. I’ve always believed that you were good, Jamie, and I am so proud. I...I am so sorry, baby boy, I’m so, so, sorry.” Jamie smiled at him and kissed him on the cheek sweetly.

“Don’t be so sad anymore, Daddy. I’m okay, now. I’ve got lots of people who love me here and you love me there, and someday I’ll get to see you again!” he said brightly.

Harry’s brow furrowed and he blinked away a few more teardrops that were clinging to his lashes.

“‘There? Again?’ But I’m dea—” he looked up at his parents and Sirius as they shook their heads. “What? I was hit with the killing curse, so it killed—why are you all shaking your heads?” Harry sputtered.

Sirius let out a short bark of laughter, “Harry when have you ever let a silly old killing curse keep you down?”

“’There? Again?’ But I’m dea—”’ he looked up at his parents and Sirius as they shook their heads. “What? I was hit with the killing curse, so it killed—why are you all shaking your heads?” Harry sputtered.

Sirius frowned and looked around, “I don’t know. You tell us, kid.”

“Um—a giant house on a beach. I dreamt about it once.” Harry told him, scratching his head absentmindedly.

“That sounds lovely, my dear boy.”

Harry gaped as Albus Dumbledore strolled over, hands clasped in front of him and clad in outrageously purple robes. He was smiling pleasantly at Harry over his half-moon glasses.

“Sir?” Harry said dumbly.

“Harry, you brave, wonderful boy—or man, I should say now, as you’ve grown since we’ve last seen each other.”

“Hi, Professor,” Harry said weakly.

“This is a fantastic reunion spot, Harry,” Dumbledore continued merrily. “I didn’t know you to ever show interest in France.”

Harry’s eyebrows rose into his hairline. “I haven't...”

“Ah, young Mr. Malfoy’s influence, then? Curious, curious...” Harry felt his cheeks heat up.

“Yeah can we just talk about that for a minute—” Sirius began warily, turning back towards Harry.

“—a fascinating pairing, but I can’t say I’m surprised. You’ve always felt passionately towards one another.”

“—though I’d rather Malfoy keep his passion in his trousers...” James muttered under his breath as his face darkened and Lily just rolled her eyes at her spouse.

Harry's face grew significantly warmer.
“Ah, well, the virility of young men aside, I do believe we are quite nearly out of time, Harry,” Dumbledore said with finality.

Harry opened his mouth in confusion. “Time? I don’t understand! I can go back?” He asked hurriedly, glancing around at the lot of them.

“You do not have to return, Harry. I think that if you decided not to go back, you would be able to… let’s say…move on.”

“On? On where?”

“Just…on.” Dumbledore said simply.

“But I don’t understand. How is it that I am not dead?”

“It seems, Harry, that when Voldemort cast his curse and it landed on you, he managed to destroy the shard of his soul that resided within you. Blinded by his own ignorance and hatred, he is ultimately causing his own undoing. He’s spent years in a desperate attempt to keep you alive—he could try to blackmail you into obedience but he did not count on one very important thing—”

“Love?” Harry offered wryly.

Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled at him. “Love,” he repeated seriously. “…That which Voldemort does not value, he makes no effort to comprehend. Of children’s hope, of friendship and loyalty, innocence, and love, Voldemort knows and understands nothing. Nothing. That they all have a power beyond his own, a power beyond the reach of any magic, is a truth he has never grasped.

"He could not have anticipated your friends’ assistance on the outside, devoted to you after all this time. He could not have planned on Severus’s commitment to protect you changing the game, nor the Malfoy family’s diminishing allegiance to him. And, perhaps the most extraordinary of all, Voldemort could not have ever fathomed you and young Draco finding love in one another..."

"Tom desperately tried to break you, Harry, but his own ego blinded him and he did not see that you had so many still, in your corner, that supported you. Those of whom had never lost faith… He believed that in having you birth a child, he could use your remarkable capacity to love against you, to keep you meek within his clutches. But ultimately, in your selfless desire to protect those you love, you sacrificed yourself. That, my dear boy, makes you more powerful than Voldemort and even myself could ever have hoped to be.”

Harry’s frown deepened as he contemplated the old man’s words. Dumbledore surveyed him knowingly.

“…Power was my weakness and my temptation. It is a curious thing, Harry but perhaps those who are best suited for power are those who have never sought it. Those who, like you, who have leadership thrust upon them, and take up the mantle because they must, and find to their own surprise that they wear it well.”

Harry scoffed at that, “I submitted to him…the things I did—”

“Do not make you any less of a leader. You’ve sacrificed much to get here, Harry. You’ve suffered more—” Dumbledore broke off and he let out a long, tired sigh. “…I’ve made many mistakes when it came to you, Harry. No amount of apologizing could ever be enough. Maybe if I had prepared you better, divulged to you the full, terrible truth, your long-term suffering could have been avoided…but I feared stripping you of that innocence; I did not wish to burden you…” he closed his eyes sadly and Harry saw a lone tear roll down his face.
Harry found himself reaching out to grip his old headmaster’s arm comfortingly.

“Professor...if anything had gone differently, I would’ve never had two incredible sons. It doesn’t matter anymore how they came to me. If I had never spent these last five years in that house, then they wouldn’t exist today and I can’t even imagine—and I wouldn’t have fallen in love with—” he stopped and gave the old man a small smile. “It’s been five long, painful years, sir, and I’m so tired. But I can’t get hung up on all the ‘what ifs’ ...because these last years gave me something worth fighting for.”

To his left, his mother sniffled and wiped a tear away briskly. “We are so, so proud of you Harry,” she whispered, beaming at him.

Grinning widely, his father nodded in agreement.

As did Sirius.

Then his son, his first-born baby...

“It’s time to go, love,” his father said softly.

“I wish—God, I wish I could take you all with me; I don’t want to say goodbye,” Harry said miserably, looking at each of them dolefully, his eyes lingering on Jamie the longest.

“My little brother needs you with him, Daddy. Don’t worry! We’ll be okay,” Jamie informed him softly. He was back in grandad’s arms, and he had his head rested on the man’s shoulder as he gazed at Harry, his brownish eyes shining with such a lovely light. Jamie reached out to him with a small hand and Harry gripped it in his own, stepping closer to his son. The four-year-old leaned over to kiss his father’s cheek and Harry swallowed thickly before returning the gesture.

“We’re never far from you, sweetheart,” Lily assured him softly, “we are with you always.”

Harry’s head shot up at that, “Hyperion said he’s seen you. That you’ve told him to—”

Sirius grinned, “‘Have faith?’ Kids are much more perceptive than all these ornery adults. ‘Tis why I decided ages ago to never truly grow up...y’know, even in death.”

Harry laughed through his tears and then he felt an invisible pressure in his core, tugging at every tiny nerve and synapse within his body and suddenly he could feel himself fading from his surroundings.

“Do not pity the dead, Harry. Pity the living, and, above all those who live without love,” Dumbledore said. He hadn’t moved from his spot beside his family but his serene voice sounded far away.

“Wait! Is this real, or is it happening inside my head?” he asked, an abrupt panic seizing him.

“Of course it is happening inside your head!” Sirius spoke with a chuckle that sounded too distant...

“...but why on earth should that mean that it’s not real, son?” his father called out, and then their faces disappeared as the white consumed his vision.

...

When he woke for the second time, Harry’s ears were the first to realize it—the yelling all around him. His eyes flew open and he shot up-right much more frantically. The first he saw was Remus
standing a few meters away from him, holding a bloody sword before him, both hands wrapped tightly around the shaft as he stared down perplexed at the smoking serpent—that lay headless at his feet next to—oh please, no... a very motionless Severus Snape.

Snape and Nagini’s blood pooled together and Harry couldn’t tell who’s belonged to whom.

*Please, don’t be dead, Snape, please….*

He didn’t have time to decipher the man’s condition further because hurdling towards him with her wand raised and a savage look on her face was Bellatrix Lestrange. Harry scrambled to stand, a cry almost left his lips because he had no means of defend himself but then the witch blew past him and Harry remembered that he was still beneath his cloak; no one knew he was even *there*.

“You filthy half-breed!” she screamed wildly, heading towards a glowering Remus Lupin, “You’ll pay for this, you—*Avada*—” Harry made to run after her, thinking he could maybe push her, knock her aim off but he didn’t even take a step before a furious growl sounded amongst the chaos and the hulking form of Fenrir Greyback barreled over, appearing terrifyingly *feral*.

“NOT MY MATE, YOU *FUCKING CUNT*!” He bellowed and then he leapt on her with startling fluidity for a man so brawny, not even bothering to bring a wand to the fight. Greyback had her pinned in a second, his big hand around her throat, his teeth bared and eyes glowing into a vivid gold as she kicked out, trying to shake the beast off of her without success.

Then their confrontation ended as sudden as it began.

She fell limp, her flailing limbs slouched onto the cold stone, and Bellatrix Lestrange laid dead on the ground.

Defeated by a werewolf, a half-breed.

*A poetic justice*...

Another incensed noise snapped Harry out of his thoughts and directed his attentions to Voldemort, who, at the loss of his most loyal officer, had risen back to his feet, the fury of his magic nearly visible, a tornado of power whipping around him. His guard was occupied all around, dueling ferociously with ex-order members and angry professors. The guard was vicious and adept in their attacks but they were still outnumbered.

Perhaps Voldemort should’ve brought more back up.

Harry dodged stray hexes all around him, avoiding the fighters as they battled amongst each other and then his eyes landed back onto the blood-slicked sword of Godric Gryffindor that had been discarded by Remus in favor of his wand. He sprinted towards it, knocking into Amucus Carrow who whipped around in confusion and then was dropped by a stunning spell from either Slughorn or Flitwick due to his distraction.

Harry reached the sword and swept it out of sight beneath his cloak. Holding it tightly in his shaking hands, the brunette craned his neck over the crowd, once more in search of the irate Dark Lord that was currently fighting off four: McGonagall, Sprout, Arthur Weasley and Lucius Malfoy, and still managing to hold his own before Rabastan Lestrangle jumped in and diverted McGonagall’s focus onto him.

Harry ran.

He ran harder than he ever had, not caring who he was bumping into on the way, not pausing to
think how this was going to go down, only knowing that he was going to end this man once and for all or die (again) _trying_.

Rabastan collapsed unconscious beside the Dark Lord and Harry had his opportunity, a tiny, miniscule opening where McGonagall turned back towards the main fight, before any spells were fired—he was so close now, but Voldemort couldn’t even see him and for once, for fucking once, _Harry_ had the upper hand.

His heart hammered harder than it should’ve been possible without erupting as Harry gripped the sword in both of his hands in front of him and, without moving the cloak out of the way, he pierced through the fabric and pushed, pushed with all his might at his target, right into the stomach of Lord Voldemort.

It was like time stood still for a moment; Voldemort screamed an unearthly sound that nearly shattered Harry’s eardrums and Harry kept shoving his weapon forward, impaling the man’s body further onto the blade with more effort than he would’ve thought necessary to stab someone. The movement all around them stilled, coming to an eerie quite as people looked on in horrified bafflement and agonized eyes flickered around in wonder, not understanding what or _how_, and Harry felt something within him snap.

He shoved forward one more time and the man dropped to his knees, wheezing and blood spilling from the injured area. Harry should’ve been mortified. He should’ve been disgusted.

He wasn’t...

He pulled back and reached one hand up to yank the cloak from his body, revealing himself to the Dark Lord.

Green eyes met scarlet and whether or not his paling face could be attributed to blood-loss or his shock at the sight of Harry was uncertain. Around him, people gasped and cried out in alarm but there was no one else to Harry.

His entire world had narrowed down to himself and the man who’d wrecked his life before he was even born. The man that had become the scorching fire in his life which, time and time again, burnt everything down in its path. The daunting flames that threatened the last of the people Harry had left.

He could not—he _would not_—take it anymore.

Voldemort’s mouth open, a trickle of blood spilling from that lipless mouth, and a rasped “_How?_” fell from him.

Harry’s eyes glazed with unshed tears but he _smiled_ at the man instead, a empty smile.

“I honestly thought you’d figure it all out when your spell didn’t hit Snape. Surely you know by now that I’d rather throw myself in front of the _killing curse_ than remain your _fucking Horcrux,_” he murmured coldly and then cocked his head to the side, “‘_master_’…”

“You—you little _bitch! Do you realize what you’ve done?_” Voldemort hissed, his body shuddering but he would still not _die_. “You are _worthless_ to me now!”

Harry shrugged noncommittedly and then yanked the sword out with one long pull, the sound of the sword leaving the Dark Lord’s body was disturbingly wet and the man slumped forward, one arm wrapping around his wound and the other holding himself upward. He panted with the effort, blood coming out steadily, but still he managed to glare furiously at Harry.
Harry brought the sword up and placed it underneath Voldemort’s chin. “Funny, how the tables have turned, isn’t it, Tom?” Harry asked smoothly, the flow of adrenaline rampant through his veins. “Thisss time you’re the one that’s on your kneesss,” he continued, his last statement whispered in parseltongue to the body shuddering on the floor.

“Are you really going to kill the father of your son, Harry?” Voldemort spat at him, attempting to stand once more.

Harry let out a hysterical laugh, and tears did spring from his eyes silently. “I’d never kill Draco,” he said, shaking his head frenetically at the very prospect.

“…I love him too much,” he declared simply.

The comprehension of Harry’s words incited another round of rage on Voldemort’s end and he vaulted onto his feet, snatching his dropped wand from the floor on his way up, “You’re nothing but a whore, Harry Potter!” he shrieked at him but he didn’t have the chance to utter a hex because before he even took a step, Harry ran him through once more with the sword in his hands.

Voldemort yelled and collapsed again, like a rag doll, in a puddle of his own blood, and Harry watched in morbid fascination as the man’s chest rattled and heaved once...twice...three times...and then, no more.

And just like that it was over—deep down Harry knew it had to be over—but it wasn’t enough.

Would it ever be enough?

*You’re nothing but a whore, Harry Potter!*

*Lord Voldemort has ways to make you submit.*

*It hurts doesn’t it? You are so tight, you’ve never been breached like this before, have you?*

*My perfect little whore; you won’t be saving anybody.*

*Name him, Harry.*

*Avada Kedavra!*

*Happy Christmas, Harry.*

*Happy Christmas, Harry.*

*Happy Christmas, Harry.*

*Remember your place, Harry, or else next time the little boy won’t be so lucky...*

The cry that emitted from his throat seemed inhumane as he approached the lifeless body and plunged the sword back into the man, feeling bone and cartilage break beneath the piercing tip.

He screamed again, and stabbed him again.

And again.

And again.

Bawling and screaming and stabbing, ignoring as blood spattered on his face and clothing, very
rapidly becoming a man unhinged.

It wasn’t until arms seized him from behind and yanked him backwards into a firm chest that he stopped his brutal attack, legs kicking out trying to dislodge himself from the embrace as he cried harder.

“Let me go, let me go! I want him dead! I need him to stay fucking dead--!”

“He is dead, Harry,” came a soft voice, unusually gentle for Lucius Malfoy, but the older man held him tightly as he whispered comfortingly into his ear, “He’s gone. He’s dead, he cannot hurt you anymore, I swear to you.” Harry collapsed boneless into the arms holding him and wept harder, still. Lucius sank down to the ground and Harry lowered with him, half on the cool stone and half on the man’s lap and allowed the sword to be pulled from his red-tinted hands.

The energy had seeped from him, and he couldn’t stop the fountain of tears or the sudden trembling of his body so he let Lucius hold him and rub soothing circles onto his back as he murmured soft reassurances in his ear, and Harry cried out his grief; he wept for his parents, for Sirius, for Jamie. For Dumbledore, and Hedwig, for Mad-eye and Tonks…for every single life Voldemort and his followers ripped from this world, for every single person’s suffering, and for every child’s innocence stolen under the Dark Reign.

I’m sorry Draco, Harry thought dejectedly, because as it turned out…

He ended up breaking after all.

Chapter End Notes

Eh...hopefully no one is too bothered that Fenrir stole Molly Weasley's thunder...I thought Bellatrix's death was more appropriate for this story.

Until next time!
xx
Lost

Chapter Notes

Oh boy, lovely readers!! It's looking like one more chapter after this, and then an epilogue. I think I'm going to cry when this is over...I'm as bad at goodbyes as Harry is. :(

WARNING: Harry is an angst-ridden mess the next couple of chapters. Really. He's literally going to go back and forth from being our strong and brave Hero to a sobbing emotional MESS, every twenty minutes. After last chapter, I can't really blame him, either. He's very overwhelmed and under too much scrutiny.

I'm not 100% happy with this chapter, to be honest, mostly because Harry is so up and down and it's exhausting. But I wanted him to be reunited with loved-ones and as a result, there's a lot of emotions going around. Bear with me? Please? xx

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

August 29th, 2003 (Present day)

“Perhaps we should bring him into the staff lounge?” came a hushed voice to Lucius’s left. Lucius glanced sparingly at a haggard McGonagall and nodded in agreement. Potter had stopped shuddering in his arms and Lucius was unsure if it were due to him calming down or if the young man passed out. Shifting his weight, he hoisted himself up onto his feet, dragging the lithe body up with him.

Through the doors was a large room, a big, circular meeting table to one side, and a cozier seating area on the other. He sat Potter on a plush looking armchair closest to the fireplace and crouched before him, taking his face into his hands and turning it back and forth and studying him—Potter’s glassy eyes stared straight ahead, not truly seeing anything.

Madam Pomfrey was shouting orders somewhere behind him, and Lucius turned enough to see Lupin and Greyback dragging in an unconscious Severus Snape between them. Lucius closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Severus had always been a part of his life; being four years older than the man put them at a bit of a distance in their school days but Lucius (a newly appointed prefect when Snape was a first year) was always impressed by his tenacity and impeccable potion-making skills. Although he typically kept to himself, Lucius was pretty sure Severus made off pretty well selling a variety of potions to his Slytherin peers. Even Lucius himself went to him for a hangover potion every now and then or a good healing salve when Abraxas had been particularly harsh in reprimanding his son.

He hadn’t always trusted the other man completely. His loyalty to the Dark Lord was spotty after his first fall, but he was good to Draco and looked out for him. He took the Unbreakable Vow to protect
his progeny, even if he had ulterior motives as well.

Nevertheless, in the last decade, Snape, like Lucius, grew wary and restless. They’d made comfortable lives for themselves. Lucius in his politics and charities, Severus in his teaching, but upon the Dark Lord’s return everything had been uprooted.

The Dark Lord’s victory had been anything but fruitful. Lucius and his family were being punished for the fiasco in the Department of Mysteries. The Dark Lord made sure to remind Lucius of his place, of his failures and they had essentially been on house arrest for five years.

Severus became Headmaster and moonlighted as Potter’s personal physician, while clearly been playing both sides of the war; a confessed double agent for over two decades.

Pomfrey and some of the other Professor’s hovered around the prone man, cleaning the wounds from the snake, spitting out spell after spell, pouring potion after potion down his throat and into the injury itself.

*Don’t be dead you blasted man,* Lucius thought forlornly. Turning back to Harry, he silently wished for a miracle.

They’d both witnessed the consequences of Harry Potter’s capture.

The torture. Lucius couldn’t get that first time out of his head; cleaning Potter after he’d been raped the first time, watching the boy tremble in the bath tub as he cleaned blood and semen from his body. The haunted look on his face when he realized he’d been impregnated but the man who’d killed his family, and then that same look returned as Harry held his dead newborn child in his arms…

Somehow, this young man never gave up. Secretly working to overthrow the Dark Lord’s reign? For how long? How long had he and Severus been planning this under their noses?

This brave, stubborn boy: still so young and yet tragically forced to grow up—every day putting on a happy face for Hyperion, concealing his love for Draco—while suffering so much but refusing to give up…

Only to sacrifice himself for all of them.

*Damn it,* Lucius wanted to embrace the foolish young man and protect him from the world and knock him upside the head at the same time. That strange amalgamation of feelings that he’d only ever felt towards one other individual before.

*Draco.*

For the love of Merlin, when had *Harry Potter* become like his second child? When had Lucius developed such a bond? He wasn’t his heir. He didn’t share his blood or lineage.

Yet, Lucius…damn it, he *cared.*

For Potter and Hyperion, both.

Lucius was mildly terrified. Draco was enough of a handful but Potter was a tempest in comparison. …and he cared more than he ever thought he would.

Now the brunette was sitting in front of him, in complete shock and covered in blood that was definitely not his own. Looking painfully fragile.
Remus Lupin approached them then, keeping a careful distance out of respect, but the expression on his face was pained and devastated and Lucius could tell he was trying hard to not interfere.

“He’s in shock?” Lupin asked quietly, already knowing the answer. Lucius inclined his head once anyways. The werewolf swallowed and nodded, running a tired hand down his face. Behind him, Greyback squeezed his shoulder comfortably. The pair eventually sank down onto a nearby couch to Lucius's left and they all sat in somber silence.

The young man seemed lost inside his own head, withdrawn completely, and Lucius stayed kneeling on the floor before him, unable to do anything for him besides waiting helplessly.

They waited for the better part of an hour as the professors and school nurse worked tirelessly on Severus, bickering over the best course of action to take in healing him. Lucius was on his last nerve with these people.

At last they quieted down and then a huffing Poppy Pomfrey was breathing down Lucius's neck.

“Out of the way!” Pomfrey told Lucius sternly, attempting to shoo him away and Lucius glowered at her but stood up anyways to allow the nurse to check on Potter. He respected her superior medical knowledge but he had to restrain his desire to hex her nonetheless.

She waved her wand over the disturbingly still Potter, muttering quickly to herself. Lucius walked over to Severus’s body and was surprised to see the man had regained consciousness and was glaring back at him with his typical sourness.

“How the hell is that boy still alive?” Severus rasped out weakly, his arm and shoulder bandaged. Lucius snorted softly and patted the man’s good shoulder.

“It’s Potter. Merlin knows,” he said lowly and rolled his eyes as the Potion’s master batted away Sprout, who was persistent in her attempt to administer another potion. “Be nice, Severus,” he chided, “How are you feeling?”

“Like I was attacked by a bloody snake.” Severus growled and snatched the potion out of the woman’s urgent hands. He downed it and then paused, shifting with a grimace on the pillows supporting his back.

“Post-Traumatic Stress, it looks like. The boy’s in complete shock…I can’t believe he survived…How did it happen?” Severus questioned.

Lucius slid a bit closer to the man before speaking quietly. “I don’t know the entire story, honestly. All I know is that one minute the Dark Lord was dueling four of us and then the next, he’s impaled on the sword. Potter still had his cloak on. He…even after HE died, he kept stabbing the man. He just…lost it. He couldn’t seem to stop. I can’t even blame the boy, considering.”

Severus’s eyes clenched tightly for a moment and shook his head. “Did the bastard suffer, then.” The corner of Lucius mouth quirked upwards a bit in malevolence.

“Most definitely.”

“Good,” Severus whispered, sinking further back into his pillows, “Fucking good.”

“Agrred.”

“No! Don’t touch me! Don’t touch me!” Severus and Lucius jerked to attention at the shout. Lucius flew once more towards Potter—he was trembling again, trying to press himself as far back into the
arm chair than was humanly possible, looking like cornered prey. Pomfrey had stopped dead, both her arms reached out towards him.

“What did you do to him?” Lucius snarled, nearly knocking a frantic looking Flitwick as he whipped back over.

“I was just trying to help him get those robes off!” Pomfrey protested, eyes flashing defensively at the blonde man.

“For the love of—” Severus growled in the background, rolling off the long sofa and wrenching himself upright with a groan before staggering over. “Don’t touch him. In fact, get out!”

“He’s my patient!” Pomfrey declared, looking abashed.

McGonagall was herding Sprout, Slughorn, Flitwick, Lupin, and Greyback towards the door but Severus looked angrily at the unmoving Mediwitch.

“He’s been my patient for over five years, Poppy. He doesn’t need to be crowded by you lot right now! I’ve got it from here.”

“You need rest, Severus Snape!”

“I need to see to Potter first,” Severus grit out impatiently. “You can mother-hen me later. OUT!”

Pomfrey visibly deflated, but she turned with a scowl and glided out of the room.

Lucius was kneeling before Potter again, whispering softly to the young man.

Harry was nodding a bit, tears dripping down his cheeks, as he struggled to calm his breathing. He raised his head towards Severus looking distraught but he was responsive now, at the very least.

“You’re alive,” he whispered, sounding relieved.

Severus quirked an eyebrow but his face remained impassive.

“As are you.”

Harry wagged his head miserably.

“I—oh god there’s so much blood,” he moaned, looking at his stained hands and robes, “I-I couldn’t stop. I’m a fucking monster. I’m just as bad as him…” he rambled and rubbed his hands furiously on his lap in an effort to get the blood off.

Lucius made a disapproving noise in his throat. “You are not,” he told him severely.

“I am!” Harry cried, his nails on his right hand scraping roughly at the red-tainted skin of his left, so hard that Lucius snatched his wrists to stop him.

Ignoring the pain in his arm Severus came closer to the pair, and was momentarily appreciative for the blood-replenishing potion. At least the room stopped spinning.

“Enough of that, Potter,” he said firmly. “You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“I-I killed a man in cold blood,” Harry whispered faintly. “I couldn’t stop….” he repeated wretchedly.

“You’ve killed one man who’s killed hundreds, Harry,” Severus told him, his eyes boring into
emerald green ones intensely. “You killed a man who ripped his own soul into seven pieces so he could live forever. A man who chained you to a bed, whipped you, raped you, and killed your infant…You’ve done nothing wrong, do you hear me? He was beyond remorse. You’ve saved so many, Harry. You’ve freed them. He can never hurt another innocent person or creature again.”

Harry flinched at his ex-professor’s bluntness but his breathing steadied a bit more at his words.

“I’m so tired. And I just want to see my son,” Harry mumbled. “He’s got to be so confused…”

“You don’t want him to see you like this, Harry,” Lucius warned and Harry conceded reluctantly.

“Draco?” he asked after a moment, eyeing the blonde man hopefully. “…He must hate me, now, after everything I’ve put him through…” he added, shoulders slumping as his head bowed.

“Actually, it’s quite the opposite,” Lucius said exasperatedly. His hand came up to tuck a strand of loose hair behind his ear. “I can get him for you…maybe it’d be good for you to see each other first.”

“Thank you,” Harry said feebly.

“Let Severus help you get cleaned up, understood? I’ll be back shortly…” Lucius reached into his robes for the pocket watch and murmured the three Latin words to activate it once more, vanishing into thin air.

Harry rose unsteadily but slid out of his ruined robes, letting them fall to the floor and he kicked them to the side with his foot. Taking a deep breath, he accepted the magicked up wet rag from the injured man and slowly, he washed away the evidence of his darkest moment.

…

When Lucius arrived to the safe-house once more, he found himself letting out a gasping breath of relief…he’d been so unsure he’d see his family again, but here he with just a door separating them. He was alive.

Miraculously, Harry was alive.

…and the Dark Lord was dead, gone from this world, taking with him his reign of horror.

He wrenched open the door and strode in quickly as Narcissa gasped out his name, leaping up to meet him. He drew her into his arms and kissed his wife with everything he had. She was crying silently, and he stroked her cheek lovingly with the backs of his fingers.

“Oh Lucius,” she whispered, “Thank God…” Lucius smiled and kissed her forehead fondly, before his eyes landed on his son, sitting on the loveseat wide awake again with Hyperion now sleeping beside him as he stroked the brown hair. He had appeared momentarily relieved when their eyes met, but then his son’s grey eyes hardened and he turned his head away, staring moodily at the floor.

“Son—”

“I don’t want to hear it,” Draco snapped. Narcissa’s hand slipped into his and she looked at their son with sadness.

“The Dark Lord is dead.” Lucius informed them both.

“Good!” Draco snapped, his voice sounded thick from his previous crying. “Fuck—!” He swore, sucking in a harsh breath as he buried his blond head into his hands.
“Draco—”

“Just stop,” Draco’s muffled voice groaned out furiously.

“Draco! Potter is alive.” Lucius interrupted. Draco’s head shot back up so quickly that Lucius would honestly be surprised if he didn’t injure his neck in the process.

“How?” Draco croaked, disbelievingly. “He said—he said he had to die. That it was the only way…”

Lucius smiled ironically. “Well he did die…but then he came back. Frankly, I’m starting to wonder if the boy is simply immune to the killing curse.” Draco gaped at him like a fish, dumbfounded.

“I don’t understand…” he said.

“None of us really do, son. But he’s alive and breathing and he is asking for you.” He glanced over at Hyperion briefly. “Just you, right now, would be best.” He turned to Narcissa and squeezed her hand.

“Would you mind staying here a little longer, Cissy?” he questioned gently. Narcissa smiled warmly at her husband and kissed his lips chastely.

“Go. I’ve got the little one…We shall eagerly await your return,” she murmured, releasing his hand after another squeeze.

He and Draco walked out of the house together (the younger practically ran) and Lucius faced his son with a very controlled look on his face.

“Apparate to the main gate to the school. We’ll have to walk from there.”

“There’s not a quicker way? Walking that will take at least twenty minutes, Father!” Draco pleaded.

“I’m afraid not. Besides, we will need the extra time.” Draco frowned at him.

“For what?”

“For you to explain exactly how you ended up fathering Harry Potter’s child.” Lucius said simply, a dangerous glint in his eyes shown before he abruptly disappeared into the night.

Draco paled significantly.

Bugger.

...  

Draco was there.

Right. There.

Standing beside Lucius in the entrance to the Great Hall, clad in the same deep blue robes he’d had on earlier, his hair hanging in its stylistically quaffed way and he looked pristine, still so striking even after the shit Harry left him to deal with, as he gazed at him from across the hall.

With great hesitancy, Harry had allowed Snape to coax him out of the lounge. He didn’t want to face the people outside. He was ashamed. Ashamed of letting himself snap. Of the blood that was forever on his hands, no matter how many times they’d been cleaned now. He’d never forget the sight of it,
nor the feel of his rage as hundreds of people witnessed him break.

Harry originally refused to leave but then Snape, peering out into the Hall, informed him that Draco arrived, and it was enough. He’d jumped up and ran into the hall—and then he stopped.

Because Draco was there.

_Staring_ at him.

First looking utterly relieved and even happy before his handsome features shifted to settle on completely pissed off. The blonde’s hands clenched into fists at his side and his legs moved forward, one after another causing his robes to swish elegantly and before Harry knew it, Draco was walking towards Harry.

No, not just walking…he was nearly _storming_ over to him.

Harry felt his feet move on his own accord and they drew nearer, meeting each other in the middle but stopping five meters apart. It was like a stand-off, a duel.

It felt oddly familiar, like Harry was thirteen again, locked in a showdown with the Malfoy heir, and someone was going to hurt.

Harry winced ever so slightly, his eyebrows knitting together and he was speaking aloud to the blonde, ignoring the strange looks and befuddled exchanges around them. “What are the chances you’re going to kick my arse?” Harry tried to make it sound like jest but it came across rather strained.

Draco regarded him coldly and his jaw jutted for a moment like he was deciding the best course of action to take.

“I’d say about fifty-percent.”

Harry gave him a feeble grin.

“And the other fifty?” He asked quietly, his eyes meeting those of the Slytherin.

Draco’s tongue darted out quickly to lick his lips and Harry watched as his demeanor changed, his hands unclenched, and Harry couldn’t even begin to decipher what was going through the other man’s mind. Draco sighed inaudibly but visibly, the rigidity of his shoulders ebbing like he was surrendering to something. Like he was _done_ fighting.

Harry could relate.

“...The other half wants to kick my own arse for not telling you how—how much I love you sooner. Because I do, Harry. _You stupid, self-sacrificing bloody fool of a Gryffindor, I do love you._” Draco stated with astonishing conviction, advancing on him all the while and Harry let out a short, dry, _thankful_ sob; Draco closed the small gap between them and was _right in front of him now_, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt and giving him the snog of his life.

After a moment, one of Draco’s hands slipped away from his collar in favor of wrapping around his lower back to bring Harry closer and the other inched upwards to hold the back of Harry’s head. Harry’s own arms moved up, too, both hands cradling the sides of Draco’s head as he kissed the Slytherin with everything he had.

Because they could.
Because they didn’t have to hide what they were or how they felt anymore.

They were free.

They were…*sh*t*, they were making out in the Great Hall in front of several hundred people. Harry and Draco separated their lips, wide-eyed as the regarded each other, and shared an abashed look because Draco seemed to realize where they were as well. Harry licked his tingling lips and blinked rapidly, his eyes and hands never leaving Draco because really, where did they go from here?

People were whispering all around them and even the tips of Draco’s ears flushed a tiny bit in embarrassment from being under such scrutiny and Harry was positive his own cheeks were glowing a neon shade of scarlet by now.

“They’re staring, aren’t they?” Harry mumbled, still as a statue. Draco’s eyes flicked side-to-side quickly before landing back and Harry’s.

“Yes, yes they are,” Draco affirmed, before extricating himself from Harry and, after establishing a grip on Harry’s forearm, the Malfoy heir schooled his features behind a mask of indifference and led Harry from the Hall without acknowledging anyone on the way out.

He didn’t stop his long, brisk strides until they were outside.

The front of the school was disrupted; stone and brick was scorched and smashed in the entryway, along the pathway, even leading up to the bridge. It was clear that the battle had expanded out of the Great Hall, especially as the Order and Aurors rounded up the Death Eaters that had been attempting to flee the scene.

Draco and Harry stood in silence along the ruins of the stone bridge, the view below vast and green. They could hear the chatter resume back inside the school in the background.

After several long moments of quiet, when it became painfully clear to Draco that Harry wasn’t going to speak first, he swallowed apprehensively. He couldn’t very well ask if Harry was okay…of course he wasn’t okay. With careful consideration Draco asked, “How…do you feel?”

“I feel,” Harry whispered finally, looking out over the crumbled mass of stone and singed marks to the sun setting far in the horizon. “…lost.” He stated, glancing back finally. He heard movement around him; Hogwarts staff was working on clearing out some of the rubble before dark, and reestablishing temporary wards. Most of the soldiers that defended their school would likely be staying the night, he guessed.

Draco observed him with sad eyes but smiled at him gently, coming forward a bit more to stand closer to him and he looked out at the sky as well.

Draco reached down and grasped Harry’s hand into his and squeezed comfortingly. “Take your time. I’ll be here when you find yourself.” Draco murmured to him.

Harry’s nostrils flared slightly as he worked to keep frustrated tears at bay. “And if I can’t find myself?” he asked, voicing his fears. What if Draco decided he was too much of a mess and wanted out? Harry didn’t think he could say goodbye to the blonde again. It’d destroyed him once already when he said goodbye to him mere…hours? before.

Four hours. That’s all that separated his final goodbyes, his death, his resurrection, Voldemort’s fall…four measly hours. And suddenly, all the years of his captivity came barreling towards this moment, coming to a crashing halt, because it was *over*.
Draco turned and pulled him nearer, hands sliding up Harry’s neck to cup his face in his hands, surprisingly warm and steady. He rested his forehead against Harry’s scarred one, their noses aligned and breathing mingling from their close proximity.

“Then I will help you look—because you, Harry Potter, are so worth finding.” Harry allowed his eyes to flutter shut and willed himself to calm as he basked in Draco’s love.

He hushed his irrational fears; he knew the blonde well enough to know Draco wouldn’t abandon him. Not now, not after they’d been through so much together.

It was over.

*Finally, over.*

Draco was brushing his thumbs over his cheeks and Harry startled and blinked rapidly, only now realizing that a new round of fresh tears were silently pouring out of his green eyes and he was shaking like a leaf in an autumn breeze.

Draco clung to him slightly and Harry realized he was trembling a little too.

Draco was trying to be strong for his sake. Harry inhaled deeply and let it out, trying to calm his nerves, trying to gain some resolve back, because he had to be strong for Draco too.

“Harry?”

At the sound of Harry’s name, Draco stiffened slightly and his usual guise of reserved vacancy slid over his face, altogether removing the previous, honest emotion he’d been exhibiting to the other man seconds ago. Harry was relieved however, when the blonde didn’t pull away from him completely, a comforting hand still rested on his forearm.

Harry peered over Draco’s left shoulder to acknowledge the voice. Hermione, Ron, and Neville, stood clustered together, uncertain if their presence would be welcome and Harry didn’t—he didn’t know.

He didn’t know how to talk to these people he considered his best friends. Five years wasn’t that long…but for Harry, it felt like an eternity.

An entire lifetime ago.

He didn’t know how to behave normal anymore. He swallowed around what felt like a snitch in his throat and Draco squeezed his arm reassuringly. He glanced back at him gratefully before his eyes returned to his friends.

His friends.

“Hey, guys,” Harry said, his voice sounding stronger than he was feeling. Draco didn’t say anything, didn’t even turn to look at them. Too much history. Last time they’d seen Draco, he’d been physically hauling a bloody Harry out of the Great Hall after observing him being whipped by his own aunt.

Before that, the day of Harry’s capture.

Before *that*, he’d snuck Death Eaters into their school.

Too much history, indeed.
Hermione eyed him with her always-perceptive eyes. Her black robes were scorched a bit at the hem and stands of her brown hair had fallen out of the bun on her head. The others looked about as dirty and worn as she was. “Harry, do you—”

She was interrupted by another urgent “Harry!” and Ginny appeared by Neville’s left side, her parents and siblings swarming in on the group and Harry took an unconscious step closer to Draco because he really didn’t think he could do this.

But he would. He had to.

These people were his family, too. They were there for him after all these years, so Harry would be there for them, as well.

He didn’t think he’d ever see them again, and yet, here they were. Beaten down and exhausted, but alive all the same.

‘He could not have anticipated your friends’ assistance on the outside, devoted to you after all this time. He could not have planned on Severus’s commitment to protect you changing the game, nor the Malfoy family’s diminishing allegiance to him. And, perhaps the most extraordinary of all, Voldemort could not have ever fathomed you and young Draco finding love in one another...Tom desperately tried to break you, Harry, but his own ego blinded him and he did not see that you had so many still, in your corner, that supported you. Those of whom had never lost faith...’

The ‘power the Dark Lord knows not...’

He had never truly been alone, because he had so many people he loved behind him. His heart swelled slightly and Draco must’ve sensed the change because after one last squeeze he let his arm drop from Harry’s.

Harry stepped around him just enough to meet Hermione halfway and threw his arms around her thin shoulders and embraced her for the first time in half a decade. A pair of strong, long arms came around them both, and he knew it was Ron without even looking. Their warmth was familiar. After a long minute, the broke away from each other, Ron’s hand still gripped Harry’s shoulder, and Harry cupped Hermione’s face and kissed her on the forehead and thumbed away her tears.

“Harry, oh Harry,” she kept whispering, as if his name was the only thing keeping him from vanishing from sight.

“It’s good to see you, mate,” Ron told him, “Really bloody good.” Harry beamed at him, feeling relieved.

“You too,” he told him genuinely. He eventually broke away from them both and reached over to accept a brief but firm hug from Neville, who clapped his back.

“Thank you, Nev, for passing on the note, I mean. For everything,” Harry said and Neville shrugged off the gratitude with a smile.

“I should be thanking you, Harry, we all should, really,” Neville said, grinning tiredly. Twenty-three looked good on Neville; he was taller than Harry remembered, leaner and stronger than the awkward teenager he had been. He was more confident it seemed, but he was still the same gentle Neville.

Ginny.
Their eyes met, her brown ones warm but unsure and Harry offered her another smile. It seemed to be enough because she had him around the neck in a tight embrace, her smooth cheek pressed against his warmly. He barely had time to blink when they parted before he was tugged into Weasley embrace after Weasley embrace, passed around the lot of them and Harry didn’t mind as much as he thought he would.

Merlin, he had missed them all. Even Percy, who he was glad to see back amidst his large family.

“Harry, dear,” Molly Weasley murmured, bringing him into her arms for a second time, and Harry smiled at her. “Can we do anything? Are you hungry?”

“No thank you, Mrs. Weasley,” he said, “I’m all right.” He grimaced slightly at his obvious lie. “I mean—I’m fine. I’ll be fine, I’m here. You’re all here. That’s enough, right now.”

She smiled at him, sniffing only slightly. She looked older than Harry had ever seen her but still held the same maternal strength she always had. Arthur wrapped his arms around his wife’s shoulders.

“We didn’t want to overwhelm you earlier—but we’re all here for you Harry, I hope you know that.” Arthur told him kindly and Harry knew it was indisputably true.

Another wave of strength passed through him.

The Weasley family was alive. Each and every red-haired, freckle-faced Weasley. He breathed deeply, his head feeling less foggy. He grinned and turned around back to Draco, who had retreated once more to the broken wall of the bridge, leaning against it and looking uncomfortable and edgy. When he noticed Harry’s attentions had returned to him he relaxed ever-so-slightly.

Harry came up to him and cupped his hand along Draco’s sharp draw, tugging his head into a simple, chaste kiss. The blonde blinked rapidly in surprise at the outward display of affection, which was ironic because Draco had snogged him publicly in the Great Hall thirty minutes’ prior…but this one seemed to be the kiss that threw him for a loop.

Perhaps because it wasn’t that heat-of-the-moment, desperate kiss; no, it was a simple sign of affection that one would give their partner in greeting or farewell. It was much more…natural. Easy. “I’m—I’m ready, now. To see Hyperion, I mean—do you think that we should get him? Or d’you think it would be too much for him…” He felt frazzled again, looking around the ruins; the larger areas of destruction closer to the main entrance were still being cleared up by the professors and volunteers some thirty meters behind the Weasley clan.

Draco surveyed the mess warily. The castle certainly wasn’t in the best shape, but the bodies in the Great Hall had been moved to the back room, closed off completely and there were no more traces of blood around.

Harry couldn’t leave everything this way. He needed to be there for these people as much as he needed them.

Yet, he also needed Hyperion. He desperately needed to hold his little boy in his arms, again. His heart skipped a beat. He didn’t leave Hyperion. He would be able to watch his child grow up. He wouldn’t have to miss everything, after all.

Draco must’ve read his mind because the hand came up to rest lightly on his back. “I think he needs you, too,” Draco murmured in Harry’s ear, soothing his unease. He withdrew and offered Harry a small smile. “You’ll be okay if I leave?” Harry’s lip snagged between his teeth.

“Yeah, I’ll be fine. Just—hurry? Please?” Draco nodded once and pulled out the pocket watch he’d
received from his father, from his trousers pocket.

“I’ll return shortly. I promise.” He muttered the password to activate the portkey and he disappeared in the blink of an eye.

“Well, that was.”

“Strange,” George finished for his twin.

Harry flushed a bit and forced himself to turn back to the group.

Malfoy…” Ron mumbled, staring at the spot Draco vanished from while pointing with an unsteady hand. “You kissed Malfoy. Twice. *Malfoy.*”

There it was.

“Blimey, Harry, *Draco Malfoy.* And *you.*”

“I think he realizes, Ronald,” Hermione exhaled, exasperated. She looked a little flustered too, but she had tact.

Harry appreciated her interjection.

“It’s a long story,” Harry said, feeling uncomfortable under the scrutiny of so many eyes.

“Do you want to talk about it?” Hermione offered. Harry shook his head, his eyes glazed over a bit but he met her eyes steadily.

“I’d-I’d rather not get into it right now,” his voice cracked slightly and he grimaced again, his confidence diminishing as quickly as it came. He looked at Ron. “Just know…he’s really important to me, all right? I know there’s bad blood, but please trust me when I say he’s changed a lot since we were in school. We both have. We’ve been through a lot together.” Ron didn’t look convinced but he didn’t push further, either. Harry walked with the group of them back towards the castle’s entrance.

“Can I help?” Harry offered to the four Heads of Houses. McGonagall looked pleased to see him and squeezed him into a hug rather firmly for someone so old. She hadn’t lost her tenacity; Harry was happy to note.

“I think you’ve done plenty, my dear boy,” she told him kindly, sounding much like Dumbledore. Merlin, he was hating all the gratitude that was being thrown his way. He hated the attention but there was nothing he could do about it.

*Please, hurry Draco.*

“Indeed,” Snape’s deep voice came from the doors leading to the dining hall, his arm in a sling, but looking better. Lucius looked worn out but regal at his side. Harry shifted towards the pair and Lucius arched an eyebrow questioningly when he realized Draco was not by his side.

“He went to—well, wherever, to get them,” Harry whispered to him. Lucius inclined his head, his hand coming out to rest on his shoulder.

“You need to sit,” Lucius told him lowly. Nearly everyone was watching the exchange judgmentally, not trusting Lucius, barely trusting Snape, even after their actions today. If it bothered either man, they didn’t show it. Harry nodded tiredly, walking with him.
The long tables were repaired and cleaned and put back into their rightful places. “The house-elves have prepared a late supper for us tonight,” Snape informed him.

Harry wasn’t hungry. He just wanted his son in his arms and Draco beside him and sleep and for people to stop staring at him and thanking him…

He suppressed a sigh, forcing himself to stop looking miserably at his feet. His eyes landed on a rather large group of people. Two dozen at least, give or take a few; the werewolves huddled at one end of what use to be the Hufflepuff table. The pack’s demeanor was overly vigilant and most were glaring at anyone who looked suspiciously in their direction. Harry searched along the group for the one person he had yet to speak with (and actually wanted to), until he finally found him, met his amber eyes with his own and he left Lucius and Severus’s side to bravely walk to the table, aware of hundreds of eyes watching, hating it, but moving forward anyways.

Remus had stood up from the table, looking disheveled but surprisingly healthier than the last time Harry and him were in the same room. Harry opened his mouth to say something but found he couldn’t; instead he reached out and stepped into Remus’s welcoming arms, burying his nose into the man’s shoulder, breathing in his earthy scent.

Remus, his favorite professor.

Remus, his parent’s good friend.

Remus, who taught him how to produce a Patronus.

Remus, who shared his grief and pain because he’d also lost so much.

Remus, who risked his own life to destroy a cup…to help Harry’s crusade against Horcrux’s.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you,” he told him, his voice muffled in Remus’s robes. “I’m so sorry, Moony. For everything. For calling you a coward. For Tonks, God, even for Sirius—”

“Harry,” Remus breathed out, aghast. “Stop. Please, stop apologizing. None of that was your fault, you must know I would never blame you,” he soothed. His fingers threaded into his hair—his braid had become loose enough to allow it, and he gripped the back of Harry’s head to him, embracing him firmly.

People around them began chatting, stopped their blatant open gawking that had caused Harry (and Draco) to leave the hall originally. With his cheeks feeling a little too warm, Harry pulled away and offered the man a small smile.

“You…you look good, Moony,” Harry said lamely. Remus returned his smile anyways. He gestured for Harry to sit beside him at the table as he took his place beside Fenrir Greyback. He remembered Snape saying that they’d found some sort of common ground. Harry wasn’t so optimistic but the man did strangle Bellatrix. Wait…‘not my mate’… Harry blinked, stunned. Remus and Fenrir Greyback?

“Wolfsbane, while undeniably beneficial, has adverse effects on the consumer’s body and overall well-being.” Harry jerked out of his thoughts.

“You’re-you’re not taking Wolfsbane anymore?” Harry asked surprised and secretly pleased that the topic didn’t involve him for once. Beside Remus, Greyback (who had initially been pretending to not be eavesdropping), let out a disgruntled noise. Remus rolled his eyes but chose to ignore it.

“Yes. I—well, we, are far-off enough from civilization to not be considered a threat. On top of that, our land is heavily warded from any potential wanderers. It is actually—quite lovely. Teddy certainly
feels at home,” Remus told him warmly.

Harry sputtered. “Yes! Oh my God, Remus, your son—Teddy, is it? How is he? He must be what, five, now?” Remus let out chuckle that rumbled in his chest. This is nice, Harry thought, just talking.

Discussing the good things that they still had going for them, and most importantly, not about Harry.

Remus watched Harry quietly, his mouth still upturned but the pleasantry was not quite reflecting in his eyes. He knew the older man wanted to ask, they all did. What happened? Where have you been? What did Voldemort do to you?

Remus didn’t, though. Instead, “He turned five in April. He’s a bright child but remarkably energetic. He’s got his mother’s happy-go-lucky spirit, that’s for certain.” He paused. “…Harry, Tonks and I, well we meant to ask you before—I mean, we wanted you to be Godfather to Teddy. I know so much has happened but my hopes have never changed. I hope you’ll still accept that long-awaited request.”

Harry palmed his face, feeling self-conscious of the tears prickling his eyes. “Please tell your son that I’m sorry he has the biggest cry-baby for a godfather, Moony. Thank you, I’m-I’m honored.” Remus beamed and threw his arm over his shoulders, pulling him to his side in a half-hug as they sat together on the long bench.

Conversation quieted once more in the Hall as three figures appeared in the doorway; two tall and very fair-haired, and clasping hands with the small child between them. Harry practically jumped away from the table. It took less than a second before Hyperion spotted him.

“Daddy!” he cried out, tugging his hands out of Draco and Narcissa’s in favor of running towards Harry. His green eyes were wide, overwhelmed from so many people around and being, for the first time in his life, out of that manor. He scrambled down the aisle, careful not to bump the last few standing people and Harry jogged to him before dropping to his knees and holding his arms out for the four-year-old to escape into them.

The force of impact nearly knocked Harry over but he steadied himself, clutching the little boy to his body, squeezing him harder than was likely comfortable but Hyperion didn’t object. Harry was shaking again, sobbing quiet apologies into the light brown hair. Tears of grief mixed with utter relief escaped him, because he was alive, and he had his baby boy in his arms. He’d been given more time.

A pang of guilt returned once more within him as he thought of baby James, Jamie, Sirius had called him fondly. But Jamie had encouraged him to return…advised him that his little brother needed him. Yet, the guilt remained tangible. For a troubling moment, Harry wished he were still in that endlessly white-space so he could hold his oldest son this way, too. He felt something cool tickle his left cheek and he wiped at it as he pulled away to look at Hyperion.

“Sweetheart, I love you. I love you so much, I’m so sorry,” he whispered tearfully, his hands clasping the small face in between them. He kissed his forehead and Hyperion rose onto his tip-toes and returned with a kiss to Harry’s right cheek as another tingle grazed his left.

Hyperion’s green eyes suddenly sparkled with wetness too, but he grinned happily at Harry.

“You feel him, don’t you, Daddy?” Hyperion stated knowingly. Harry froze and felt goosebumps prickle his skin.

‘I’ve grown up beside you, Daddy,’ the soft words resonated in his mind. Harry’s hand came up to touch the side of his face again. He turned his head to look at the empty space beside him, but saw
absolutely nothing there.

He didn’t need to.

*He knew*, just as easily as he had recognized that the young boy in—*limbo*—was undoubtedly his son, Harry *knew* that Jamie was there with them.

Hyperion knew too.

He had always known.

Harry looked back to his son and nodded slowly.

“Yeah baby, I feel him.” He hugged the boy again. As he met Draco’s grey eyes over the slim shoulder, he became aware of all the noise around him. People were staring at them *again* and Harry felt the unease creep back as the mutters increased, indubitably making assumption after assumption, and once more he wanted to run. He stood up with Hyperion in his arms and rushed to make his exit, but then Draco came closer, effectively blocking his way.

“Please mov—”

Draco shook his head, one hand reaching up to tousle Hyperion’s curls, and the other glued to Harry’s bicep. “Don’t run, Harry,” he advised so quietly that Harry almost didn’t hear him. Hell, his lips barely even moved. “Let’s not hide anymore. Let them talk. I’m here, okay?.” His thumb was stroking against his arm calmly and Harry felt the air return to his lungs. He shifted Hyperion onto his hip, trying not to let it all send him into a full-blown panic. *He could do this.*

Draco was right.

They had waited for ages to be liberated. He wouldn’t run back into isolation for anything.

He was still a Gryffindor, after all.

He summoned as much courage as he could and nodded, an almost imperceptible gesture, and set his jaw. He followed Draco into a sparser spot at one of the long tables. The Weasley clan was closest, set up to surround purposefully he imagined. Snape sat beside Lucius, who looked tense (being so close to the mob of red-hair and their significant others). Narcissa was close to his other side. She offered him a kind smile, trying to remain poised and dignified but as soon as he sat down across from them, she reached out and clasp her hand over his on the table. Her brown eyes were a little red-rimmed, he noted.

He wondered if the loss of her sister had caused her tears. Bellatrix was insane, cruel, twisted, but… her sister nonetheless. He squeezed her hand gently and she returned the gesture before withdrawing it back to her lap neatly.

Around them, people continued shooting glances their way shamelessly.

Unconsciously he drew Hyperion in more closely to his body and the child squeaked in protest, “Daddy, too much hugging, too much!”

He jumped and loosened his grip on the kid a bit but didn’t let him go. Hyperion sunk back more comfortably into his embrace. “Sorry, Little Bird.” Harry mumbled to him.

Harry had always despised being the center of attention. He should’ve been used to it by now, but all this time being out of the public eye had rendered him unprepared for the returned scrutiny.
He didn’t want to know what they were thinking right now. About him, about the little boy calling him Daddy. The conclusions they’d undeniably be jumping to in their minds. Harry Potter holding the Dark Lord’s son…

Oh God.

Could Hyperion be in danger?

He tensed, perspiration gathering at the small of his back. He felt afraid at first, and then defensive because even if Hyperion truly was Voldemort’s blood, that didn’t mean he’d be evil. After all…

Jamie was proof of that.

Not that the world would never get the chance to see how good he could be, regardless of who sired him. He couldn’t imagine how hard it would’ve been though, for his oldest child to prove himself had he lived. Their world was cruel sometimes, rumors ran rampant and malicious. Who knows what kind of ridicule he might have been subjected to growing up, and then, as an adult.

He couldn’t perish the thought.

“Daddy, they’re all staring,” Hyperion observed uneasily. The poor child had never seen more than a handful of other people in his entire lifetime, and here he was, surrounded by a few hundred of them. “They don’t have very good manners. Right Draco?” He sniffed in disdain and Harry couldn’t suppress his snort at his son’s Malfoy-isms.

“That’s right, Hyperion,” Draco said, nodding thoughtfully. “It is impolite to stare,” he added, a little more loudly. He threw a couple of pointed death glares at two gawking women Harry didn’t recognize at the next table over. They averted their gazes immediately, looking thoroughly chastised.

“Wow, Daddy, look at it all!”

Food started appearing along each of the massive tables; platters filled with a wide selection of food, from simple sandwiches and fruit, to roasted chicken with gravy and mash, pitchers of juices and water. The magical appearance of food was not unusual to his son. They had, after all, a couple house-elves themselves.

There was nothing like a Hogwarts feast, though. Harry felt himself smiling. He was surrounded by so many people he cared about, at the place that served to be his home for six years. For now, he would eat, and maybe even partake in some of the idle conversation.

For now, he would stop thinking about his death. He’d stop stressing about Voldemort’s death by his hands. He’d stop fretting about the world outside these walls and the repairs that had to be done to the school, the ministry, and Harry’s mind.

He would stop dwelling on the future, just long enough to enjoy a good old-fashioned Hogwarts feast with his son and Draco and the people he loved.

The peace lasted for the duration of their meal.

Then the aurors came.
Chapter End Notes

Until next time!
xx
-CJ
Almost done, my lovely readers. For some reason, this chapter was one of the saddest ones for me to write. Maybe it's just because I know it's all nearly over and a part of me really does not want it to be. :( 
Anyways, I hope you guys like this chapter!!

August 29th, 2003 (Present day)

“You can’t arrest them!” Harry cried out, clutching Draco’s arm desperately. The auror holding onto Draco’s other arm looked overwhelmed. “Kingsley! Please, don’t let them do this!” The dark skinned man held up his hands in attempt to placate him.

“It is too far out of my hands, Harry, I’m sorry,” he said in his deep timbre. “The former DMLE is scrambling to weed out the remaining Death Eaters before they can attempt to flee. Most have been apprehended already, but we can’t leave any open ends,” Kingsley informed them, choosing his words carefully.

Lucius looked tense as cuffs were placed on him, but he did not put up a fight. Neither did Severus, who allowed himself to be disarmed (as they couldn’t cuff him with his injury), with a stony face.

“This is wrong!” McGonagall said harshly. “These men have helped our cause!”

“They are Death Eaters!” snapped one of the aurors, a stern-faced balding man.

“Once a Death Eater, always a Death Eater,” spat the one tugging Draco. Draco winced, looking paler than usual. He wasn’t crying or fighting, but Harry could recognize the fretful glimmer in those grey eyes as he looked at Harry.

“Harry, let go,” he whispered, “It’s fine—”

“It isn’t!” he turned to Kingsley once more, his body visibly shaking in fury. He tightened his hold on Draco. There’d be a cold day in Hell before he willingly ‘let go’ of the blonde.

“Professor Snape has helped us pass messages back and forth to Harry for weeks!” Hermione interjected, coming swiftly to his aide.

“He’s been a spy for years,” McGonagall added.

“This is true,” Kingsley said, looking at the head auror. “Perhaps we could release them, and pull them in for questioning tomorrow? I see no reason to disturb the pea—”

“Snape killed Albus Dumbledore! Junior here helped. And Lucius Malfoy broke out of Azkaban eight years ago! Snape’s a confirmed murderer and all three of them are marked men,” said another
“Well so am I!” Harry yelled, and the heated shouting quieted down into a deafening hush. He glanced to where Hyperion was, whimpering in Narcissa’s arms and his heart dropped to his gut. “So am I.” he relinquished his hold on Draco in favor of holding out his wrists to the Head Auror. “If you’re going to arrest them for being murderers and ‘marked men’ then you’ll have to take me in as well. I’ve killed a man, tonight.”

The Head Auror, Gawain Robards, sputtered and took a step back appalled at the request. Harry took a step forward, determined. “You—you saved—! You killed, for Heaven’s sake—he was a monster!”

Harry bit his lip for a second, his arms still held out in front of him, waiting for cuffs he knew would never bind him. He refused to drop them anyways.

“His name was Tom Marvolo Riddle.” His peripheral saw some people shift uncomfortably, Slughorn especially, having known Riddle well at one time. “He was born on December 31st, 1926 to Merope Gaunt and Tom Riddle Senior. He grew up in Wool’s Orphanage in London until he came to Hogwarts. Before he was a monster he was a man. I killed him tonight. I stabbed him. Repeatedly. I couldn’t even stop myself after he was dead. I ended his life.” The man in front of him looked like he was going to faint.

“That was—that was self-defense, Mr. Potter,” the man wheezed. Harry shook his head stubbornly. “You had no choice.”

“I did have a choice. I could’ve stayed where I was and let him continue to live on but instead I set him up, I killed him willingly, and I have no regrets.” Harry stated, his voice slightly cold and distant. “Snape was acting on Albus Dumbledore’s orders. He killed the man at his request—question him if you must! But he doesn’t deserve Azkaban!”

“Murder is still murder, despite the intent!” Robards interjected heatedly.

Harry smiled as the older man flushed.

“My point exactly, sir.” He cleared his throat after a moment of silence. “As for the Malfoys; they too had no choice.”

“They held you hostage—” pushed the man holding Lucius. Lucius was staring at Harry like he’d never seen him before.

“They were as much a victim as I. They were kept imprisoned with me under duress. They were protecting each other, like any family would’ve in those circumstances.”

“They have the Dark Mark!”

Harry nearly growled and finally lowered his extended wrists. He spun around whilst pulling his tucked shirt from the waistband of his trousers and exposed his lower back to the congregation of prejudiced, imbecilic aurors.

He anticipated the gasps, tolerated them unflinchingly, as he allowed them to stare at the Dark Mark burned to his flesh, angry and burning still.

“Do you think me a Death Eater because I wear HIS mark? Will you arrest me now?”

“That…they took the mark willingly…” it was whispered now. Shock. Confusion.
“They submitted to a man much more powerful and dangerous than themselves. I submitted, too.”

“All of us here submitted,” added Ron, coming up to stand beside Harry and Hermione. “None of us dared not to. We might not be Death Eaters but we’ve practiced dark magic every summer. Our entire world bent to his rule out of fear and coercion.”

Harry took a deep breath, hope rising in his chest.

“Well, Head Auror Robards? I have been teaching dark magic for five years. My entire staff has been guilty of this. There are over three hundred of us in this hall alone that are guilty of something dark. Do you have enough handcuffs for all of us, sir?” McGonagall said boldly. Harry wanted to hug her.

The man’s nostrils flared angrily, his face was purpling into a scary likeness of his Uncle Vernon. He jerked his head to Draco, Lucius, and Snape.

“Release them. I will be sending a summons for individual hearings immediately. Let a jury decide their fates. But prepare yourselves—they’ll be out for blood.” The man spun on heel and stormed out of the hall, his company parting with him.

He let out a breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding as Draco tugged him into his arms. “Thank you, thank you, thank you,” he breathed into Harry’s ear. Harry could feel Draco shuddering against him.

“I’ve got you,” Harry whispered back to him. Draco nodded into Harry’s neck where he hid his head from view until he gathered his nerves enough to straighten back up. He looked at Ron and Hermione over Harry’s head.

“Thank you…the both of you,” he told them carefully. Harry gaped, looking back and forth between Draco and his friends. Did Draco Malfoy just thank someone out of his tiny circle of people he tolerated?

Hermione offered him a small smile and Ron gave a half-hearted shrug. “Well…it didn’t seem appropriate to stand by idly…without knowing the whole story,” Hermione rationalized calmly. Draco inclined his head slightly.

“Oh for the love of Merlin, Potty,” he huffed, reaching his arm out to close Harry’s open mouth. Harry grinned at him. “Don’t make it a big deal or I’ll take it back,” he warned.

“I’m not,” Harry said simply, his mouth still stretched from ear-to-ear.

“Stop smiling!”

“Does it bother you?”

“Yes.”

Harry’s eyebrows raised at Draco’s icy face. His cheeks were threatening to pink, and Harry couldn’t help but feel guilty because he knew Draco was uncomfortable.

“Sorry…I just…” he began before he paused, the reality of what just happened slapping him hard, and then his face crumpled.

Draco’s eyes widened slightly at such a rapid change of emotion, and his arm shot up to grip Harry’s bicep, “What’s wrong?”
Harry felt all the humor leave him, his tiny flicker of peace, gone.

“I’m a fucking mess Draco,” he said. Hermione grimaced at his cursing but said nothing. “I’m so bloody tired, and I don’t know if I want to cry or laugh or scream or smile anymore… You almost just got hauled to a holding cell in Azkaban! And Snape, and your dad, too. In front of Hyperion. Oh my God—where is Hyperion?” His chest was rising and falling rapidly as he looked around him fearfully.

“He’s with Mother, you know—that—Harry, you need to breathe.”

“Maybe we should get him back out of the hall for some fresh air?” Hermione suggested, her eyes big and her palm came up to rest tentatively on Harry’s shuddering back.

Draco reaction time was impeccable as he swiftly tugged Harry back out into the entrance hall, once again disregarding the glances thrown their way. He didn’t even care that Weasley and Granger trailed them.

Harry’s head was spinning and his heart hammered a tattoo against his chest. He couldn’t breathe, he couldn’t seem to escape prying eyes. He killed Voldemort tonight. He stabbed the man dozens of times, blood had been everywhere. The sight of torn flesh forever singed into his mind…

Draco was almost snatched from him. What if he was convicted and sent to Azkaban? No—he couldn’t lose Draco! No. No. No. No…

“You aren’t going to lose me. Harry, you need to calm down.” Awareness slammed back into him at full force, his haze cleared enough so that Harry could see Draco kneeled in front of him—when had Harry gotten on the ground? His back was leaning against the jagged stone wall in a secluded corridor that Harry vaguely remembered leading to the Slytherin common room. Hermione and Ron were crouched on either side of him apprehensively.

His brain processed Draco’s words. Had he spoken his fears out loud?

Grey eyes peered into his, a hand pressed against his cheek to keep Harry’s own gaze steady. To keep him focused, anchored to the present. “There you go,” Draco murmured.

Ron’s hand rested on his shoulder carefully. “All right there, mate?”

“You can’t go to Azkaban,” Harry whispered to Draco. “I can’t fucking do this without you. I don’t know how…” He shook his head wildly. “He’s won, hasn’t he? This is what he wanted—to break me. I’m sorry, I promised I wouldn’t let him break me but I’ve failed. Even in death, he’s still fucking won.” A tear dripped down the bridge of his nose and onto Draco’s wrist. The blonde didn’t seem to notice.

“You’re not broken,” Draco told him firmly. “He hasn’t won, Harry, and you are not broken. A little bent, maybe, but fuck, I think we all are these days…that does not mean that we are beyond saving, though. Trust me, Harry.”

“Bent?”

Draco nodded once, “Very bent, perhaps.”

Harry smiled at him tearfully. “Well, I could’ve told you that.”

“Making jokes, now are we?”
“At your ‘bent-ness’? Yeah, you set yourself up for that one, Malfoy.” Draco rewarded him with a sneer.

“Well, I’ve got news for you, Potty—”

“Is this flirting?” Ron interrupted, his face flamed and creeping towards a similar shade to his hair. “Oh my God, ‘Mione, I think this is how they flirt with each other.” He groaned and slumped down the wall a little too dramatically.

Draco glowered at him, but his cheekbones were slightly colored. Harry laughed tiredly. It came out more of a hacking sound than anything, honestly.

His head rolled in Ron’s direction, ignoring the rugged stone digging into his scalp at the motion. “Sorry, mate.”

Ron looked at him exasperatedly. “I need sleep. I need to process this. Everything is going to change again. For the better, hopefully. I mean, how much worse could it get? Harry, you did it. You saved the bloody world.”

Harry snorted, “I had a lot of help. Thank you guys. For not giving up on me, I mean. I’m sorry I couldn’t get to you guys sooner, to let you know I was alive.”

“We couldn’t exactly have a funeral for you,” Hermione whispered sadly. “We mourned in secrecy—all of us did. Some of us fought as long as we could, but it was useless. With you gone, people lost morale. Voldemort was too strong, his numbers too great after your ‘defeat’…people acclimated to his side, hundreds, thousands. We did too. We had to, or we would be executed. Not just us, mind you, but they’d kill everyone we loved too, as punishment. It was as if the world went mad.”

“We couldn’t get decent jobs,” Ron continued, reaching over Harry’s lap to clasp Hermione’s hand. “Some of us couldn’t get any at all. I’ve been doing janitorial duties at Saint Mungo’s with Fred and George.” He grimaced. “And we were the lucky ones. Might be blood-traitors but we are still a pureblooded family. We had the slightest advantage over the Muggleborns and Half-bloods.”

Silence followed, and all Harry could hear was the four of them breathing, the soft sounds mingling and echoing in the dimly lit hallway.

“He found out I was his Horcrux. The day he killed my parents, a bit of his soul latched onto me. Nagini could sense its presence inside of me. So he had no choice, but to let me live. He could hurt me but he couldn’t kill me. That lack of control drove him crazy, I think. More so than usual…He had me injected with a fertility potion made for males,” Harry mumbled, his throat scratchy and dry. Hermione’s sharp intake of breath didn’t surprise him. She had known of course; Hyperion was living proof of his pregnancy. He figured she was caught off guard that he was speaking of it, though. He didn’t want to. But he had to. He had to tell someone else.

He had to have his best friends understand. While they wouldn’t push him, Harry could tell it was eating away at them—the questions would pile up until they would inevitably realize they didn’t truly know him anymore.

He needed them to know him, this version of him that had been twisted and bent, heartbroken and suffering, but was still fundamentally Harry, the person they grew up with and fought beside every year at Hogwarts. He was changed, yes, but his love for them hadn’t changed. He needed them to understand. So he would tell them…even if it meant opening old wounds.

Draco was sitting crossed-legged on the floor opposite him, their knees were almost touching but he
was no longer holding onto Harry. Yet, he was still there for him if Harry needed him. Harry did.

“So I—he, well, you know,” he gnawed on his lower lip, his eyes focused on Draco’s shoes rather because meeting anyone’s eyes would be too much for him to handle right now. “The baby was born on Christmas Eve five years ago…he was so tiny and innocent and I knew if I showed him how much I loved him, it wouldn’t matter who his other parent was.” He blinked away a couple tears and Hermione scooted closer to link their arms together. She leaned her cheek against his shoulder. His gaze never left Draco’s shoes.

“Of course, Harry,” she told him kindly. “Hyperion seems quite lovely.” Harry blinked, puzzled, and then let out a dry sob, shaking his head wildly. Hermione had misunderstood. Draco leaned forward quickly and squeezed his knee.

“He is, but that’s not—I tried to escape in the middle of the night after everyone went to sleep. I picked the lock and we made it outside but—of course there’d be alarms. I didn’t think…”

“Harry, maybe we should continue this conversation later on,” Draco muttered soothingly. “I think you’ve been through enough today.”

“No. No, I’m fine.” He wasn’t. He continued on anyways.

“He came, of course. Had me show him his—his son, he said. Like he actually gave a damn. Then he told me to name him. Right there. I didn’t have a name picked out yet. I hadn’t known if he’d even let me chose. But there he was, demanding me to name him, so I did.” He swallowed. “I named him James.” He didn’t need to look at either his friends to see their confusion on their faces.

“I held him, in my arms, just seven hours old…and he killed him. His son, my son. He killed my baby.”

Hermione buried her face in the crook of his neck. She was crying but trying not to; it was soundless and she trying to soothe him but her heart broke. For Harry’s loss. For the death of an infant she never knew. Ron shifted closer and his arm linked into Harry’s right arm, mirroring Hermione.

It wasn’t like Ron. Ron had always been awkward and uncomfortable when it came to showing affection to anyone. Nonetheless, here he was shifting beside Harry—to hold onto him, to lend Harry some of his own strength. It felt surreal. They had all changed but even these years apart didn’t destroy the loyalty and binds of their friendship.


“After. He was premature—a couple months too early. He wasn’t breathing when he was born…male pregnancies are risky as it is. It’s pretty much unheard of preemies surviving. He was dead…and then…he wasn’t. He suddenly gasped for air and just started wailing, and I couldn’t believe it. I thought I’d lost another baby. I remember just lying there wanting to die myself, and then I heard him crying…”

He inhaled deeply. “I spent four years doing whatever was asked of me. I submitted to him, fully. I let him do whatever he wanted to me. I stopped fighting. I just…took it. I had to. If he was going to use my child against me, I refused to give him cause to hurt him. So, I obeyed him, bowed to him, pretended that he owned me.”

“Last month, when you angered him…”?

“I begged him to not hurt Hyperion. I begged him to hurt me instead,” he confirmed. “Even though he couldn’t kill me, he still loved hurting me. He branded me with the Dark Mark that night.”
“Merlin…” mumbled Ron. It was enough story time, Harry decided. Enough baring his wounded soul. He was so tired. It didn’t look like anyone would get some sleep tonight.

“I’ve got to go find Hyperion,” Harry said eventually. “I just wish I could keep myself together. I don’t want him to see me like this. Weak, like this.”

“For as long as I’ve known you Harry James Potter, I’ve never thought you weak. You are so strong, you’ve always been the strong one, even after all you’ve suffered through. Take as many breaks as you need, if you find yourself needing to fade away for a moment. We’re here for you, Harry,” Hermione told him steadily, relinquishing her grip on his arm and Ron nodded in agreement and followed suit.

His back was stiff and his legs felt numb and he gratefully took a standing Draco’s hand, accepting the help to his own feet. He hadn’t said much. He allowed Harry to seek comfort from his friends, because he knew Harry needed it. However, he still stayed with him and Harry wondered if it was for Harry’s sake or Draco’s. Perhaps both. He thought, with a terrible inkling, that maybe Draco was afraid of not being needed or wanted by Harry. He had his friends and family back, after all.

“Thank you,” he told the three of them, grateful to them for listening. For supplying strength when he felt like he had none left. For not thinking the worse of him after witnessing him lose control.

Harry slid his fingers into Draco’s and the distant look that had been occupying the Malfoy Heir’s eyes dissipated and grew warmer as he looked at him. Draco Malfoy was deep-rooted in Harry’s heart. Without a single doubt in his mind, Harry would never stop needing or wanting his Slytherin prat.

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August 30th, 2003 (Next day/Present day)

“You should be sleeping.” Harry jumped at the sound of the voice and raised his head to look over his shoulder at Lucius. The man’s hair and clothing were rather neat for someone who had been in bed but the circles on his eyes gave him away. He was beyond exhausted but sleep still evaded him. Harry could relate. He shifted over to make room for the older man at the ledge of the window of the astronomy tower. The summer night (or rather, early morning) air was warm but a gentle breeze rustled the tree’s on the grounds.

Peaceful.

“How’d you find me?” Harry asked and Lucius came forward, his posture mimicked his: forearms braced against the ledge of the opened window.

“I was going for a walk and merely came across you. When I attended Hogwarts as a prefect, I would come up here on occasion whilst on patrol, to clear my head.” Lucius told him and Harry imagined him thirty years younger, coming up to this very tower to find some peace, to be alone with his thought, and couldn’t help but wonder what a teenaged Lucius Malfoy had imagined for his life.

Had he planned on becoming a Death Eater, or did that detrimental choice come a few years later? Was he just young and carefree, a likeness to his son, dreaming of a lovely wife and kids and vacations to Southern France?

Harry frowned momentarily. “Your wife—I—I’m sorry if she’s upset over her sister’s death. I mean, I’m not sorry Bellatrix is dead, honestly, she was deranged—no offense—” his words stumbled out of his mouth and he flushed ashamed as Lucius raised an eyebrow, looking slightly perplexed.
“My wife lost her sister decades ago, Mr. Potter,” he stated blandly.

“She looked like she was...crying.” Harry muttered, almost reluctant to accuse Narcissa of crying because it seemed very un-Malfoyish to talk about emotions. Lucius gazed at him stoically, but his eyes were slightly cloudy and Harry chalked it up to the man being tired.

“She was upset because you sacrificed yourself. She was upset that you...died.” Lucius’s brow drew together at such a bizarre declaration, because said dead-boy was no longer dead.

Oh.

“Oh.”

“Indeed.”

Harry opened his mouth. Then he closed it. Then he opened it again.

“You’re going to catch flies,” Lucius said dryly.

Harry turned from the window, to face the blonde fully. Lucius straightened as well, attentive.

“Why’d you come? You risked your life.”

Lucius paused for a long moment before replying, “As everyone here did tonight.”

“Well, yeah...but you had a safe-house. You could’ve stayed with your family.”

“My wife and son were safe. Young Hyperion with them...you, however, were walking to your death.”

“There was nothing you could do for me...” Harry mumbled, shifting awkwardly.

“I didn’t want your sacrifice to be in vain.” Lucius responded stiffly. “And...I did not wish for you to be alone.”

Oh.

“Oh.”

“Indeed.” Lucius said again and then sighed softly.

“Thank you, sir,” Harry told him sincerely. “I mean it. I know the past five years have been Hell for you all too. But thank you, for you know, not being cruel. For helping me, healing me. I know you were just following orders to do that but you didn’t have to show me kindness. I mean, not to make you sound like a pansy—”

Did he really just call Lucius Malfoy a pansy?

“Potter, please stop talking.”

Harry flushed red. “Sorry.”

“Stop apologizing as well.”

“Sorry. Shit! Sorry—*damn it*.” He palmed his face. Why was he always so nervous around the Malfoy Patriarch?
“For the love of Merlin,” Lucius muttered lowly.

“I am, though! I am sorry for the trouble I’ve caused you and your family. I know it wasn’t easy for you guys either.”

“I’ve come to the disconcerting conclusion that trouble follows you wherever you go, Mr. Potter,” Lucius mumbled, peering out at the half-moon high in the sky thoughtfully and Harry winced at that. “Not necessarily to any fault of your own. Conditions far outside of your control have led you to this place in your life and I dare say you’ve admirably managed to not let them destroy you. You have changed greatly since that first day of your capture and yet, you remain the same headstrong young man that tricked me into freeing my house-elf.” He sneered a bit but the gesture held no malice. Lucius glanced purposefully at Harry before lowering his gaze, his hand coming up to rest carefully against the window’s ledge and then he ran his hand along the gray brick with familiarity.

“Regardless of how I felt about you in the past, regardless of the circumstances of our acquaintance these last five years, I would be dishonest if I said you didn’t mean anything to my wife or—or myself, for that matter.”

What? Harry blinked owlishly and Lucius let out an almost inaudible breath. “You are a foolish Gryffindor, brash and tenacious down to your bones. You’ve made me want to pull my hair out time and time again and I am so very grateful that you did not meet your end last night by that monster’s hand.” His voice sounded cold as he spoke his last words and Harry’s heart stammered in his chest at hearing Lucius finally admit where he stood when it came to Voldemort.

Oh, Harry knew by now. Lucius actions of the previous day were still clear in his mind of which side he was on. However, hearing the blatant disgust in Lucius voice towards a man he once bowed to still made Harry do a double-take. And…

Lucius cared.

About Harry.

Admitted in his own, roundabout way.

Harry didn’t even know how to handle it. He opened his mouth but words were mislaid to him. He stepped closer to the window once more, staring at the bright moon hung in the sky with Lucius Malfoy to his right.

“As for you and my son,” Lucius continued briskly, as if he hadn’t just voiced to Harry his feelings in regards to him, “I am hardly pleased with the way you two decided to engage in a relationship regardless of the dangerous nature of our previous circumstances. I’m even more appalled that you two thought it wise to have an illegitimate son behind the Dark Lord’s back.” Lucius glared fully at him and Harry stilled, blood freezing like ice in his veins.

Lucius scoffed at the horrified look on Harry’s face. “What? You admitted it openly to a room of three-hundred people. Some of us heard, you foolish boy.”

“…” Harry couldn’t breathe. He’d survived a killing curse and a confrontation with Lord Voldemort just to be murdered by his lover’s father.

“Good grief. You are worse than my son,” Lucius observed, his fingers tapping along the window’s ledge idly. “I already gave Draco a tongue lashing on the way here. I should do the same to you but it’s been a long enough day as it is. I’ll save it for tomorrow, when there’s more time.”

Harry’s stomach plummeted once more.
“However… I dare say that because of you, our world will be righted once again. If you and Draco wish to pursue each other from now on, you will hear no protest from me.” Harry’s eyes flickered to the older man in surprise and he found Lucius was staring back at him squarely. “While I am greatly disappointed in both of you for your imprudence and secrecy, I am…I would be dishonest if I said I wasn’t pleased to find out that that little boy is my grandson.” His mouth twitched slightly but he didn’t quite smile.

“Furthermore… my son loves you Harry Potter. I believe on some level he’s always loved you, even in his younger years; or at the very least, desired your attentions whether it was negative or otherwise.”

Harry’s eyebrows rose at that. He cleared his throat, still feeling a little flustered. “Is this the part where you hold me at wand-point and threaten my well-being if I do anything to hurt your son, sir?” Harry asked evenly and he almost swore he saw the corner of Lucius’s mouth twitch at that. Almost.

“I hardly think turning my wand on you will be necessary.” The blonde concluded, pulling fully away from the window and brushing invisible dirt from his black robes. “I expect you know me well enough by now to know I will not stand for anyone hurting my son…” He walked to the entrance to the tower gracefully before hesitating, “either of them.”

Lucius glanced back casually over his shoulder, “so you and Draco better be good to each other… or else…” He threatened with a raised eyebrow and then he turned and disappeared down the stairs swiftly, leaving Harry staring after him completely mystified.

“Why are you so worried, Daddy?”

Harry gave his son a weak smile. “I told you this morning we had to have a chat, kiddo,” he began carefully. He glanced at Draco who looked even more anxious than Harry was reached out to squeeze his hand. Hyperion stood in front of them both, a little fidgety but paying attention nevertheless, astute politeness beyond his years.

It had been a long night; they’d all found beds late at night amongst the different houses. Naturally, the Malfoys took to the Slytherin dormitories, and Harry followed them willingly. However, Harry didn’t do much sleeping, even after his conversation with the elder Malfoy, his nightmares forced him awake time after time.

Breakfast was a calmer affair but Harry and Draco had agreed to tell Hyperion the truth of his parentage and it was a daunting thought. It wasn’t bad news… just big news. Furthermore, it seemed to Harry that Draco was irrationally afraid that their son would reject him. Harry just felt guilty for concealing the truth for four years.

“You know how Daddy always told you that—that the Dark Lord was your other father?” He asked, gazing into the green eyes so identical to his own. Hyperion’s head bobbed in acknowledgement. He squeezed Draco’s hand again.

“Hyperion when you were a baby, Daddy asked Headmaster Snape to cast a spell on you…it changed the color of your hair and maybe your face a tiny bit.” Hyperion blinked owlishly. Harry scrubbed a hand over his face and sighed. “Darling, Daddy wasn’t completely honest with you. The Dark Lord isn’t your other father—Draco is.” He rushed out, gaging his son’s reaction. Searching for confusion. There wasn’t any. Hyperion just smiled at the pair of them cheerfully.

“I know, Daddy!” Draco’s eyes widened and he shot a puzzled look at Harry before his head swung
back towards Hyperion. It was Hyperion’s turn to sigh exasperatedly. “I told you that that bad man wasn’t my father,” the four-year-old stated, his hands propped on his little hips, “and lying is very bad, too.”

Harry and Draco gaped at their child for several perplexing beats until Draco regained his composure. Slowly he stood up from his chair and dropped to his knees fluidly before Hyperion. “Yes, you’re absolutely right. But please understand that we didn’t lie to upset you, Hyperion. If the Dark Lord knew you weren’t his son, he would’ve hurt us all,” he told him, surveying the small face with open honesty.

Hyperion nodded silently, and came to stand directly before the blonde man. Placing his small hands on either side of Draco’s face, Hyperion said, “I know that, too.” His eyes flicked towards Harry who smiled joyfully at his son, eyes misting ever so slightly from the sentiment, before flicking back towards the man in front of him. Hyperion’s brow furrowed in a deep contemplation and he took a deep breath.

“Je t’aime, papa,” he murmured in inexperienced French. He bit his lip nervously, looking for Draco’s approval. “Did I say it right?” he asked. Draco’s lips quivered slightly as he pulled the young boy into his arms and buried his face into his hair before anyone could see his tears fall.

“You said it perfectly, mon fils.” Draco whispered to Hyperion. “Absolutely perfect.”

Hyperion’s eyes glowed with happiness over his father’s shoulder.

…”

“You told him, I take it?” Severus stated mildly as Harry, Draco, and Hyperion strode into the Headmaster’s office some time later. Lucius and Narcissa were seated in two high-backed chairs opposite the large desk, looking poised as ever.

“He already knew, it seems,” Draco drawled, his hand still clasped in his son’s. Severus raised a curious eyebrow but beneath them, his eyes glared accusingly at Harry.

Harry scowled feeling insulted, “I didn’t tell him! Do you think I’m a bloody idiot? On second thought, don’t answer that.”

Lucius turned in his chair and pinned him with a dirty look of his own.

“Watch your language. Especially in front of the child,” he reprimanded. Harry tried not to roll his eyes, really, he did.

“Don’t mind Harry, he’s a little cranky,” Draco told them smirking easily, but his tone exhibited fondness rather than criticism. Severus snorted reprovingly and shook his head as he retrieved his wand from his robes.

“I’ve grown used to the impertinence of Harry Potter,” Severus said breezily, “Let’s get this over with then, yes?” At the collective nods around him, he motioned Hyperion over to him, the child’s parents followed him dutifully. Severus patted the desk for Harry to lift Hyperion onto, unable to do so one-handedly, and Harry complied obediently his hand ruffling the child’s hair reassuringly.

“Will it hurt?” Hyperion questioned, his hands coming down to grip the desk on either side of his hips and he tilted his head to the side inquisitorially. He eyed the wand suspiciously.

Severus shook his head in response. “I imagine it will not. I have never removed this particular charm prior to today but it did not seem to cause you any pain when you were an infant.”
“Okay,” came the small voice, timidly. “I’m ready, then, sir.”

Severus nodded approvingly. He hesitated a split second before aiming his wand to Hyperion’s head and made an ‘X’ motion mere centimeters over his face, muttering a long string of Latin under his breath and his wand’s tip glowed a faint purple.

Gradually, a shift occurred, nearly as subtle as it had when Hyperion was minutes old.

His nose was still slender and pert like Harry’s, but his chin grew a little sharper, his cheekbones a little more refined, like Draco’s.

It was his hair that Harry and Draco were waiting eagerly for, and Harry beamed when light brown chin-length hair paled drastically into tresses of platinum blonde, straighter now.

Hyperion didn’t seem to feel a thing but was evaluating his parents’ and grandparents’ reactions apprehensively.

They all sat in silent awe until Draco cleared his throat and smirked widely as he looked over at Harry. “Told you he’d still be blonde,” he said triumphantly and ignoring their audience, Harry shamelessly leaned over and kissed Draco on the mouth… Just to shut him up, of course.

…I can’t believe Draco Malfoy is your baby-daddy.

Harry looked away from where Draco and Hyperion were lounged on a blanket in the grass in the distance. Draco was busy pointing at different landmarks: the lake, the forest, the quidditch pitch, explaining to their son everything he could. Maybe telling stories. Harry didn’t know, exactly, but he wanted to give Hyperion and his ‘Papa’ some much needed father-son time. Draco was glowing. So was the four-year-old.

He wished he had a camera.

Harry chuckled at Ron’s lament and Hermione’s elbow to the red-head’s ribs in reprimand. “I know, it’s kind of crazy.” He toed a portion of upturned grass with his black shoe thoughtfully. “I’ve always been ‘Daddy’…Draco though, he’s waited so long to be able to claim Hyperion as his own.”

Ron shrugged his shoulders. “I’ve never seen the ferret look so bloody happy before. It’s strange.”

“Ron!” Hermione hissed warningly but Harry didn’t mind.

“Don’t worry, ‘Mione. I don’t expect you guys to be all buddy-buddy all of a sudden. Maybe ease up on the name-calling, though? I’ll talk to Draco about it, too. Okay?” He asked hopefully.

Ron nodded and clapped him briefly on the shoulder. “Sure, mate. I’m sorry—force of habit. I’ll work on it. If you say he’s changed, I believe you.”

Hermione smiled and bobbed her head approvingly. “He seems like a wonderful father, Harry. You both do.”

Harry wrapped a friendly arm around her and she leaned her head on his shoulder. “Thanks, Hermione,” Harry murmured. “That means a lot.”

He was still exhausted, and dealing with the constant looks of confusion when it came to Hyperion’s
true appearance was getting to be incredibly irritating. But the more people who knew that the child wasn’t the offspring of Lord Voldemort, the better off Hyperion would be. A part of Harry was terribly guilty for wanting to prove that his son didn’t belong to the Dark Lord’s but for safety purposes…it felt necessary. Things would be easier for the boy if the world didn’t have misconceptions of his parentage.

“So, Phoenix is his first name then?” Ron questioned, itching the tip of his freckled nose.

“Yeah.”

“It’s nice you chose to stick with the Black tradition,” Hermione acknowledged pleasantly. Harry flashed a smile at her before yawning into his right hand tiredly.

“Sounds like a pureblood name,” Ron decided before adding hurriedly, “Not in a bad way, though! If you want a bizarre name, look at ‘Albus Percival Wulfric—er, Brandon?’”

“Brian,” Harry offered, grinning widely now.

“Brian Dumbledore,” Ron continued. “No offense. Dumbledore was a great wizard and all, but that’s got to be child abuse to name your kid that.”

Harry picked up a flat, smooth stone and skimmed it across the lake skillfully.

“Nice one, mate!”

“…Harry? Can I talk to you for a moment? Privately?”

Harry turned around and his eyes met Ginny’s brown ones. Like the rest of them, she ditched the blood-status-implying robes in favor of a simple blue dress and white strappy sandals. Her auburn hair draped along her shoulders. She was pretty as she’d always been, if not more so, now a grown woman.

“Sure, Gin,” Harry said after a split-second of hesitation. He couldn’t seem to kick the feeling in his gut that told him this conversation wasn’t going to be easy. Harry followed his former girlfriend up the stone path that led away from the lake, watching the way her hair bounced, the way her dress moved with every step.

They’d reached the top of the hill and Ginny finally settled on taking refuge under the shade of a large tree before turning to him again. Her eyes were warm as she reached over to hug him tightly. Harry hugged her back. She smelled good.

She pulled away to look at him but after a moment she took his hand in his and squeezed it tightly.

“I’ve missed you, Harry,” she whispered softly.

“I missed you too, Gin,” Harry told her honestly, “I’ve missed all of you.” Her smile slipped a little at that, but she still clasped his hand.

“I never lost hope. I tried to move on, accept that you were dead—we, we were led to believe you were dead—but part of me always believed that you’d come home.” Her voice was laced with a sad yearning, and Harry bit his lip.

He smiled at her weakly and gently withdrew his hand. “I’m really glad you didn’t lose hope.”

Ginny looked disappointed at the action but tried to keep a positive expression on her attractive face.
“Harry, Hyperion seems like a great kid,” Ginny started optimistically, “I’d love to get to know him more.”

“I’d like that. You guys are family, after all. It’s really important to me for the people I love to be a part of my son’s life,” Harry said.

“You are…Harry, you’re not trapped anymore. You can finally move on…and I-I would really like to pick up where we left off,” Ginny told him, observing the young man expectantly. “Finally be together again, you know?”

Harry’s heart skipped a beat as he regarded at her.

Merlin, she was beautiful, with her dark eyelashes and chocolate eyes.

…but Harry preferred grey eyes surrounded by pale lashes.

Her hair was stunningly red, falling in thick waves.

…but Harry preferred blondes.

Her body was soft and curvy in all the right places.

…but Harry wanted a different kind of body, masculine and hard.

She smelled like lilacs in the springtime.

…but he liked the aroma of spiced vanilla even more.

Her voice was light, like a gentle song in the wind.

…but Harry longed for the deeper, smooth voice whispering sweet nothings into his ear.

Ginny’s kisses had been sweet like honey when they were younger.

…but Harry favored hot kisses, laden with desire, laying passionate claim to his mouth.

Ginny and him were similar in so many ways, their personalities were entirely compatible and she was his best friend’s sister. She was incredibly easy to be with, the obvious choice.

Yes, Ginny was the perfect woman for him…

And yet, Harry didn’t want her. Not even a little bit…not anymore.

No, Ginny Weasley might have been his past…

…but Draco, Draco-bloody-Malfoy, was his future.

“I’m sorry Ginny,” Harry murmured to her, facing her completely now, “I’m really am sorry but—but I’m with Draco, now. We have a child, together.” Ginny seemed to radiate disappointment.

She swallowed hard and her eyes grew slightly glassy as she surveyed him critically. “How is that relationship healthy? You were forced together, Harry,” she said stubbornly, “you had no one else to rely on, no other options…honestly, that sounds like textbook codependence, to me.”

Harry frowned at her. Her tone had a harshness he wasn’t use to being directed at him. “That’s kind of cold, Ginny,” he told her, “and unfair. Maybe our circumstances weren’t ideal but that doesn’t
change the way we feel about each other. I’ve spent five years getting to really know Draco. His likes and dislikes, every little quirk, every move he makes, I know him. I want him. I love him.” He eyed her sadly, “I am sorry, Gin, but I can’t be what you want. I’m in love with Draco and that’s not going to change just because I’m no longer being held captive.”

Her lip trembled slightly. “You’re choosing him over me?” she demanded unhappily.

“I’m not choosing him over you,” Harry objected, “If I were choosing between the two of you that would mean I was calling my feelings for Draco into question, and I’m not, Ginny. My feelings are true.”

Ginny’s expression was one of devastation, and Harry’s heart broke for her. He tried not to feel ashamed; he’d done nothing to lead her on. Hell, he hadn’t even seen the girl for years. He’d broken up with her at Dumbledore’s funeral ages ago…it wasn’t his fault she was holding onto the idea of them reconciling. But she was still hurting, and it sucked because the only way to make her better was to give Ginny what she wanted. And he never could. He never would.

After several long and awkward minutes, her shoulders slumped forward the tiniest bit and she let out a long breath. “What’s it like?”

Harry startled a bit, “What’s what like?” he asked her.

“To love someone so much?” Ginny inquired softly.

Harry grew quiet, silently grateful she wasn’t crying or screaming at him. But Ginny wasn’t really the type to be so theatrical, anyways. His brows knitted together a little and he found himself turning his attention back down the hillside. Hermione and Ron were laughing with one another and taking turns skipping rocks into the Great Lake in light-hearted competition.

Harry’s eyes drifted back over to two blonde heads in the distance, splayed out on the blanket still, relaxing in the waning August sun and, as if he felt himself under Harry’s scrutiny, Draco’s head lifted upwards to stare back at him.

Harry’s smile broadened, gaze never straying from his two wonderful boys from across the lush green lawn.

“It’s like…it’s like spending your entire lifetime in the dark, and then one day, you finally get to see the light.”

Chapter End Notes

Until next time,
xx
CJ
Epilogue: Freedom

Chapter Notes

After 23 chapters, over 100,000 words, and six months, I am both pleased and sad to say we've reached the end of this story. I cannot begin to tell you all how much I've appreciated every single hit, kudos, and comment on this story.

Guys, this story began in my head about two years ago, a basic plot of Harry captured and being forced to carry the Dark Lord's child and falling in love with Draco in the process. I never thought I would actually write it out and it be so well-received by you lovely readers. Honestly, it has become bigger than I ever anticipated; and I can't believe I followed it through until the very end. It's a big deal for an amateur like me, who's never actually completed a story.

Thank you, from the bottom of my little ol' heart for staying with me on this journey. I'm thrilled how many of you became emotionally invested and enjoyed it because I truly enjoyed writing it!

With that said, before I leave you to read the epilogue, I have one more question...

I've been debating if I should post a (short) sequel. I'm very open to the idea of it, so if there is something you wanted to see but didn't get to, I could touch base on it there. It might just be a one-shot...depends on what people want to see. :) OR, which is also a totally acceptable answer, would you rather me leave this story and its characters alone? Let me know!

Thanks a million!
xx
CJ

See the end of the chapter for more notes

August 31st, 2003

“Sir? You wanted to see me?” Harry asked as he shut the door behind him. Severus, along with McGonagall, Sprout, and Slughorn were all bustling about the office and adjoining chambers, gathering up the man's belongings into a few small boxes. Tiny Professor Flitwick stood in front of the wall behind the ornate desk, re-hanging up the portraits of former headmasters; in the forefront, Dumbledore sat snoozing peacefully in his chair. Harry’s lips twitched at the sight.

“Yes, I have…something for you, Potter,” Snape muttered, glancing at him with a strained expression on his pale face. Harry stepped further into the office and looked around, perplexed.

“Yes, I have…something for you, Potter,” Snape muttered, glancing at him with a strained expression on his pale face. Harry stepped further into the office and looked around, perplexed.

“Are they sacking you?” Harry asked horrified.

Snape scoffed derisively as he gently rummaged through one of his boxes. “Not yet. I am stepping down to allow Minerva to claim her rightful position as Headmistress. This lot insists and putting me back into the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher’s quarters—*which is utterly pointless,*” Snape
said, his voice raising deliberately at the end of his statement.

McGonagall glared at him and plopped another box onto the desk. “Enough out of you. You’re not going to Azkaban, Severus. We will have a substitute cover for you until you finish with your hearing and then you shall promptly return to your post.” she told him sternly.

Snape glowered back.

“They can’t send you to prison!” Harry interjected furiously.

“They can and they will, Potter. The Wizengamot will succumb to the public’s pressure to prosecute to the fullest extent of the law. I imagine there will be a cell with my name all over it,” Severus drawled, trying and failing not to look remotely disturbed by the prospect of going to Azkaban.

“You don’t know that, Severus,” Sprout murmured sadly.

“I’ll testify!” Harry promised, coming over to stand by the desk, opposite of the Potions Master. Snape eyed him wearily and shook his head after a short pause.

“I will ask you to do no such thing.”

"Having Mr. Potter testify on your behalf could very much help your case, Severus," Flitwick advised.

Harry frowned at Snape, “I know you’re not going to ask me to, but you know I’m going to anyways. Besides, I’m going to testify for Draco and Mr. Malfoy, too. Not everything is so black and white…the public needs to see that.” Snape sighed and rubbed a tired hand down his face.

“You’re an imbecile, Potter,” Snape grumbled.

“That is hardly necessary, Severus!” Slughorn said, appalled at the man’s sudden severity. Snape ignored him and crossed his arms over his chest as he surveyed Harry critically.

“They’re going to pry, Potter,” Snape said bluntly. “They’re going to ask you to recount the last five, plus, years, in detail. What happened? What exactly did the Dark Lord do to you?” Harry’s nerves flared up at the question and he visibly winced. Snape cocked his head to the right, knowingly. “See? That is exactly why I will not ask you, nor expect you, to testify on my behalf, Potter. Neither will the Malfoys. You are not ready.”

"Severus Snape!" McGonagall's voice held clear warning but Snape barely spared her a glance.

"If he can't say it here and now, Minerva, what makes anyone think he can testify in front of a jury and filled courtroom? Not to mention the amount of press coverage..." The man stated seriously. He didn't sound as harsh as he had a moment ago, though. He seemed subdued but accepting of his fate. Nonetheless, Harry’s cheeks flushed in embarrassment and he grew defiant. He swallowed the bile that had risen in his throat and then opened his mouth to speak.

“He...he kept me under house arrest for half a decade. He would come several times a month to-to 'visit' me and he would chain me up,” he began, his voice coarse but determined, “and he would rape me and beat me until I bled. At first he just wanted to impregnate me in order to control me...then he—he killed my newborn son after the first and only time I ever tried to escape. After I had my second son, I learned to stopped fighting him. He came around more often and I-I obeyed him in all things...” Harry bit his lip to prevent it from trembling but he met the man’s gaze unwaveringly. Around him, none of the professors seemed to move or even breathe, horrified at
Harry’s pronouncement.

"Who injected you with the conception potion, Potter?" Snape asked softly, his eyes expectant.

"Y-you did," Harry mumbled reluctantly.

"Exactly."

"You had to!" Harry balked. "If you didn't he would've just found someone else to. If you'd refused, he would've killed you and then none of this would've been possible! Destroying the Horcruxes and breaking me out of there--you made his defeat possible, Snape..."

Snape stared at him for what felt like ages, his expression was inscrutable to Harry.

"Potter...you do not deserve to have to face public scrutiny because of my own decisions. You've been through enough," he said with quiet finality.

“Of course I don’t want the entire fucking world to know everything,” Harry responded, his voice cracking with emotion, “But what I don’t want even more is to see you three thrown into Azkaban after all you guys have been through, too. None of you deserve that!”

Snape’s face remained impassive, but his dark eyes grew slightly somber as he regarded Harry. “You’re not going to listen to a word I say to convince you not to do this, are you?” he asked lowly.

Harry shrugged his shoulders, “My track record would say that that’s very unlikely,” Harry said a bit more blandly. The older man heaved a long sigh and finally reached once more into one of the boxes and pulled out a ceramic vase, lightly blue in color, and sealed tightly—

Oh…

It wasn’t a vase…

Severus held it out for Harry to take, and he did, with shaking hands.

It was an urn.

Embossed with an elegantly scrolled ‘J’…

James…Jamie.

“You’ve kept this for me all this time?” Harry asked quietly, cupping the small urn tightly in both hands. Snape gave a slow nod.

“I didn’t know what you would’ve wished for him. I thought of burying him alongside your parents in Godric’s Hollow…but I couldn’t do that without drawing attention to myself. I opted for cremation in hopes that one day someone could give him a proper burial,” Snape told him honestly. Harry licked his lips and nodded, determined not to cry.

“Thank you, sir,” Harry whispered. Snape brushed off the gratitude and he sank down into the high-backed chair that no longer belonged to him.

“Lay your son to rest, Harry,” Severus murmured more kindly. He seemed as tired as Harry was.

Harry nodded for the final time and turned, walking back down the couple of steps towards his exit. He stopped with his hand on the door handle, the other arm holding onto the urn, and turned back enough to look over at Snape.
“He would have been good, you know...regardless of having Voldemort for a father. He would’ve still been a good person,” Harry told him determinedly. He didn’t know why he had to let Snape know this fact, but he couldn’t help the compulsion to come to his firstborn’s defense. To the side he could see Sprout brushing away a tear briskly, and they were all doing a poor job of keeping busy in order to appear like they weren’t listening intently to the conversation between the two.

Harry didn’t even mind if they knew. He could never be ashamed of Jamie any more than he could be ashamed of Hyperion. He had two beautiful little boys and he was proud of both of them.

Snape observed him from his chair with a strange look in his eyes. After a brief moment, he responded evenly, “I am positive that he indeed would have been, Mr. Potter...After all, an individual’s parentage does not necessarily define what they will ultimately become...I dare say you’ve taught me that much--Now get out of this office, brat.” Harry obeyed his former professor, but not without shooting him a cheeky grin, first.

October 2nd, 2003

Harry rolled his eyes on disgust and threw down his newspaper onto the kitchen table. He reached down to lift his mug of tea and bring it to his lips for a sip. “We need to unsubscribe to that swill,” Harry muttered darkly. Draco leaned over from where he was seated in the chair perpendicular to him in order tuck a loose strand of wavy hair behind Harry’s ear gently.

True to his word, Draco had approached him not even two days after the final battle and proceeded to hack off some of Harry’s hair. Harry kept it longer (much to Draco’s relief), to rest just on his shoulders when down but he usually preferred to keep it in a loose knot on top of his head, up and out of his way. He honestly didn’t think Draco actually enjoyed having to do his hair, but the blonde begrudgingly admitted that he truly didn’t mind it ('Tell anyone that and I’ll hex your balls off, Potter! I’ve been doing it for five years; who else is going to make sure you’re presentable?').

“You’re the one that insisted we ‘stay in the loop’, kitten,” Draco informed him, taking a drink of his own and Harry’s eyebrows shot up incredulously.

‘Kitten’?” He asked, snorting. Draco leered at him over his plate of eggs.

“Just trying something new,” he responded nonchalantly before lifting a bite to his mouth. Harry shook his head at him.

“Not happening.”

“What did you try to call me before? Muffin?” Draco asked, his eyebrow arching. He reached over to pick up the paper from where Harry had discarded it furiously.

“I think it was ‘cupcake’,” Harry said, grinning widely at the blonde, “and if you think for one second you’re going to start calling me ‘kitten’ without me calling you that, you’re sorely mistaken. Cupcake.”

Draco let out a soft chuckle at that, but lowered his eyes to the newspaper and scanned it for its content. His eyes narrowed after a fraction of a second.

“Rita Skeeter? How is that cow still employed by the Prophet, anyways? She writes nothing of value or anything even remotely truthful,” Draco scoffed. He threw the paper to the side and Harry whipped out his wand from its holster attached to the belt around his waist and cast a hostile incendio on it.
Their son who had otherwise been quiet munching on his fruit until that moment scooted his chair back with a scowl marring his little face.

“Daddy!” Hyperion scolded. “Not again! Papa!”

“Harry! We talked about this! No lighting papers on fire at the breakfast table!” Draco huffed at him, extinguishing the flame with a flick of his hawthorn wand. Harry glowered at him but sank back in his chair sullenly. “For the love of Merlin, we finally find a wand that works for you and all you do is use it like a petulant first year.”

“I can’t stand that wretch!” Harry protested. “She’s just trying to stir the cauldron! So what if I testified for you guys and Severus? You all ultimately got off because of your actions during and after the battle—not because my ‘vibrant green eyes brimmed with the tears of a haunted soul, begging for the inconceivable acquittal of three known Death Eaters’ and what else was it? Oh! And my desire to save my ‘handsome and wealthy lover, the heir to the Malfoy fortune’…fu—er—fudge her!” Harry growled, arms crossing over his torso moodily.

“I know, Harry. Trust me, I want to squash her like the insect she is just as much as you do. Don’t worry…she’ll get hers soon enough.” Harry eyed him suspiciously.

“You’ve got something up your sleeve?”

“May I be excused, Papa?” Hyperion interrupted and Draco gave the child a slight admonishing look but nodded his head anyways.

“You may go play in your bedroom until your French tutoring at eleven, Phoenix,” he offered with an easy smile and the boy leapt up from his chair and, after kissing both of his parents on the cheek, he trotted off eagerly to play.

They both watched him disappear and then Draco turned back to Harry, who shook his head thoughtfully. “I can’t believe you are teaching French to someone who’s barely been speaking English for four years,” Harry said to the other man.

“Children are like sponges at this age. Besides, if we’re going to be leaving for France soon, Harry, it is rather necessary, don’t you think? You should let me teach you more, as well.’ Draco drawled.

Harry just stuck his tongue out at him but didn’t disagree.

“Well aren’t you just the embodiment of maturity, my Potty…anyways; I’m not planning on anything homicidal,” Draco continued smoothly, “but if she continues to slander my family’s name, I’ll be calling Baxter and Nichols again.”

“Hmm, and what? Sue her for libel?” Draco inclined his head once before laying his fork down and standing up from the table, finished with his meal. Harry wiped his face with the napkin and followed suit.

“Either that or threaten to inform the Ministry that Skeeter is an unregistered animagus,” Draco said, wrapping his arms around Harry and resting his chin on the dark head of hair. “She’d deserve both, honestly. Especially after her claims that our son actually belongs to Lucius due to your ‘torrid love affair with the Malfoy Patriarch’ behind my back,” Draco recalled sneeringly, "that was positively nauseating."

Harry’s nose crinkled for a moment and he groaned loudly, burying his face into Draco’s shoulder in mortification.

“I think she gets her jollies from making me out to be some sexual deviant,” Harry grumbled.
kissed his temple lightly.

“I’ll unsubscribe, okay?”

“Yeah…I s’ppose Hermione and Ron could just keep me updated with any new information, anyways,” Harry said sighing, and then he untucked his head from Draco in order to kiss him on the lips chastely.

“You seemed to sleep better last night,” Draco observed quietly, “Did the potion help?”

“Yeah,” Harry told him, “It did. I just don’t want to get hooked on them, you know? Severus said taking it too much can make me too reliant on them…but I really was due for a good night’s sleep.”

Draco kissed him again. “You definitely were,” he ran his hands up and down Harry’s arms soothingly. “It’s going to take some time, Harry, but it’ll get easier.”

“You sound like the mind-healer,” Harry stated dryly. “Stop that. I see her enough as it is.”

Draco smirked, “My apologies; I shall endeavor to be most unprofessional from now on…Do you know what can also help you to sleep?” he whispered huskily into Harry’s ear. Harry licked his lips at the suggestive tone.

“What’s that, Malfoy?” He asked innocently, but a familiar heat crept down south, pooling into his groin as Draco turned them around and pinned Harry between his body and the magically cleared table.

“*Fudging*,” Draco declared briskly before covering Harry’s lips with his, successfully dampening the sound of his laughter.

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**December 24th, 2003**

“Happy fifth birthday, Jamie,” Harry whispered to the snow covered headstone. He was crouched down before it in the cemetery at Godric’s Hollow, and Harry vaguely recalled being here six years ago, with Hermione, searching for Horcruxes and seeing his parents’ final resting place along with their ruined home for the very first time. It seemed like a lifetime ago. He brushed the snow off briskly, as he had done for his parent’s stone moments before, and placed a Christmas wreath against it.

“You ready to go, Harry?” Draco murmured gently from beside him, dressed warmly, with an expensive-looking cloak, hat, and gloves. On his hip sat their bundled-up son, who’s nose had grown pink from the cold. Harry glanced their way and nodded, smiling feebly. He kissed his gloved fingertips and placed it for a moment on his eldest son’s name before pulling away and finally straightening up. He brushed the fluffy snow off his own cloak quickly and reached out to accept Draco’s outstretched hand.

“Yeah,” he said softly, “I’m ready.” The three of them walked away, the powdered snow crunching audibly beneath two pairs of boots as they escaped the chilly winter breeze, together.

**In Loving Memory**

of

**James Potter II**
December 25\textsuperscript{th}, 2003

Harry collapsed onto his and Draco’s large bed in total exhaustion; the Christmas festivities over the past few days draining him of every ounce of energy he possessed. “This has been the longest bloody day ever,” Harry mumbled into the plush duvet dramatically.

“It’s not over yet, Potty,” Draco drawled but Harry could hear the smile in his tone. Draco patted him on his back reassuringly though and then Harry heard him rummaging through their shared closet—if ‘shared’ meant that Harry’s stuff occupied roughly one-sixteenth of the space, and the rest was dominated by Draco’s massive wardrobe.

It was rather outrageous, and Harry must have told him so at least seventeen thousand times, if only to witness Draco get overly protective of his designer clothing and then poke fun at him for it.

They loved each other, truly.

“I’ve got another present for you,” Draco stated, coming back to stand somewhere next to the bed. Harry bit back a groan.

“If it’s sex, can I get a raincheck? I’m too bloody tired…unless I can get away with just laying here just like this? If that’s the case, have at it, Malfoy.” Draco grimaced at the jesting statement though, remembering a couple months ago when, after they’d attempted that position, Harry ended up breaking down into tears and panic because the only person that ever took him like that before was—no, now was definitely not the time to think of that.

Harry had been so ashamed how he’d reacted and no amount of reassuring from Draco could ease his troubled mind. Consequently, they ended up going through a month-long dry spell.

Draco just snorted at him, determined to keep the mood light-hearted. “I don’t fancy making love to a corpse. Turn around you great lump,” he said wryly, patting Harry firmly on his hip to encourage him to roll over.

“’Making love?’ Someone’s in a sentimental mood, huh?” Harry observed teasingly, moving onto his side, his right arm coming up to prop up his head as he looked at the blonde.

Draco’s face was serious, a faint line creasing between his eyebrows in concern, and he handed Harry a tiny little black box, slightly larger than his palm. Harry raised his eyebrows and flashed Draco a quick grin before pulling at the satiny green ribbon that held it together and watched as the box opened away from itself.

Inside the box was a small, simple, origami heart. Harry’s smile broadened and he picked up the heart and set the packaging aside, onto the bed.

“Oh.
Oh.

Written in that familiar, tidy handwriting were four little words that made Harry’s heart stop beating.

Draco cleared his throat nervously. “I must have thought of a hundred different ways to do this—Merlin, at one point there was going to be a thousand roses and violinists and bloody fireworks but—but that’s just not your style. It all became too excessive and my speech was too loquacious…and I was getting overwhelmed. I didn’t want it to be overwhelming for either of us, you know? I just wanted—”

“Draco,” he interrupted his boyfriend's uncharacteristic rambling. Harry's voice sounded thick to his own ears. “Draco, just do it, please.”

Draco gave him a nervous smile and took Harry’s hand in his own. Slowly he eased himself down onto one knee and looked up to where Harry was sat now, perched on the bed with his legs dangling off the edge.

“Harry James—”

“Yes.”

“—Potter, will you—”

“Yes.”

“—Marry—

"Yes."

"—me, damn it!" Draco finished, glaring at Harry for interrupting him. Harry laughed and threw himself off the bed, knocking Draco completely onto his back and laying on top of him as he kissed him heatedly.

“Yes! Yes; I will marry the fuck out of you, Draco Malfoy,” Harry pulled away to whisper laughingly, his mouth only centimeters away from the other man, and Draco gave him a white-toothed grin, looking blissfully happy. Draco reached a slightly shaky hand up to brush away the tresses of shoulder-length hair that had fallen into Harry’s face and then his thumb slid down to his lips, tracing them tenderly.

“I love you, you blasted fool of a Gryffindor,” Draco murmured fondly.

“I love you too, you snarky Slytherin prat,” Harry responded, his green eyes sparkling with joy.

…and just like that, Harry didn’t feel so tired anymore.

June 5th, 2004

Harry walked beside Draco, relishing the warmth and strength of the arm wrapped around him and when they reached the archway that would lead to the back entrance of their home he stopped abruptly and Draco stopped with him. He turned and looked at Harry questioningly.

Harry beamed at him and shifted up to kiss the blonde man soundly on the mouth, his arms coming up to wrap around the naked waist and Draco’s arms slid up to wind around his bare shoulders to bring Harry flush against him. They stood in the dais, mouths moving against each other languidly
and then they broke apart slightly breathless.

“Hmm, where did that come from?” Draco whispered. His forehead rested against Harry’s and their noses touched.

“Nowhere in particular,” Harry breathed.

“Just because we can?”

“Just because we can…and just because I love you Draco Malfoy.”

Draco smiled at him and pulled his face away to brush a curl from Harry’s forehead. The day at the beach had caused a few sea-salted strands to escape the messy bun on top of his head.

“I love you too, Harry soon-to-be Malfoy,” Draco told him, light grey eyes sparkling contently at him.

“Potter-Malfoy. We agreed on this, already. I don’t know why you’re resisting it so much—our son’s last name is Potter-Malfoy after all.”

Draco scoffed.

“…You’re being territorial again, aren’t you?” Harry stated drolly. Draco looked at him stoically but the subtle shift of his body told Harry everything. “Oh my God. Draco.”

“Everyone else wants a piece of the Savior,” Draco mumbled tersely. He had his hands shoved into his swim trunk’s pockets and was trying hard to not let his insecurity show.

“Hey now, birthday boy…” Harry stepped closer to him once more, placing his hands on Draco’s warm chest, an engagement band made from a dark metal sparkled on his left ring finger, embellished with a row of stunning emeralds that were surrounded on either side by a smaller row of diamonds. It was certainly more extravagant than anything Harry would’ve ever imagined himself wearing but he loved and treasured it nevertheless, (but not nearly as much as he loved and treasured the man who put it on his finger in the first place). “I don’t want ‘everyone else’ Draco. Just you. It’s you I agreed to marry, you dolt.” Draco reached up to cover Harry’s hands with his own, his thumb brushing over the ring and he looked at it proudly.

“I have exquisite taste,” Draco said softly and Harry rolled his eyes exasperatedly but grinned at him.

“Yes, yes, it is a beautiful ring.”

“I’m not talking about the ring, Harry.” They walked into the foyer of their home hand-in-hand, hearing the distant sounds of a dog barking and their son’s gleeful giggling upstairs. Harry shook his head at the trail of sand that followed their child up the steps.

“My parents will be here for supper in two hours, to go over the wedding details one last time before the rehearsal…” he continued, glancing at Harry. “Mère m’a dit qu’elle voulait plus petits-enfants après que nous sommes mariés.”

Harry paused and glimpsed up the staircase again cautiously before looking back to his fiancé.

“Oh...que lui avez-vous dit?”

“Your pronunciation is getting better,” Draco acknowledged before sighing. “I told her…I told her we didn’t want to mess with perfection.”
“She was disappointed, I imagine,” Harry concluded.

“She was, a bit. She and Father didn’t know that they had a grandson for four years, Harry.”

“They still helped raise him. Does it matter if they knew he was a blood relation or not?” Harry huffed. He wasn’t angry…just a little defensive, maybe. “Draco, I already had two babies…”

Silence.

“Do you think it’s selfish of me to not want anymore?”

Draco stared at the wall blankly and it was a frustratingly long break for Harry before he spoke.

“Mother and Father just want another little one to spoil rotten, really…To experience those first years again without restraint. They didn’t get that opportunity with Phoenix and they themselves were unable to have any more children after me.

"In the end, it is our choice. So no, to answer your question honestly, I don’t think you are being selfish at all, Harry. You gave us a wonderful son and we are free to watch him grow up without having to worry about repercussions or psychotic murderers. We’re free, Harry; free to choose our own destinies. No one can ever take that away from us.”

The tension seeped from Harry’s body at Draco’s declaration. Draco always had a way to ease the worries and burdens Harry carried with him. If he couldn’t wash them all away, then he would help to shoulder them.

They stood there in the foyer then, wrapped in each other's warm embrace and relishing the feel of their hearts beating against one another in steady harmony. Up the stairs, the melodic laughter of their son drifted down around them like a blanket, and Harry felt his spirits lift.

Yes, Harry decided, Draco was right.

They could go on from here, and together they would absolutely forge their own path, because they were free.

Finally, fantastically…free.

THE END

Chapter End Notes

(Mère m’a dit qu’elle voulait plus petits-enfants après que nous sommes mariés) ---
Mother told me that she wanted more grandchildren after we're married

(Oh...que lui avez-vous dit?)---Oh...what did you say?

Again, sorry if the translations are all wrong. Google Translate, people. xx
If you are so inclined, please leave a comment! I'd love to hear any thoughts. xx

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